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the editorial meeting

PHOTO BY JEFF WAUGH AT MR POTTER'S MUSEUM OF CURIOSITY, JAMAICA INN, BODMIN MOOR

I distinctly remember the moment I decided to write a meisterwerk on this page underneath some squirrels. It was about two minutes ago on the way from the office to the pub for a wake. But an important two minutes for our society, and one which will go down in history as a landmark in publishing, nay, the whole cultural whirlwind that is 'pon us as we are swept toward the millennium like so many fools of the fin de siècle. Or something. Frankly, I couldn't have given a toss but there was some space here that needed filling. I prefer the squirrels myself. Or a nice, fat hamster come to think of it.

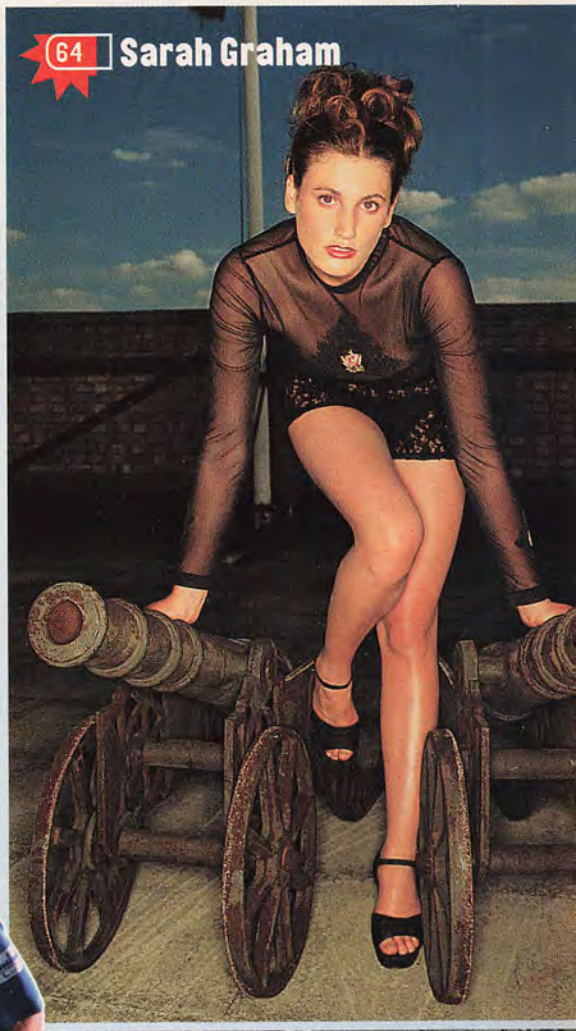
The Editor

contents

october1997

FRONT

12 World of Women 14 Platinum Rogues: The premier league of bad behaviour **16 Come And Have A Go:** Readers' letters/Good Work Fella!/Bunch Of Arse! **23 Greatest Living Englishman:** Patrick Moore **24 Great Moment In Life:** Looking like someone famous **26 Derek Ridgers/The Iggy Pop Story** **29 Moral dilemmas:** UB40/**Newsagent Provocateur** **30 League of Greed 33 Irvine Welsh 34 Howard Marks** **36 Now You're Stalking** **44 Mike Myers**



MIDDLE

48 Manoeuvres with 2 Para

58 Gambling with Statto

64 Sarah Graham

73 Shocking bunch of arts

82 Gianfranco Zola

90 Kathy Burke

96 Cornish myths exploded

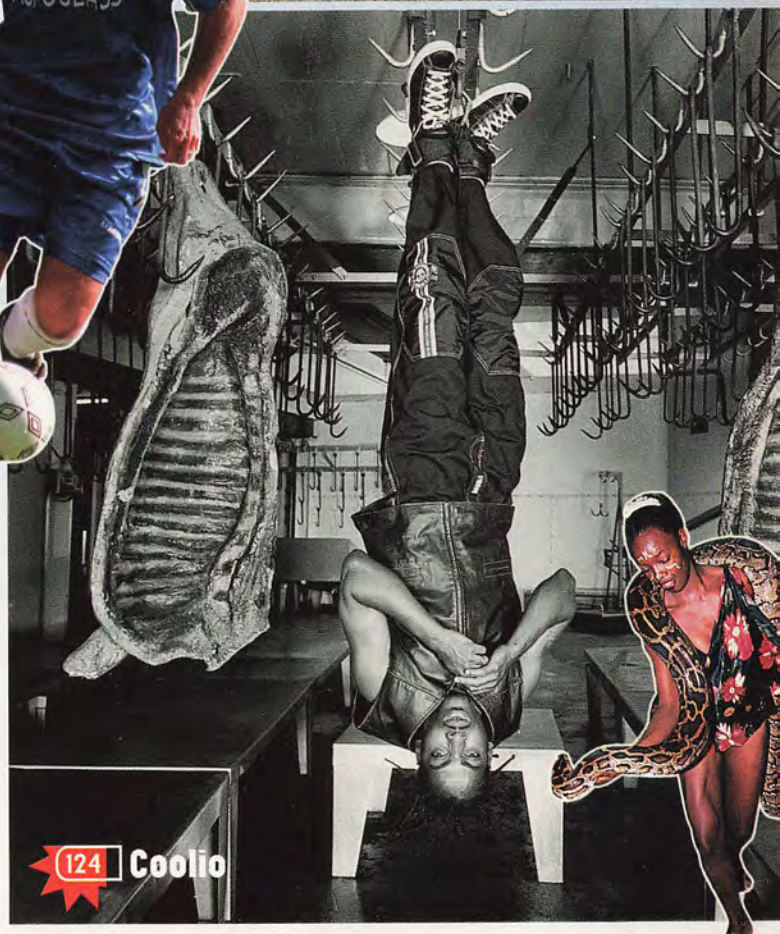
105 Brian Glover RIP

108 German Love Parade

115 Bond in Jamaica

124 Coolio

135 Fashion



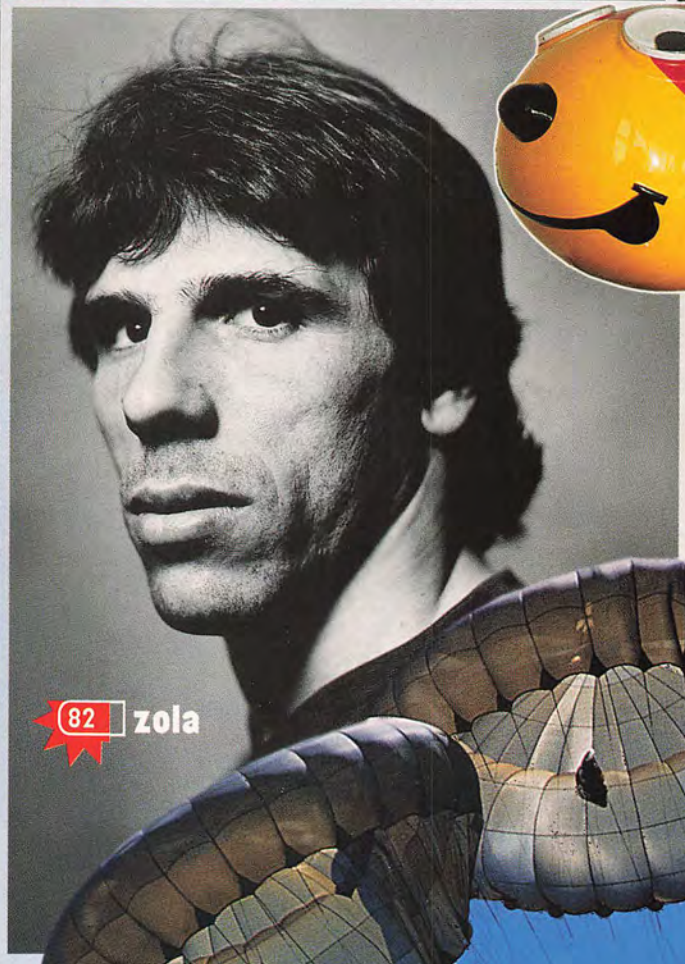
BACK

hedonists' handbook:

172 Music: Lo-Fidelity Allstars,The Wannadies, Tampasm, Schooly D, reviews **188 Clubs:** Newquay surf festival, Todd Terry, reviews **196 Books:** Spawn creator Todd McFarlane, reviews **198 Film:** Contact, Volcano, Airforce One, Jackie Chan's First Strike **200 TV and Video:** Bullitt director, reviews **206 Sport:** Basketball in Moscow, jet-skis, listings **211 Motors:** Go-karting **212 Comedy:** Montreal comedy festival **214 Weird stuff:** Russian cannibals **216 Food & Drink:** Cheese festival, floating bar **219 Bionic pages:** Blaxploitation, games reviews **223 Fashion:** posh watches, sports casual

73 Shock

108 Love Parade



82 zola

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48 Paras

96 Myths

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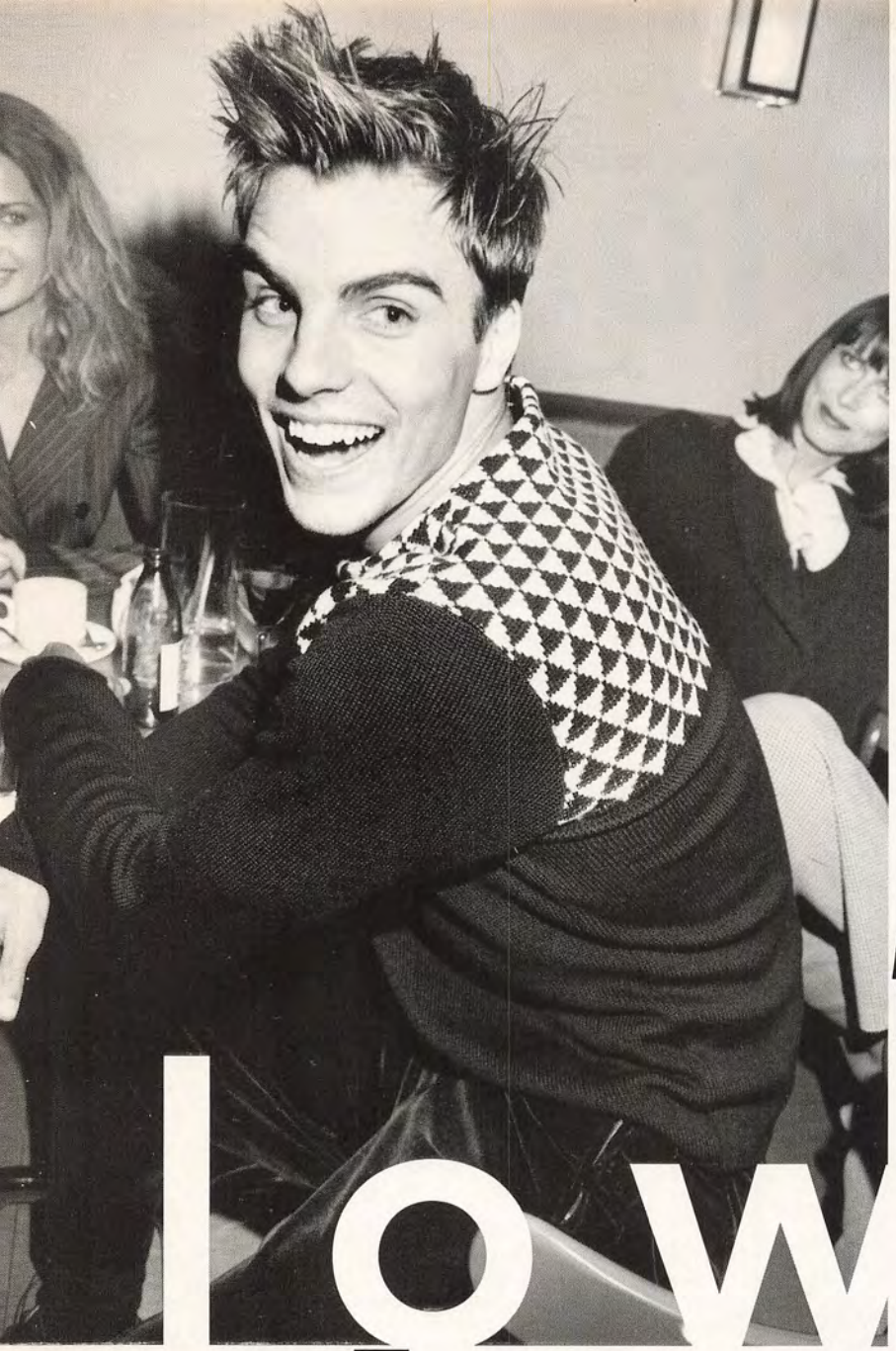
meet the idiots: Just another day in the fashion box for Tom and Reece

issue 42 October 1997

cover photo of Kathy Burke by Michael Birt; styling by Beth Summers; hair & make-up by Ciona at Carol Hayes; leopard print coat by Moschino, £495 at Harvey Nichols



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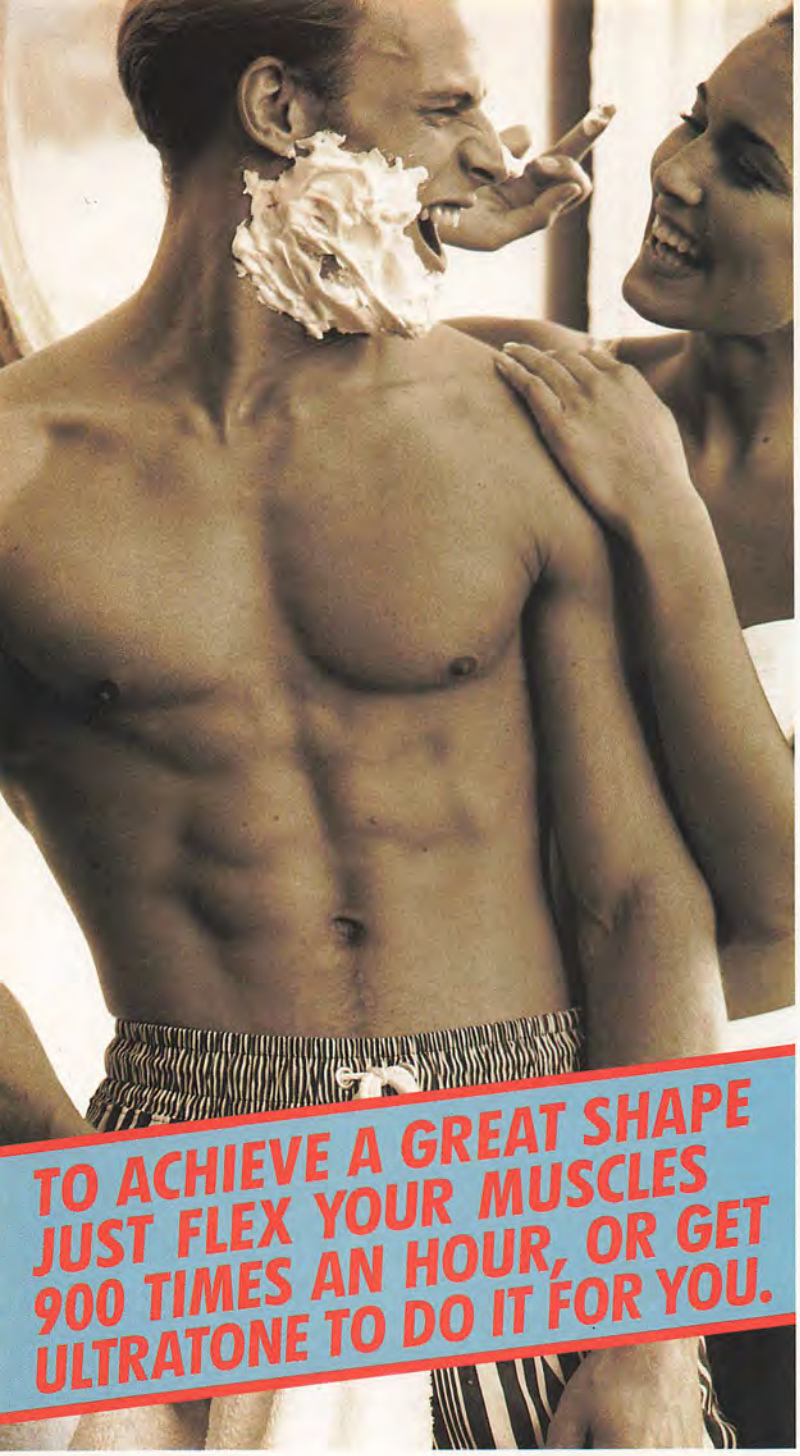

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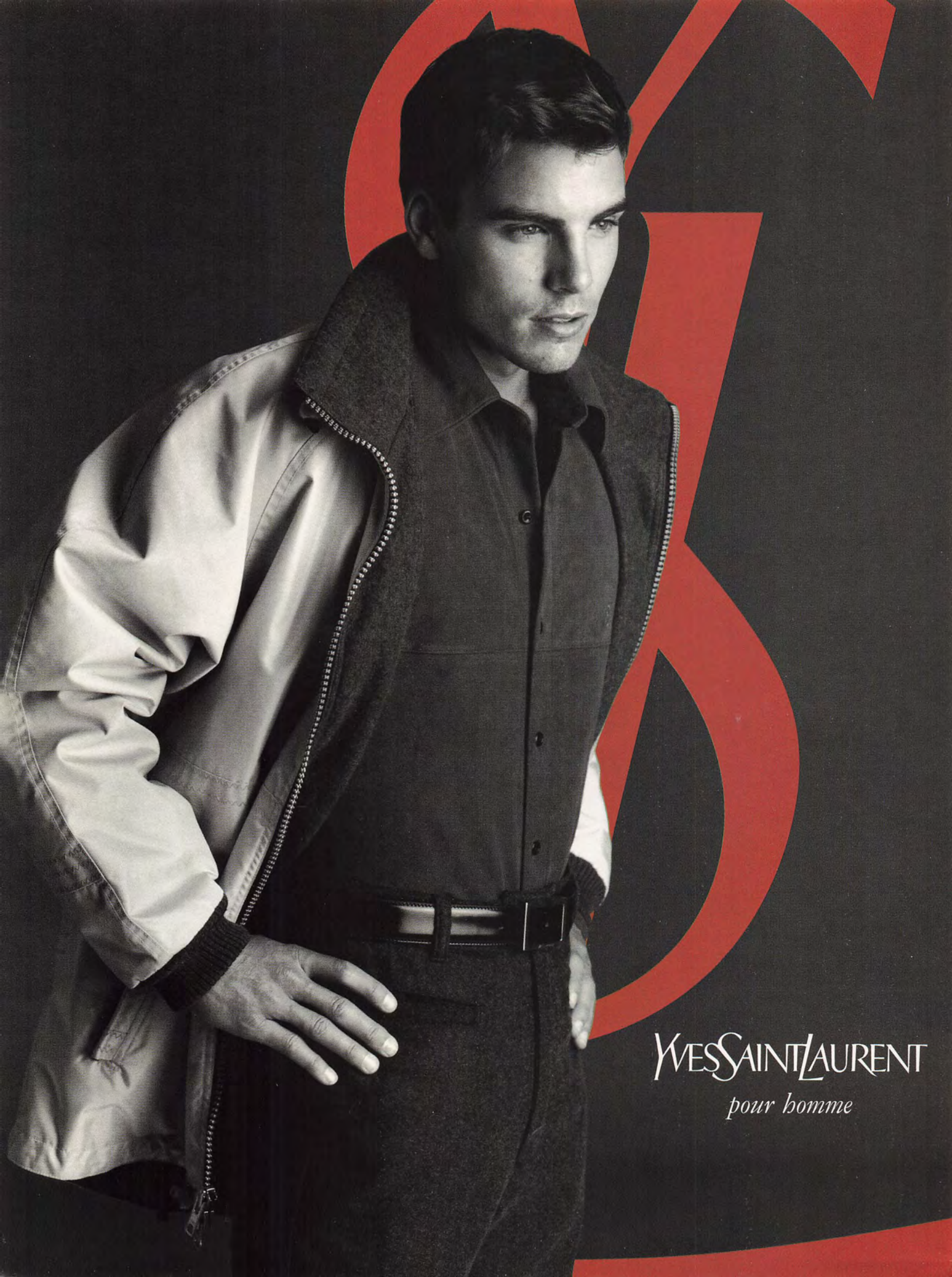
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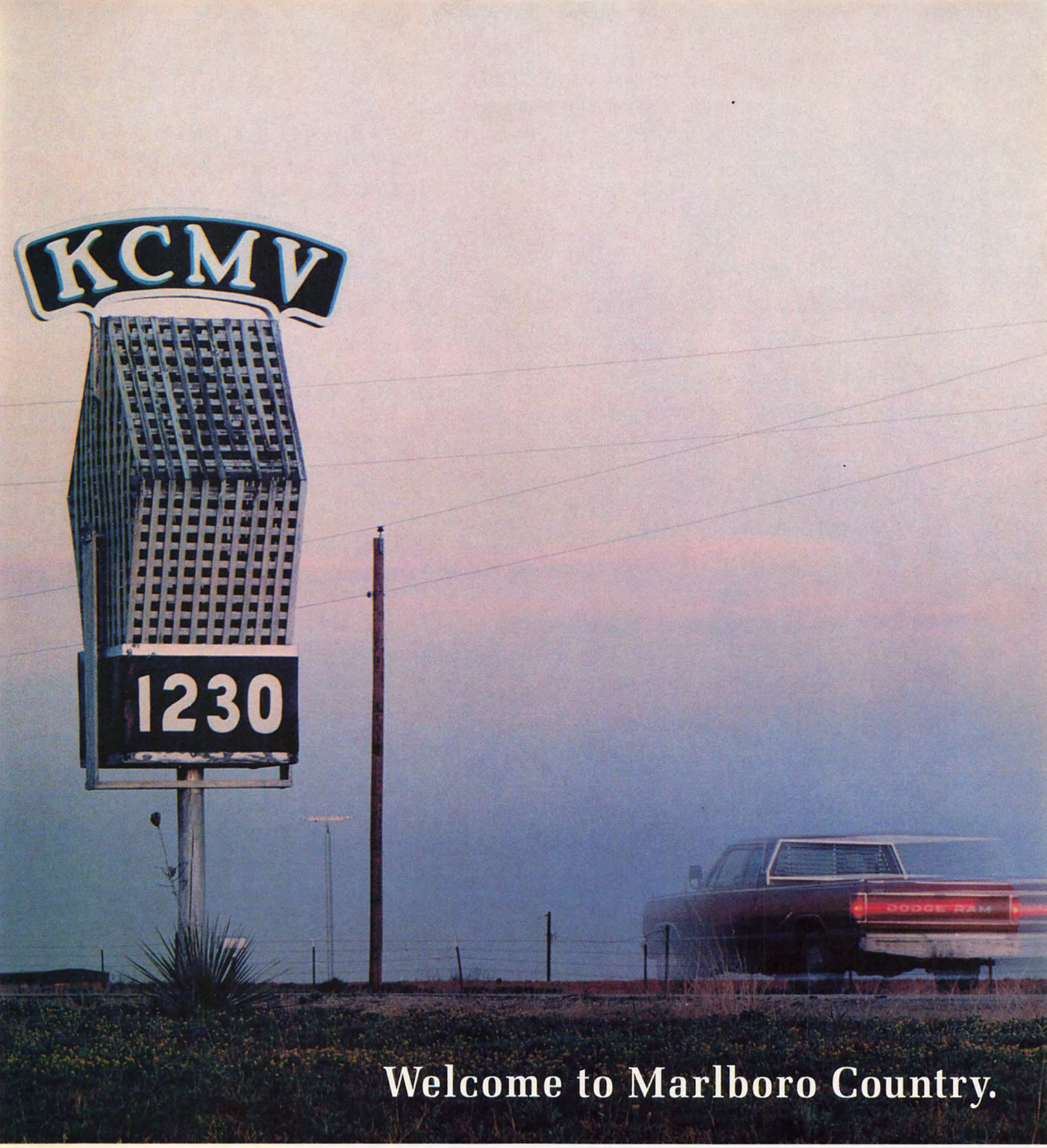

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In our pick-up truck of sex we scour the world for ladies. This month: USA, England and Scotland

Patricia Ford

(far left) Ohh, pulled a muscle, Pat? Let us help. Or does that look on your face hold more than just a hint of explosive sexual power? Maybe you haven't fallen. Your'e just touching your thigh! Dreaming of huge hispanic sailors with a napkin on your baps? The road to hell is paved with dreams of vulgarity! Tread carefully, you little tulip. Now let's do it.

Michelle Clack

(left) Stop right there Michelle and spare us the "shall I shan't I?" pant game. "On or off?" you seem to be asking. There's only one answer to that question and it doesn't need words. Ditch the pants and dance little sister. Something in your eyes says "There's an assault course between my legs, don't try it unless you're a MAN!" Help.

Kirsty Hume

(below left) Another lass fallen flat on her arse, doubtless overbalanced by the sheer force of her own good looks and her "oh, sometimes I just forget to eat" figure. Ultra-model Kirsty, 20, knocks around with some old rocker's son but in real life she's a jock! Kirsty once kept over a thousand cats in her room. But they all got out.

Alexandra Paul

(below) "Ooh, stop it will yer?" laughs Alexandra (also known as the comparitively clever one off *Baywatch*) as Omar Sharif forces her to remove yet another layer of clothing at the charity strip Connect Four championships on Daytona beach. "Take your pants off!" yells Omar, crazed by Cognac and prescription medicine. She and Omar eventually rasied enough money to buy some umbrellas for the homeless.

Send your nominations to World Of Women, loaded, King's Reach Tower, Stamford Street, London SE1 9LS

STEVE PERRY, SCOPE FEATURES, MICHAEL O'NEILL/OUTLINE KIM MIZUNO/BLACK PEARL PRODUCTIONS

rogue

platinum rogues

The Premier League of bad behaviour: high rollers and low life

new entry **1**

Bad Butler (sent in by Andrew Taravella of Aberystwyth)

Percival Hole had his run of high living ended at the Old Bailey following his employer's discovery that he sold their £59,000 Bentley Turbo to fuel a binge in Frankfurt involving Champagne, cocaine and prostitutes of both sexes. Rodney Price, chairman of the Thistle Hotels group, had left Hole in charge at his home in Belgravia while away in Australia and returned to find his car and £3,500 missing. Hole entertained friends at his employer's home, hiring a cook and a butler to give the impression the house belonged to him. He was arrested in a Manchester pub, where he told police, "OK, I'll come with you, just let me finish this drink."

new entry **2**

Vic Reeves

In an act of surrealist vengeance on a par with any of his on screen lunacy, Vic repelled a tabloid photographer lurking outside his house by hurling Ambrosia Creamed Rice at him. All great fun, were it not for the photographer's allegations that Vic used the empty can to cut his hand. "I thought it was a joke when he came at me with the pudding *[...but soon...]* there was blood everywhere." Whatever, at least he got his just desserts. Geddit?

new entry **4**

Mir

Orbiting the earth like some hopeless floating accident is Mir, the Norman Wisdom of space travel. Following a collision, it suffered three computer breakdowns in two months, at least one caused by a Russian tripping over a plug. Described by scientists as "rotting", the space station nevertheless enjoys regular and highly expensive repair sessions from men risking their lives. Although it recently began "spinning chaotically" out of control at 18,000mph, NASA maintains Mir is "not dangerous." Nonsense, it's Skylab all over again!

new entry **5**

Christ Germans

During "one of the most shambolic hearings in living memory" supporters of five German Christian evangelists, who faced charges for illegally occupying a Cornish beach, caused chaos by singing "Jesus is our lord", refusing to stand for the magistrate and fighting with officials. Trouble began when the Germans took over a local National Trust site and started singing terrible songs about God and having a party. One of the five arrested was a 67-year-old woman who thumped a WPC in the shins, while another admitted smashing a police camera.

new entry **6**

Cone Man

Awoken by "a gang of rather rough workmen" at 6.30am on a Sunday, Roy Jones understandably protested. Unphased, the men "taunted him by revving their engines louder", a gesture that,a court heard, caused Mr Jones to "snap". After smashing headlights on the works vehicles he then got in his car and systematically ran over all the traffic cones in the street "like a scene from a Weetabix advert" before being led away by police.

re entry **7**

Flatulent Captain

In one of the most shocking events in recent marine history, a 280 tonne ship was run aground off the Florida coast as a result of its captain's bowels. As the vessel approached the coast the Skipper broke wind in a way so extreme the helmsman fled the bridge to escape the stench, causing the ship to lurch out of control. Which just goes to show, it's an ill wind...

new entry **8**

Mars' Landlords

Two Yemeni men claiming ownership of Mars have filed a lawsuit against US Space Agency NASA for trespassing during its current mission to the red planet. Mustapha Khalil and Adulla an Amri have presented documents to their country's Prosecutor General claiming they "received the planet as an inheritance from ancient ancestors and reject the landing of the US spacecraft on the planet without prior notification and permission". They have also called on the US government to stop the Mars mission "until justice has had its say".

new entry **9**

Mower Protesters

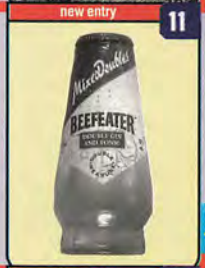
Protesters in the Oxfordshire village of Garsington were "overjoyed" when their seven-year battle to close down the local open air opera succeeded. Over the years the villagers' most notorious tactic has been synchronised lawn mower "attacks" at key points during the operas. Having successfully told the organisers where to shove their magic flute, plans for a huge open air Motörhead concert and drum'n'bass all-nighter on the same site are thought to be in danger.

new entry **10**

Jeannes Calment

The world's oldest woman (122 years), who died on 5 Aug, lived on a strict diet of Port and Swiss chocolate and gave up smoking only 10 years before her death. Born before electricity was invented, she remembered Vincent Van Gogh as "a very ugly man" who used to hang around in her family shop in Arles being rude to people. Already 40 years old when the First World War broke out, she revealed that the secret of long life is sleeping a lot. Ironically also the secret of death. As a youth she hung around the Eiffel Tower waiting for it to be thought up and built.

new entry **11**



Pilot's Wife

"It was like something out of *Airplane*," said a passenger on a packed Britannia Airways charter flight on its way back from Greece, when the middle-aged woman sitting next to him downed her gin and tonic, left her handbag on the seat then wandered off, only to be discovered by a stewardess actually flying the plane. That she turned out to be the pilot's wife impressed no one. Regulations state pilots are not allowed to drink for eight hours before a flight. Presumably it is expected that the missus should stay on tomato juice if she's driving them home.

new entry **12**

Plane Riot

A plane load of passengers began to "riot" on board an aircraft when they were asked to board another one to a different destination after a three hour delay. One man was arrested after trouble broke out among the mainly Italian passengers bound for Sicily. A spokeswoman for the airline explained, "About 60 passengers were standing up shouting at the crew. Another 60 were shouting at them. We cannot fly with passengers shouting at each other." Especially not Sicilians, nobody wants an air stewardess's head in their bed. Or do they?

key:

romp, mad, ruck, home, goner, sick, boob job, singer, motor, high jinx, nicked, piece, booze, high as a, couple nicker, plane trouble, explosives, waterfowl, specs needed, shocker, mobile, bad language, tipple, animal cruelty, ding dong, razzers, sp

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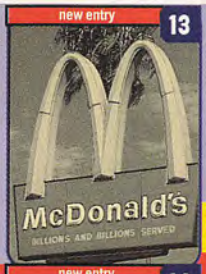
new entry **13**



McDonald's

Ever popular fast food outlet McDonald's did little to further its cause in Austria when it was revealed that placemats in the restaurants featured a map of the country identical to those drawn up by its most notorious son, Hitler. Describing the incident as "an unfortunate coincidence", the burger kings vowed to remove the offending items. Always thought that Ronald had a touch of the goosestep about him.

new entry **14**

Raccoon Bandit (sent in by Tim Justin and John of Capetown)

33-year-old Peter Lerat of Toronto was arrested by Canadian police after using animals as hostages during crimes. Initially Lerat was seized for threatening to hit a raccoon on the head if passers by did not give him money. The lawmen discovered he was already wanted for taking a goose hostage in a robbery. Sounds like he's more than ready for a spot of bird. Ha ha!

new entry **15**

Shoe Sex Man (sent in by John Welsh of Sterling)

Ross Wyatt was convicted of "shameless indecency" after dropping his trousers on an Edinburgh street and "simulating sex" with his shoe. "You'll have to speak to my solicitor," said Watt. "This is a very sad case," said his solicitor, "drink or drugs were not involved." Indeed. Sentence was deferred. And then he had it away on his toes presumably. Arf!

new entry **16**

Desert Porn

As 33 million Arab viewers sat down to watch a popular educational children's TV show, the last thing they expected to see was people having it off, but that's what they got. The French government apologised to viewers in the Middle East after French cable channel Canal Plus accidentally broadcast hardcore porn. Unimpressed by spokesperson Jacques Rummelhards' explanation that it was due to "a technical error", Saudi-based Arabsat, who unwittingly re-transmitted the programme, declared it "an insane provocation".

new entry **17**

Stinking Midget

A foul, sickening stench brought work to a halt in a city branch of NatWest recently as investigations suggested flood water in the bank's vault had triggered the decay of the body of an ancient pygmy held in a safety deposit box. Bank insiders believe a burst water main "started to reverse the mummification process" and have called for the putrefying body to be interred in a Christian burial ground. "It's a question of ethics," said one in glasses. A bank spokesperson claims they have been unable to trace the owner of the stinking deathbox.

new entry **18**

Ghost Sheep

Sardinian police have placed 200 farmers under investigation for putting 12,000 "ghost sheep" out to graze as part of a desperate scam to claim EU grants. "They are invisible and they do not bleat since they do not exist," claim eagle-eyed investigators. Officials, who've so far avoided having the wool pulled over their eyes (wa hey), maintain crafty sheep owners are shifting their small flocks around very quickly to create the illusion that they're all over the shop and then some.

light rogues

1 Candlelight
Wick flickering retro glow plus lo-tech wax lends shit hippy kitsch to what was once our tallow destiny. Aromatic light symbol, who are you? So easily extinguished. Marvin-like the candle's shadow is its horror gift. The laughing nephew of real fire, this light kills as quickly as it burns. Happy birthday power-cut.

2 Limelight
Citrus fruit disco and the power of fame. Treading the boards above a disinfected mass grave. Don't put your daughter on the stage, Mrs Worthingon. She'll burn!

3 Light Industry
Little machines that you can hardly see, whirring away on the perimeter. "Come on baby fire my light!" says the shop steward in the feeble workplace. "Everybody out!" replies the light shift. Hence darkness on the edge of town. Sprockets, caps and elastic? Not today sir. Can I interest you in something heavier?

4 Footlights
Torch lashed to a sandal, a blinded actor repeats the lines he once knew. Litany of darkness! Dawn, come anew. My feet can see, my eyes are dim. Step lightly 'pon the stony ground and shatter not his morning's dew. Switch me off, I'm dying!

5 Fanny by Gaslight
Sorry Victorian whore shown glowing and stinking in the face of a weeping Christ.
Brass tart shining at the century's turn, alabaster cleavage heaving casts a shadow twixt the gleaming flesh beacons. My god, you look fantastic. How much, Mary? Sooth my incandescent pant-candle!

6 Blinded by the Light
"Wrapped up like a dhvshn in the middle of the night." That's what they sang. For who can punch light's lights out. Boss? Manfred? Any man? You wouldn't even see it coming.

7 Moonlight
Gimme the moonlight. But where would you keep it? I'm being followed by a moon shadow, sang Allah's Cat. Plus menstrual beast man's panic cannot withstand the hospitality of a firm young nurse. But night must come! Then you can just shut the curtains.

8 First Light
Morning has broken, like the first morning. But this daily ego-radiation sky boast is never what it seems. The Lord's eyelid flickers as he rubs the god-dust off across the firmament and lo! Birds sing, people are executed, milkman take to the air. We've all been up on crack at dawn but yet who sleeps immortal?

9 Highlight
Light on drugs, light on stilts. Illumo-tragedy? Do what thou wilt!

10 Light Year
Imagine seasons of margarine, days of feathers wrapped in nylon nights. A year of fallow Lycra. Annus Gossamer. Plunge me into heavy dark and close life's door behind me. Shut me up in Satan's cellar, never come and find me. You'd have to bring a torch

COMPILED BY MICHAEL HOLDEN, MICK BUNNAGE AND NIALL HAMPTON

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come and have a go if you think you're hard enough

Organ grinder

I write with reference to Jeff Connor's letter ('Dear Prudish', August issue). What a Bunch Of Arse! Who do you think you are? If you don't like **loaded**, you can stop reading it. Nobody asked you to take this fine organ from the shelf in your newsagent. Nobody asked you to flick through its wondrous pages of top totty, read its superb features about sports biscuits and piss yourself laughing at the captions adorning each photograph. You would probably have had a hernia if you'd seen the Wank Mag World Cup! As for your comments about **loaded** doing "stuff that was carpeting every editor's floor 20 years ago" – damn right it is, and it should be feeling good about it, too! The reason it's being done now is that the short-sighted editors of 20 years ago didn't print the bloody stuff! So that makes **loaded** original I think, don't you?

Please stop printing letters from these complete wankers who have nothing better to do than to slate perfectly respectable mags. Not everybody in Portsmouth thinks like you do, Jeff. Thank fuck. Keep up the good work with your organ, journalistic-type fellas!

Jon Stuart, Portsmouth

Fantasy Island

I've just read the August article 'Desert Island Discs' on calendar girls by Michael Holden. Please give me a job.

James Hibbs, Wiltshire

Pumping for answers

Please clear something up for me with regards to the 'artistically positioned women on a beach' piece by Mr Holden (August issue).

I have three queries:

a) Are Jo Guest's feet really that big?

b) Are your models really that poorly paid or do they just choose to wear such cheap, plastic, Oriental-type trainers.

c) Is it legal for trainers looking like that to be sold to the public?

The man with no hat from a town with a tower

PS: I know your identity – Ginger Balled Avenger!!

Que?

The names some Spanish basketball players have, eh? I mean, bloody hell, what kinda name's 'Fucka' when it's at home?!!

Edd, E Sussex

PS: Like your mag, actually, no, it's the best mag a bloke could have.

Hair at the dogs

I have this incredibly embarrassing problem. My eyebrows meet in the middle. That, in itself, may not seem to present any major dilemma, but the buggers keep meeting in the middle of Walthamstow dog track when I'm not there. Should I teach the little fuckers a lesson then, and torch them?

Gary Cordt, Luton

Cast of thousands

Sandwich down – that Keanu Reeves' friend in 'Pornalikes' last month was a dead ringer for Cast frontman John Power, or as me mates said: "Could it be Robbie Fowler in a wig?" Please print this to impress me mates.

Iain Hanlon, Wolverhampton

Game for a chaff

And here's one for the girlies who read **loaded**: Two words – "Rob Lee" (Newcastle United). At last – top bleedin' totty par excellence comes to town!

He's hung like a bull elephant in rutting season as well, so rumour round here has it.

I'd like to assert this as an open invitation for Mr Lee to strike his leathery sphericals straight between our goalposts anytime – the sexy bast-add!

Some top gash in Sutton Coldfield

Orange is the only fruit

Bloody bastards! Where do they come from; knocking us ginger folk ('Come and have a go', July issue). It's a well known fact (but only to redheads) that ginger people are superior to all other hirsute hues. The fact that "Commander Bale" is mobilising his armies against an "outmatched and outnumbered" ginger army is proof that they are worried about us. Come on then, have a go!

As for Lord Hady, ginger ponce that he is, the fact that he can only pull the birds the rest of the world laughs at is due not to his gingerness, but more probably his halitosis, or the fact that he farts in bed. Personally, ginger as I am, I have no problem pulling the best. Or used to. I am married now, and that has restricted my excursions into the world of casual sex. Shit happens!

Ginger nuts are cleaner, too. Imagine what grime lurks in a dark-balled bloke's shadowy crotches. They can't see those little crabs scuttling about, can they? You won't see any ginger bloke getting away with that.

Redheads are people with passion. Just look at history and how the darker-haired majority have twisted the truth in order to make them all look like heroes and the ginger

pornalikes

Looks like Lorraine from *EastEnders* needs more of a good 'Phil' than Grant.
Sam, Ed & Dan, Cornwall
John Jones, Shropshire

Here's Rod Stewart and Goldie Hawn getting themselves into an up-the-shitter shocker. ***Nick & Chris, Dagenham***

Since Fergie got divorced, she's had to look out for every penny. And here she is keeping a close eye on the crown jewels before going shopping.
Peter B & Rob W, Tyneside

Here's Steve Davis taking time out from the Crucible in Sheffield and coming up with a new position on the pink as he goes for yet another of his 147 breaks.
Briggsy, Falkland Islands

Good Work Fella!

Big mates of **loaded** this month:

Virgin Atlantic, for sorting the editor out with upgrades to Premium Economy on the way to New York and again up to Upper Class on the way back, even though he looks like he wouldn't be allowed on a night bus in normal circumstances. Good Work Fellas!

The Prodigy, Beck and Ash for being brilliant at the V97 festival in Chelmsford. Good Work Pop Star fellas!

The FA, for having a football season again this year. It looks like it could become an annual event. Good Work Fellas!

Jim the designer's toe ring, just for being generally amusing. Good Work Fella!

Jim shows us his ring

Sweat and copious sweat marks for making you feel like Lee Marvin and other legendary tough guys even though you're actually fopping about like a ponce in England. Good work fella!

A sense of justice and fair play for stopping you just attacking and killing anyone who even slightly annoys you on a hot day. Good work fella!

Thanks to Christine Warren at Red Bull for throwing Reece and Piers out of a plane. Why did you give them parachutes though? Good Work Fellas!

Bunch Of Arse!

The Australian pub doorman in Hammersmith who wouldn't let deputy Holden in on the hottest day of the year because he was wearing shorts. Bunch Of Clothing Policy Arse!

Asthmatic air conditioners with slightly less cooling ability than the centre of the sun, making the **loaded** office the most comfortable place to work since the bridge on the River Kwai. Bunch Of Arse!

Asking people to send you catalogues so you can choose a new sofa and getting all manner of interesting but ultimately completely useless literature about wrought iron park benches. Superb furniture, but not designed for watching the telly at length. Bunch Of Arse!

Mmmm. Comfy

Loony hotel night porters who tell you you can't go to your room because you just went up five minutes ago with seven strangers, but then can't explain why the key's still at reception and the room is in fact empty. Bunch Of Arse!

Sitting in a motor for two hours while thousands of cars wait to get out of a single hole in a hedge after the V97 festival, and then getting lost on the way home at three in the morning. Bunch Of Arse!

The Sunday Times for claiming **loaded** Pornalikes were pictures of the real celebrities stuck on to porn pictures. Bunch Of Badly Researched And Missing The Point Completely Arse!*****

people like also-rans. Here's a little-known fact. Jesus was ginger. So were most of the Caesars. Casanova was ginger but that fact has been edited out by lying historian shits. Even Winston Churchill was ginger, and he won the fucking war, didn't he? He dyed his hair. He had to, the brown-haired propaganda machine had made ginger so unpopular that he wouldn't have come close to running for parliament, let alone lead the country. Michael Caine is ginger. You can see that now he's getting older and his roots are starting to show. Queen Elizabeth I was also ginger and proud of it. They called her 'The Candle' 'cos of all the noblemen that flapped around her like moths. Cleopatra was ginger, but Mark Anthony made her wear a wig, and Shakespeare made her a dark-haired character. Bunch Of Blank Verse Arse! In fact, it's the evil guys – Cardinal Richelieu, Adolf Hitler, Idi Amin – that are dark haired. You wouldn't find a redhead amongst them. How much more proof do you want? Blue blood my arse! It's red hair that's fuckin' noble.
Rusty Klichowicz, S Africa

Rubber come back to me

Although I feel I am quite normal (steady job, big car, nice togs, fine flange), I must congratulate your good selves, and Bob Carlos Clarke, on the fine photo shoot contained in September's rather spliffing **loaded** issue of Christina Estrada (especially in rubber) – it was bloody great! In fact, it was among some of the finest art I've ever seen to date (that's including the Cindy Shagfest pics). How can I get hold of those amazing pics that you showed of Christina (especially on pages 64-65)? I can get you anything you want in exchange – big cars, posh birds, top gear – just give us the nod.
BBJ, Sheffield

Sauce with me chips

Ooh mate, Christina Estrada, top Latino bird, I think. I'm also thinking she's related to top cool man Eric Estrada from top '70s/'80s cop show *Chips*. Ace programme, ace bloke, ace chip off the old block.
Stuart Brown, Croydon

Company for Kuntz?

Following Newcastle United's recent signing of Dutchman Brian Penas, may I be the first to point out the potential for commentators' dilemma. For example, "Penas pushes up into the box leaving Seaman on the ground behind him." Can anyone do better?
Danny Byker, Gateshead

Bloody repeats again

How much exactly did you charge Channel 5 for your blatant advertising on its entertainment programme *Exclusive* (Wednesday 23 July). I'm going to phone Norris McFuckingwerter. Never have I heard a word so shamelessly overused in the name of discussion: **loaded, loaded, loaded, loaded, loaded, loaded, loaded, loaded**. It must be a record.
Ian Roberts, Davyhulme

A professional job

Here's Dr Mick as a bouncer in Ireland and as a top Russian bloke. Any chance of some free stuff?
Tom Tuke, Cirencester

Kremlin confessions of a top KGB minder

by Mark Franchetti
Moscow

HE WEST would have had use for panic had it known hat was going on in the Soviet olitburo at the height of the old war. One of Leonid Brezh-ev's former bodyguards has evealed that the geriatric lead- - famed for his bushy eye-rows took orders from a oman called Nina — his mis-ess and nurse.

Sergei Krasikov, a retired GB captain who served vari-as leaders as a bodyguard for 8 years, paints a startling pic-ure of ineptitude in the Krem-n as Brezhnev, who died in

Jeremy Nicoll

continues over ⇨

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Czechs in the post

Off in Prague for my hols, I discovered that the blokes there have really got it sussed: the top talent there with Russkie accents are just eager to please their Western comrades, and any man that can afford a 'munchkiss' in Dunkin Donuts has got some serious playboy potential.
But after a few beers the receipt enclosed will no doubt result in you splitting your pants and pissing your strides, hur hur.
Stewart, Wimbledon

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Flushing her out

We were shocked to see your August cover with the headline 'Growler' in large bold letters. And to see Emma on all fours with some kind of water splashing on her face. The word has another colloquial meaning in America, so we thought you might be interested in our photo. We use the word to describe taking a large and particularly loud shit.
Frankin and Libby, from the bowels of America

Dusting off the junkie

I grieve for William Burroughs, a writer of substance (opium, cocaine, alcohol, yage, peyote, whatever) and feel that he'll be sadly missed on this island.
Uncle Bill's broad general view influenced the influential – recently Will Self went 'gonzo', while Richey Edwards martyred himself for the cause. Incidents like these make the world a brighter place.
Old Bull Lee may have had a junk diet of many flavours, but I still feel that he deserved a knighthood. Yes, Sir. More surreal than real, Sir William was my smoke of tea and I'll catch him in hell.
Cassius Kerouac (pseudo)

Hound pounding

In your August issue you rightly described Emma Harrison as a 'Growler', but only in the 'moon-dog' sense of the word. Take her make-up off and she's rougher! Now this may sound bitchy (and I am a bitch), but why do you keep using rough old bimbos as centre-wank-spreads? I can look better than that with my clothes on! And no make-up! Apart from that your mag's fucking cool. Does that make me a bloke? Or a lesbian?
Amber, Bristol
PS: Men have agreed with me on all the above points!

Piste poor decor

Just thought you might be pleased to know that even when we're working in Val d'Isère for the ski season, **loaded** is very much a part of flat life. No other flat wall comes near. Pay us a visit next year – we'll show you the town.
Kim, Wilkie and Aaron, Arbroath

Music to my ears

I was recently lucky enough to be drawn as First Prize winner in the **loaded**/ Lucky Strike – Win a Jukebox competition (June issue). I'm more made up than Barbara Cartland!
A big thanks to all concerned at **loaded**, Lynne Goddard at British American Tobacco, Tia Morris at the One Four One agency and the excellent Mr Keith Best at Pinball Express. Thank you for everything.
Steve Napper, Bucks

Dr Whoa there

Thought you might be interested in this 3D fridge magnet showing my girlfriend travelling through time.
BB, Manchester
PS: Ensure the void behind the fridge door contains no less than half a dozen bottles of Budvar at any time.

Rule that out, then

My girlfriend and I recently went for a job in Jamaica. We got no further than the main gates when we saw the work rules, so we fucked right off home.
Nick Platt-Higgins, Hertfordshire

Black Spot

FOTO-TAT

Seen in Capetown by
Steve Davies, Croydon

Seen in Jerez, Spain by
Alistair and Alex, Sussex

Seen in the West Indies by
Iain McCrory, Hertfordshire

Seen in Harrow by
Nimit and Pritesh

Seen in England by
Antony Valentino, Rushden

Seen in Florida by
Martin Hewitt, Crewe

Send letters and other bits of tat to **loaded**, IPC Magazines, King's Reach Tower, Stamford Street, London, SE1 9LS

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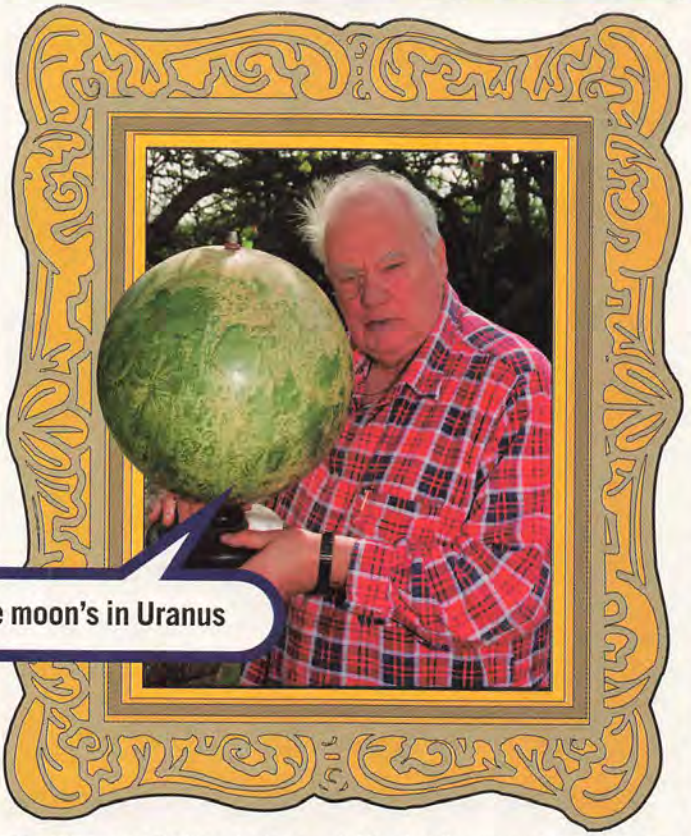
No.39 Patrick Moore



Imagine extraterrestrials having a close encounter with Patrick Moore. The aliens would surely conclude that the human race is the most eccentric in the galaxy and beyond help. Had Steven Spielberg cast Jeff Goldblum as a huge-arsed, monocled, baggy-suited, squinting, xylophone-playing, brilliant-but-apparently-bonkers scientist in *The Lost World*, he'd have been ridiculed by the critics for introducing an outrageous and unbelievable caricature to the big screen.

Let's look at what Moore would call the "fects" about the world's maddest astronomer. First there's the monocle, followed by that wild, squinting eye (the result of a motorcycle accident), those extraordinary bushy eyebrows, and a voice that rises towards the stratosphere as his peculiarly clipped, posh tones announce, "Good evening, and welcome to *The Sky At Night*." He is, after all, the fastest speaking man on television, gushing at a record 300 words per minute. He sounds as though he's inhaled helium after taking several dozen amphetamines.

Then there are his clothes. The 74-year-old Moore appears to have worn the same baggy suit and flapping tie for 40 years on *The Sky At Night*, usually with an upturned collar and sticking-up hair. He's a man who was born to have breakfast stains on his jumper. Only Patrick Moore could have accepted an award for the worst-dressed man in Britain with the words, "Oh, good show, there are some cranks about."

NASA faxes get halted by the cat sitting on his fax machine

He's 6ft 3in tall, and even the baggiest suit can't disguise the fact that he has the biggest arse in TV history. Other TV personalities may talk a bunch of arse, but Moore appears to actually have a bunch of arses. As his late mother once said of him: "He was the untidiest, oddest little devil as a boy and he hasn't changed."

Predictably, Moore's political views are all stations to Barking, proceeding 30,000 miles west of Uranus. In 1979, he helped form the United Country Party. Its first candidate was one Lt Colonel Edmund Iremonger, a man who sounds like he shuffles round the house in army fatigues waiting for the balloon to go up.

Moore lives in a rambling thatched house in Sussex, and when he's not star-gazing, he's at the piano or composing works for the xylophone. If you add details such as Moore's famous telescope sheds at the bottom of his garden, the cuckoo clock in his study, his housekeeper called Woody, the fact that he drives a 40-year-old Ford Prefect and rides a bicycle he bought when he was 10, then you have the complete picture of a man who could be a particularly deranged relative of Uncle Monty from *Withnail And I*.

The highlight of the recent Mars landing was not Pathfinder's first pictures, but Clive Anderson gently teasing Moore and re-running an old *Sky At Night* from 1957. Wielding what appeared to be several rotating dustbins tied together with bits of string, Moore and a bizarre, bow-tied chum called Claude desperately pointed their huge phallic telescope at the heavens. The moon, the planets and the stars were obscured by clouds. "This is really infuriating, there is nothing one can do," bluffed Moore, frantically padding for 20 minutes, suppressing a chuckle, and ending the show with, "From Brighton, where the sky is now completely overcast, goodnight."

Despite his vehement right-wing views, it's hard not to love a man who still uses words like 'bunkum' when dismissing astrology. Or who answered a letter from a Mr T Pott with a reply from A Jug, before discovering he'd wound up top scientist Thomas Pott. And a penchant for home brew and curry suggests he'd be good company for a few pints in his local pub, The Stargazer, named in his honour.

He's not averse to a "gel", either. He was engaged, but his fiancée was killed a week before their wedding, by a bomb in the Second World War. He now maintains that, "Second best is no good for me". Had Moore married, he admits, "My life would have been totally different." A bit more earthly rumpy pumpy and he might never have devoted his life to his telescope sheds.

He perfectly embraces the spirit of the great English amateur. He has no poncey qualifications, being self-taught in astronomy. Fax messages from NASA are often halted by his cat sitting on the machine. Patrick prefers antique telescopes to computer screens and says of the Internet: "My NASA chums keep telling me I should get on the Internet. I suppose I should learn how to use the thing... though, quite honestly, I can't be bothered."

Amid all the eccentricity, it's easy to forget that Moore has presented the longest running TV series in the world. In fact, he's never missed a show of *The Sky At Night* in 40 years, despite some bizarre accidents. When your mind's on the heavens it's not surprising that everyday life can become a little hazardous. He once slipped in the bath, hit his head and knocked himself out. Then there was the time a bluebottle flew into his mouth on live national TV. "I realised there was only one thing to do. I gave a strangled gulp, swallowed it, and carried on talking. Jolly unpleasant for me. But, as my mother remarked, even worse for the bluebottle."

Patrick Moore: the greatest living bluebottle-swallowing Englishman in the solar system.

PETE MAY

PICTURE: MSI

tales from the weird world of global media

In Bangkok, 54-year-old Chao Boonchu was featured in the press as Thailand's champion chain-smoker, claiming no one could beat his record of 120 fags a day for 30 years. Shortly afterwards, he collapsed with breathing difficulties and heart problems and went into a coma.

The Hop Scotch, in West Lafayette, Indiana, claims to be the first ever fast-food rabbit restaurant.

Rip Powell, a 23-year-old geology student at the University of Southwestern Louisiana, failed halfway through his attempt to spend 34 hours sat in a tub of ketchup.

Mark Wagstaff of Wagstaff Enterprises, a security equipment company, was demonstrating a bullet-proof vest and invited his friend, Jim Shepherd, to attempt to stab him in the chest. Wagstaff fell dead, while Mr Shepherd was said to be, somewhat unsurprisingly, in "extreme shock".

In Seattle, Rocky, a dog sentenced to death for his part in a robbery, was released and told never to return to the city.

Grand Rapids, Michigan offers its citizens a "Karate for Christ" school.

RUSSELL ASH

Great Moment In Life

Dead ringers

It's always a good one to fall back on down the boozer when you've temporarily exhausted the conversational possibilities of birds, football and nuclear physics. The lookalike game. Far less intellectually demanding than dominoes and less physically arduous than chucking darts at a board, there's really nothing to it. "Look at that geezer by the fruit machine – a dead ringer for Willie Carson. Look at that bloke in the kipper tie – a dead fetch for Christopher Biggins..." And so on. Endless hours of entertainment.

Your Einsteins and your Edisons might have come up with a few half-decent ideas in their time, but even smart cookies like these were at a dead loss when it came to explaining away one of life's more enduring mysteries. To wit: why is it that everyone, but everyone, looks a bit like someone famous? 'Cus, as sure as bats squeak and cats miaow, that happens to be the way of the world. As one glance around the den of iniquity that we know as the **loaded** editorial office will affirm. There's Mike Holden, who might once have been described by a girlfriend as resembling "a bishop's hat in a red wheelchair", and who has also been favourably compared in his time to such top-ranking celebs as Christopher Lambert, Roger Moore and the mole-faced Chesney Hawkes. Not bad going. There's David Bennun, who was once chased through a park by a small child who shouted, "Oi! Michael Jackson, sing us a song!" However, with his haunted features and unruly mop of matted curls, Bennun actually looks nothing like El Jacko. He is, though, the living spit of actor Elliott Gould. So uncanny is his resemblance to the star of *The Long Goodbye* that he was once approached at an airport by Gould's mum, who gave him a quick peck on the cheek and remarked upon the fact that he'd lost a few pounds since taking up a macrobiotic diet.

Then there's Piers 'Sprout' Townley, whose prematurely debauched features have drawn comparisons with a diverse range of famous folk including Harpo Marx, Arsenal's Ray Parlour, Michael Ball, Rod Hull *and* Emu, Charlie Chuck and Simba from *The Lion King*. As for the rest? Pete Stanton – Peter 'Columbo' Falk. Derek Ridgers – Jesus. Michael Birt – Che Guevara. Reece Sandell – Eric Hall. Danny Plunkett – the young David Niven. Mick Bunnage – Rudyard Kipling. Derek 'Ed' Harbinson – Robert de Niro in Travis Bickle mode.

However, it's well worth remembering that your own self-image doesn't always tally with how you're perceived by others. You might spend half your life fooling yourself that you're cast in the same mould as a top Hollywood hunk, like, say, Sean Connery. Then, one day, someone will walk up, look you square in the eye and remark, "Fuck me mate, you don't half look like Pauline Quirke off *Birds Of A Feather*." Enough to throw a monkey wrench into anyone's works. As was the case with my mate, Stan, who walked around for six months feeling all high-and-mighty after some drunken lass had collared him in a bar and remarked on his uncanny resemblance to David Bowie. It was only after he bumped into her again that he realised to his horror that he'd misheard, and that she'd actually been trying to tell him that he was the spitting image of pug-ugly West Ham striker Iain Dowie.

Then there's the case of the **loaded** striker Adam Black, who claims that over the years he's been mistaken for a veritable battalion of beefcake celebrity types including Al Pacino, Jamie Redknapp, Andy Garcia, Marlon Brando, Harrison Ford, Joe Mantegna, Antonio Banderas, John Travolta, Elvis Presley, Frank Sinatra and Tom Jones. He's extremely fond of dining out on the story of how he was interviewing some Swedish Bond girl on one occasion when she casually informed him that he was a perfect clone of the dishy actor Rob Lowe. Then there's the one about how he was standing around at the Phoenix Festival and two dodgy Northern birds remarked in passing that there was nowt to choose between him and Christian Slater. All well and good. But only if you choose to overlook the fact that he's actually the living spit of Reg Varney from *On The Buses*.

In the space of an hour I found myself being told that I was a dead ringer for both Lionel Blair and Stevie Wonder

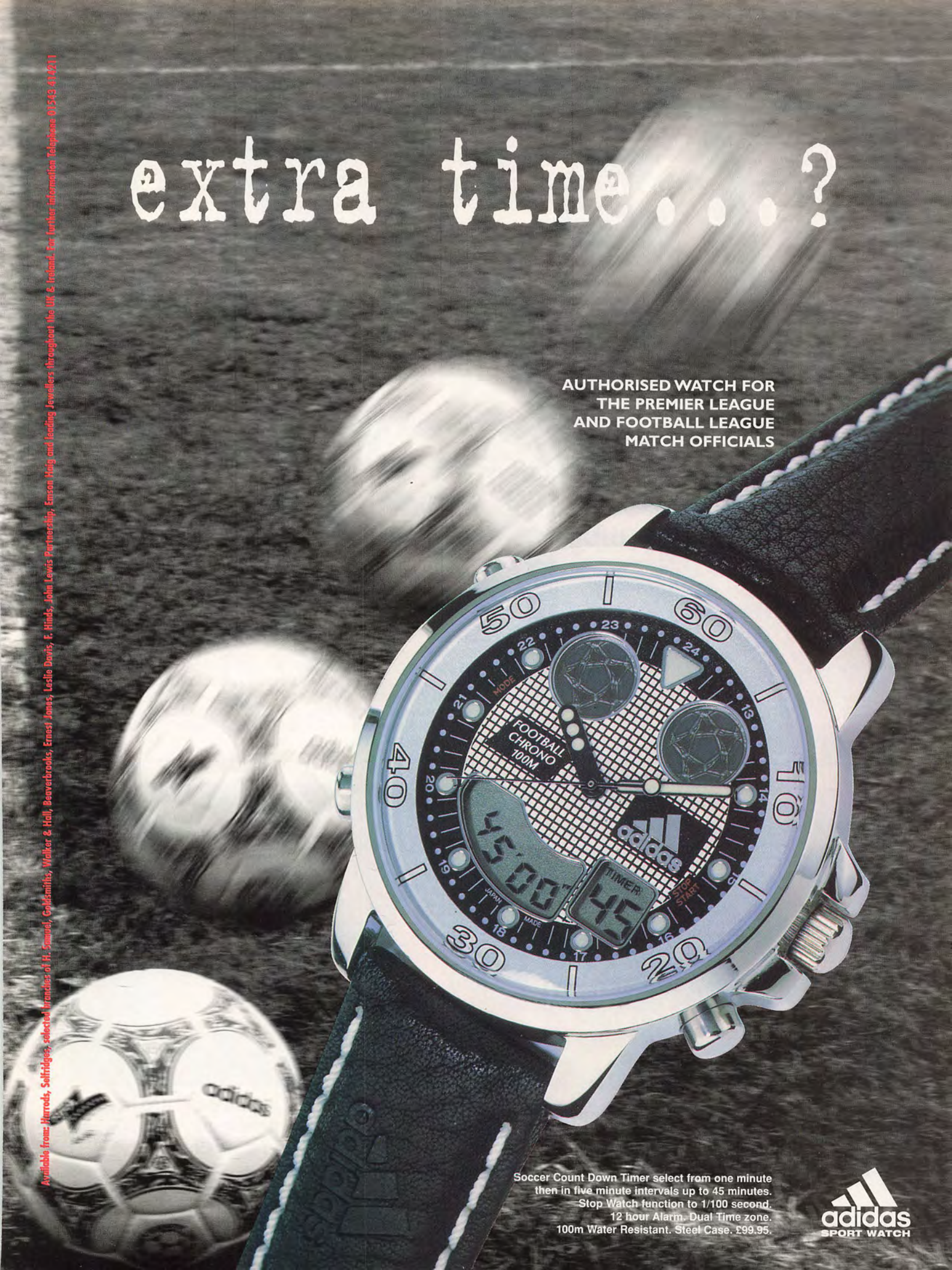
Which just goes to show that you never can tell in the lookalike game. As in my own case. Now, down the years, I too have been on the receiving end of comparisons with many a household name: Morrissey, 'Hurricane' Higgins, Rod Stewart, David Duchovny from *The X Files*, Arthur Askey, Henry Cooper, Dirty Den from *EastEnders*, Sir Walter Scott, Peter Finch, Phyllis Pearce from *Coronation Street*, Lee Van Cleef, Geoff Hurst, Seve Ballesteros, Oliver Cromwell, Rodney Trotter from *Only Fools and Horses*... all of which leaves a man not knowing which way is up. I mean, there was one occasion when, in the space of an hour, I found myself being told that I was a dead ringer for both Lionel Blair and Stevie Wonder. Well, it just doesn't add up, does it?

What I needed was a voice of authority, an expert witness if you like, to come along and shed a bit of light on the matter. Like Dennis Potter, the TV playwright famous for *The Singing Detective* and other little belters. Which brings me to the Great Moment in question.

Back in the late '80s, I was despatched by some godawful style magazine to interview the great man at his rented pad near Paddington Station. A right miserable bastard he turned out to be an' all. Moan, moan, moan – that was his game. Bellyached right the way through. Then, towards the end of our allotted hour, he suddenly lightened up for a moment. Leaning forward, he studied my face very carefully and declared, "I've got it! I've got it! I've sat here all this time wondering who you remind me of. It's finally dawned on me. You're a dead ringer for the young Brian Clough when he was knocking in goals for Middlesbrough." Well, this was music to my ears. Somebody had finally nailed it to the mast. I could barely contain my delight. Leaping to my feet, I ran towards Potter and slapped him firmly on the back. Well, I wasn't to know that he suffered from some rare and painful skin disease, was I? Right there on the spot, the poor bugger doubled over in agony. Still, at least he saw the funny side. Though, come to think of it, he actually reached for his walking stick, attempted to hit me on the shin with it and told me in no uncertain terms to fuck off out of it. Anyway, he's dead now. So I don't suppose it matters. Either way, the old bastard certainly made my day.

The young Brian Clough? That'll do just nicely.

JON WILDE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rogue

THE DEREK RIDGERS INTERVIEW

this month: PATSY KENSIT When Ridgers met the child performer turned pop queen and national screen treasure, it was a chance to ask the searching questions her public really want to hear answered

PATSY KENSIT RIDGERS

In 1986 I was in Leigh Bowery's infamous Taboo club in London's Leicester Square, where all the fashionable people of the day went, when I spotted Patsy Kensit sitting alone at the bar. I'd always been a big fan of her Bird's Eye advert, and I was also a fan, perhaps *the* fan, of her band, Eighth Wonder, so I thought I'd try my luck. I went over and gave her my best chat-up line: "Would it be alright if I took your picture?" She looked me straight in the eye and said, "No." Then she went away. I didn't see her after that for about 10 years, until I went to a Christmas party at Creation records and she was there. By now she was married to some bloke in a band, but I still though it would be nice to have a picture of her, so I walked up to her and asked if I could take a photo. The funny thing is, she couldn't possibly have remembered me after all that time, but her reply was exactly the same. It was as if history was repeating itself. It was spooky, like something out of *The X Files*. I still get a shiver every time I think of it.

THE IGGY POP STORY

Michigan USA. April 21, 1947 and young Mrs Osterberg is giving birth.

To her delight, it's a boy.

But little did she and her husband know, that boy was IGGY POP!

to be contd...

MICHAEL HOLDEN / PHIL GASCOINE

THE GREAT BIER

Serious Bier

Ph. by PETER CALVIN

REPLAY

MORAL DILEMMAS

This month: UB40's Ali Campbell and Brian the percussionist are the ones in, ahem, nine questions

1 There's a rat in your kitchen. What are you gonna do?

Ali: "Shoot the fucker, man. Astro, our toaster, came over to my house to see if I had any ideas for songs so I said, 'Fuck songs, I've got a rat in me kitchen' – I shot it."

2 You discover that a fellow band member has been using your first album cover to illegally claim the dole for the past 15 years. Do you dob him in?

Brian: "Nah, nuff respect – open up a fanclub for him."

Ali: "Actually the first album cover had to be franked otherwise you could have used it – they rumbled us."

3 All the artists whose songs you have covered come back to you in ever more disturbing dreams, urging you to pack it in. What's your course of action?

Ali: "Ignore the dreams, because a lot of artists we've covered in the past are now tipping their hats to us by joining us on our new *Fathers* album."

4 Paul Daniels, Jim Davidson and Andrew Lloyd Webber want to protest against Labour's recent election victory by recording their version of 'If It Happens Again I'm Leaving'. How do you react to this development?

Brian: "No problem. We'll probably do a cover version of their version and make a load more money."

5 A new EU directive puts a surtax on reggae records. Your record company urges you to "do a Bowie" and go drum'n'bass. Do you comply with their wishes?

Ali: "We've always been into drum'n'bass. It all comes from reggae and dub, you know what I mean? We appeal to everyone who loves drum'n' bass, actually."

6 A madman is holding a group of really pleasant pensioners hostage. He will only spare them if UB40 agree to split up. A nightmare dilemma or an easy choice?

Brian: "We've just seen *Speed 2*, and in the first one somebody said shoot the hostages, so I'd go with that."

Ali: "How do you split up a band that's never really been together anyway? But if some pensioners were gonna get killed I think we probably would have to split up."

7 You discover that when played backwards your version of 'Kingston Town' urges people towards Satanism. How do you respond to this discovery?

Brian: "It does. We worship gods in the form of pregnant nuns with huge erections."

8 Disturbing news reaches you that some of your early music is being used as background music in some hardcore European porn flicks. Do you contact your lawyers?

Ali: "Nobody listens to the music when they're watching those sort of films do they? Our record company would probably go after them 'cos we've signed away our records. We don't go after bootleggers though – we don't give a toss about that."

9 One evening you pop down to your local off licence to discover that it is completely out of red red wine. How do you respond to this oversight?

Ali: "Probably get a bottle of white wine instead, although we don't really drink wine anyway. A full-bodied red wine like a Valpolicella is alright, but I'd rather stick it in a sauce.

PIERS HERNU

A DOCTOR'S VERDICT

Ah Jamaica! The glistening bays, the hairy coconuts, the cake from Tesco's, marvellous place. And lovely to see the colonials getting on in the world with their jaunty calypso music. I once had a batman from the West Indies, you know: solid sort he was. Wonderful way with the elephants. Died of beri-beri, of course. Nasty business. Courts couldn't prove a thing. Not with the evidence going down with all hands on a paddle steamer to Havana. Terrible shame. Never lost my passion for that Al Jolson fella, though. Amazing how he managed to keep that big white smile up all that time. Marvellous entertainment. Custard pies, big shoes, performing budgerigars, now that's what the Empire was built on. He was a foreigner too, of course. Anyway, where was I? Oh yes, Steel Band chappies.It does seem to me that the sea air has gone rather to their heads, what with them pretending to be other people on all their 78s and seeing rats everywhere. Delusional, you see. One fella even believes his toaster can talk to him. Now, we've all had mornings when the Breville Pie Magic nags you to put up the shelves, but this is just silly. I prescribe immediate rest in a darkened room. Heavy sound-proofing wouldn't go amiss. Jamaica? No.

NEWSAGENT PROVOCATEUR

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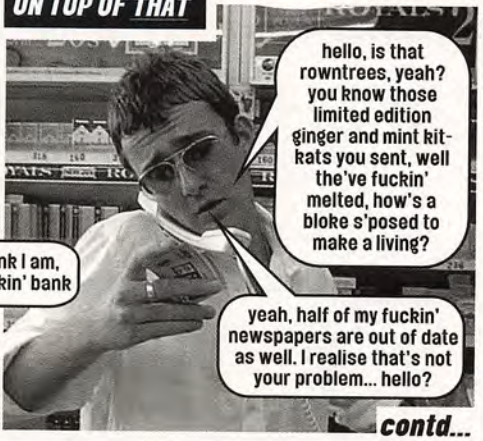
what do you think I am, some sort of fuckin' bank
hello, is that rowntrees, yeah? you know those limited edition ginger and mint kit-kats you sent, well the've fuckin' melted, how's a bloke s'posed to make a living?
yeah, half of my fuckin' newspapers are out of date as well. I realise that's not your problem... hello?

contd...

CREATED BY TOM. PHOTOS: JON. SCRIPT: JON , TOM, MICK, MIKE, BILLY. STARRING: TOM, BILLY. COUNTER CONSULTANT: MR PATEL. SUNGLASSES: CUTLER & GROSS

Paul Evans

Kraken Snacks

IMPORTANT NOTICE
PRODUCT RECALL

Krakensnack Lasagne
Krakensnack Pasta Cheese Skulls

As part of our rigorous product checking procedure Krakensnack has identified a possibly fatal ingredient in the above products. Killer cheese.

Both Krakensnack Lasagne and Krakensnack Patsa Cheese Skulls contained a type of processed cheese found to ignite on contact with saliva. Subsequent mouth fires have proved fatal, particularly to children with tiny, dry heads. It won't necessarily happen, it just might.

Both foods have been on sale since June 1997 and have since been removed from display.

Customers who have purchased this product are asked, if possible, not to approach it. Instead call the Krakensacks disposal hot line number on the box. A specialist team will visit your home, neutralize the cheese and offer a full refund.

We would like to thank our customers in advance for their cooperation in this matter and apologise for any internal scorching that may have already occurred.

Kraken Snacks

Awaken To Krakensnacks !

Kraken Snacks

the league of GREED

what we have received...

1 Canon Camera
Very small. Smart design. Takes nice pictures, so long as you point it at something that looks good.

8 Still More Tango
Orange this time. Didn't like this one so much. Another funny bottle, something about exploiting workers, we think.

2 Totpak
"Convenient Alcoholic Beverages". Aren't they all? Still, little plastic packets of booze – ace idea.

9 Tango, still
Blackcurrant, so some kind of clubber's 'we're still here and it's morning' Ribena. Rave on, etc, etc.

3 Baccy
Amber Leaf tobacco, "a cooler and more satisfying smoke," says designer Jim, who has of course read the warning.

10 Nando's sauces
Made to an old Portuguese recipe called Peri-Peri. Spicy and claims to contain aphrodisiacs. Sounds good, then.

4 Czech lager
Sent in by Zamek, so good that we drank it warm. Then we tucked the rest in the fridge and someone nicked it.

11 Weird razors
Look and act like weebles. Sent in along with kiddies toothpaste by a high street chain who won't stock our magazine.

5 Beatles CDs
The best back catalogue ever, anywhere, all on CD. We turned down all the *Anthology* videos to get this, you know.

12 Halloween stuff
An assortment of masks, capes, torches, lanterns etc from Tesco, which one poor sod was forced to try on all at once.

6 Vodka
Your standard Vodka but with blackcurrant and lemon flavours added by Asda. There's also Chilli. Ooof! That'll sting.

13 Rolling King
Specially designed to use king-size papers. Adjustable so you can roll cones to impress people who like that kind of thing.

7 Still Tango
Lemon flavour with bits of pulp in. No fizz. Good promo blurb about how it's worth destroying the earth for a drink.

14 Chupa Chups
Big round balls of bubblegum lollypop with tattoos of scorpions and suchlike in the packets. Well hard.

what we want...

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Bronica camera starter pack for Beth, again
Samples of homegrown
Steering wheel for Ford Fiesta
An MOT
Little old lady to do ironing. For 15
Adidas Astroturf boots, size 7
Microwave with grill
Mountain bike. Again
One cable TV subscription for east London area
Super turbo Dust Buster vacuum cleaner
Car resprays
Velecifero scooter in West Ham claret and blue
Specs frames for Chris 'I must've sat on 'em pissed last night' Burke
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IRVINE WELSH

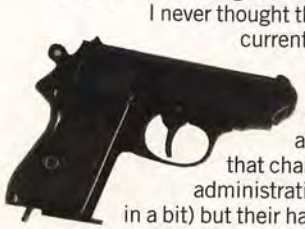
The Trainspotting author on guns, drugs and the new footie season

First things first: my good pal Jimmy Lugton from Moredun. Jim, you asked me to give you a mention in **loaded**, so here you go, mate. Hope it's not too embarrassing for you down the Jolly. Actually, I'm glad I remembered Jim telling me to do this, because the last time I saw him he was at the Hibs-Airdrie relegation play-offs last season, Hibs heroically emerging as 5-2 aggregate winners. As I knew they would. Aye, right.

It was the coming football season that got me out of an extended stint in San Francisco. I'd been doing a bit of hanging around, partying, chilling and guest DJing at my friends Tom and Allan's club; Manred at Deco, situated in San Fran's fun-packed Tenderloin District. There were several eventful nights, the most scary being when a Tenderloin crackhead fired three gunshots at Allan (and, thankfully, missed). Allan bravely, or stupidly, refused to hand over his tunes and equipment when he was loading them into the boot of his car after the do. Tom and I were still tidying up in the DJ's box, blissfully unaware of the commotion outside, hearing only this strange noise, a bit like a pool cue being dropped on the floor. We only realised that something was up when the bouncer, and then Allan, came back into the club, shaken and ashen-faced, as they say. The club owner could only think of asking him not to tell anybody about it as he could "lose a lot of business".

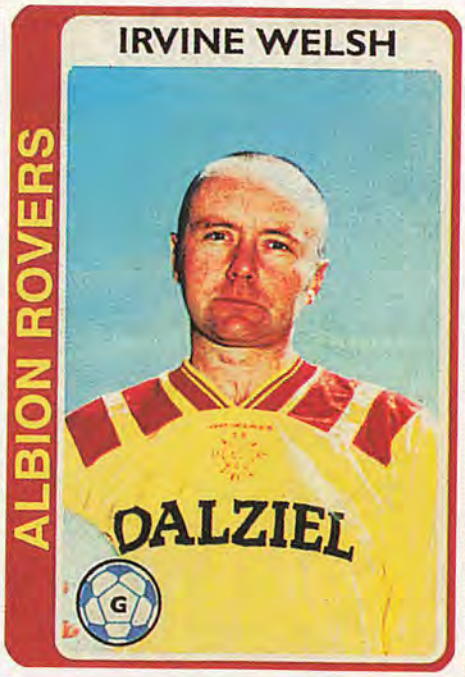
The police arrived, but it was just another attempted robbery to them: happens all the time in the Tenderloin. Allan admitted he was mad not to let they guy go ahead, but he'd just lost two grand's worth of tunes in a break-in from the boot of his car two weeks previously, and it was still on his mind somewhat. The crackpot stuck the gun right in his face, and Allan knocked his hand away, slammed the boot shut and dived down the side of the car as the nutter fired over his head.

That's America for you: create an underclass who are shat upon by the rest of society, excluded from decent education, housing and employment, then give them guns.



I never thought that I'd praise the current party in power, who have wasted very little time donning the mantle of arrogance and sleaze that characterised the Tory administration (more of which in a bit) but their handgun policy is spot on: the best piece of legislation ever. Let's face it, shooters are for sad wee sissies who don't know how to use their cocks. In real life, it's the Thomas Hamiltons, not the Stallones and Schwarzeneggers, who blow people away. Let's leave that shit to the septic tanks.

Apart from that incident, I love San Francisco as a place, and it's an enormously chilled town. I've never been a great fan of herbal drugs, but there's a new and perfectly legal (for now) synthesised but herbal-based drug called Nova, which a few serious heads are getting into over there. I can testify that it's pretty fuckin' excellent as well; slightly trippy, inducing feelings of well-being and providing energy. A bit of an ecstasy-coke-acid-dope interface. It's even supposed to be good for you! I know, it sounds too good to be true. About four or five'll do the business. During my short time over there, its price went up from $1.50 to $2.25 per capsule. Is this the future? I tested it back over this side of the pond on my mate Needsy, who eagerly vouches for its sublime powers. The menu is expanding again. Another nightmare for the drug Tsars is in the post. You read it here first.



Let's face it, shooters are for wee sissies who don't know how to use their cocks

I must confess that I'd still be in San Francisco now if king football hadn't made a timely return. I wasn't looking forward to making my pilgrimages to the stadium this season, but we did get off to a good start, with the Chick Charnley-inspired win over Celtic. The Scottish season effectively ended in its first week. Rangers are top of the league and out of Europe. I suppose one humiliation in the qualifying round is better than half a dozen in the Champions League. Celtic will perhaps, if lucky, scab a domestic cup, while Rangers smash their nine-in-a-row record. Ah, the power of megabucks. Unfortunately, it still doesn't change the reality of the matter, as mentioning Walter Smith in the same breath as Jock Stein is like comparing Lily Savage to Marilyn Monroe. Hardly Walt's fault, as he's had no serious opposition to test him in this 17-in-a-row or however many it is run, with the exception of Tommy Burns' first season at Celtic. Jock's teams had Martin Buchan's Aberdeen, Pat Stanton's Hibs and John Greig's Rangers, all at one stage or another definite title-winning outfits in any other period outside of the big man's tenure. Now all the teams in Scotland can do is to fight for the right to be humiliated in Europe.

Incidentally, I thought that Tommy McLean of Dundee United was a bit out of order in his attack on Charlie Nicholas on Sky TV after the Hibs-Dundee United game. United's Maurice Malpas had been sent off for a second bookable offence. Nicholas, who is paid by Sky to give his view, did so. It was a generally accepted one, shared by his fellow pundit Bobby Williamson: namely, that it was unfortunate, but Malpas had to go. For this, McLean intemperately described Nicholas as "having a bigger mouth than his head". Hilariously, he went on to moan that it was alright for Charlie sitting in his nice warm studio, seemingly oblivious to the fact that the match was played in tropical conditions in the hottest Sunday in years. A sweltering studio under hot lights is the last place anybody would want to be under such circumstances. Far better, I'd have thought, to spend a hazy Sunday sitting in the technical area, as we must now call the dug-out. Whatever axe McLean has to grind against Nicholas obviously isn't reciprocated by Charlie, who, in his Monday *Daily Record* column, had ironically gone out of his way to praise Tommy McLean and Dundee United. Anyway, it made for lively football telly, which is normally so characterised by blandness.

Presumably, injecting such a sense of controversy and theatre was what Sports Minister Tony Banks was thinking about when he appointed David Mellor as top man on the inquiry to look at the deal football fans are getting. Maybe I'm getting picky, but I don't think that someone who changed his team to crawl up his boss's arse and who was a member of the detested anti-football fans Government which gave us the Taylor report, is the best person to represent the ordinary supporter. It just goes to show, you can never really vote these people out – they're always around in one shape or another. On this sort of form, expect to see Michael Portillo back soon, perhaps as drugs Tsar. Now there's a thought for Tony Blair and Peter Mandelson. ■

HOWARD MARKS

HOWARD EXPLORES MEMORY LOSS, AS FAR AS HE CAN RECALL

"Cannabis fucks up your memory and lowers your sperm count. That's a medical fact. What do you say to that, Marks?"

"I don't even wank, let alone count the tadpoles in my cum. But I do have four kids and a couple of abortion bills. And I do know that every country which grows dope suffers from a population problem. So, I guess you're talking shite."

"What about the first part of the question? You've dodged that."

"What was that?"

"See what I mean? You've forgotten already. Your memory is shot by dope."

"I remember everything I want to. But memory, like lungs, is overvalued. It stops you from getting new experiences. It reminds you of déjà vu. Remembering is easy; forgetting is hard."

"You're a smart-arsed bastard, Marks. But like all pushers, you make all your money from other people's misery."

"I don't, I make it from their happiness. You must be thinking of doctors, lawyers, traffic wardens, drug squad cops and screws. And all those kind of straights. They depend on people's misery for their living. Not me."

"If I had a gun, I'd shoot you and every drug peddler like you, right now. You're vermin and you should be exterminated."

Live TV is getting more fun. I don't believe it's really live, just in case someone like me decides to skin up with my new Mr Nice skins. But the largely brain-dead Bristol HTV studio audience were live, and I was in the Hot Seat. The production team's formula is simple: get a nice guy who's into shagging and dope; put him under hot lights and cameras; stack the audience with nasty menopausals, and get them to wind him up. I'm usually too stoned to get wound up, but I only had shite Moroccan soap on hand. I blew it.

"You want to kill me? Then do it, mother fucker. Do it right now while my mobile is switched off; otherwise, I'll call up more criminal manpower than you've ever dreamed about. Or does the chicken shit in your balls match the bullshit in your brain? Shoot me, shitface. Assassinate, assassin, hashisheen, assassin, hashisheen, hashisheen..."

I don't believe Live TV's really live, in case someone like me decides to skin up with my Mr Nice skins

When I give it the big one, I turn on my internal dream machine and drift off... Hashisheen and assassin are different ways of saying the same shit. Hassan-i-Sabbaah, the Old Man of the Mountain, was knocking around in the 11th Century. The Old Man had the best hash ever, which he used to pay his squad of assassins.

Guys would be told to blow away some rip-off merchant and be rewarded by several chillums of primo when they produced the dead body. The Old Man even provided a rave club for his trolleyed hit men, where hookers in yellow knickers floated down on artificial rivers of milk and honey, all accompanied by ball-breaking drumming. The hashisheen, or assassin, has pretty much fucked off from the lists of job vacancies, but its vibe still ligs in Morocco as Joujouka music and Joujouka dope, the only hash not exported commercially from North Africa and the only one worth a fuck.

In the '60s, two guys worth enormous respect found Joujouka in the caves of Morocco. One was Brian Jones, the founding member of the Rolling Stones. The other was William Burroughs, who died when I started writing this piece, which was meant to be about correlations of short-term memory loss and nice dicks.

Over 30 years ago, Burroughs, 30 years my elder, lived at my house in Oxford: 46 Paradise Square. As a kid, I loved the fucker. He ended up doing it all. He wrote the best novel on heroin addiction, *Junkie*, then took every fucking drug on the planet before acting in *Drugstore Cowboy* and giving me a Joujouka draw. The apparent demand for shite Moroccan soap in Britain really pisses off the Joujouka. So does the popularity of cheesy ladies' hairdresser techno, tediously rinsed out by DJs smoking for headaches rather than highs. Joujouka want to come over here and sort it. They approached the randomly terroristic Islamic Diggers – a couple of Irish chancers who dig Islam, strong dope, crime, drum'n'bass, smugglers, Welsh samplers and fatwah. They once worked for Jima Khan, an acquitted dope smuggler who used to be the Ayatollah Khomeni's next door neighbour. The Islamic Diggers have sorted it. Joujouka will still be here.

My head climbed back into the TV studio head space. The Bristol cowboy was still foaming at the mouth. He was frantically patting his pockets, as if he'd lost his cow.

"Looking for your gun, dickhead?" I taunted. "Give it here and I'll give it a blow job. I've sucked smoke from more holes than I can count."

The presenter intervened.

"Now, what do these young people present think about the objection from the gentleman in the audience, that drugs are bad and should remain unobtainable. What about you, young man?"

"It used to worry me what my parents and my friends thought," said a 20-year-old kid, "but now I don't give a fuck about people who want to lock me up for taking drugs and won't let me test my pills to make sure I'm not poisoned. I don't even want to spend any more energy explaining it to them. Fuck them all."

That's currently my attitude. I'll do what the fuck I want. I'm really fed up of talking to arseholes.

Having failed as a spy, smuggler and politician, and having fucked up my literary prospects by writing for **loaded**, I sought some career advice. I'm becoming a stand-up comic. My first gig will be at the Bloomsbury Theatre on 12 October. I need your support, guys. Please come along and behave as badly as possible. ■

You can e-mail Howard Marks at: HTTP//WWW.WEAVEWORLD.CO.UK/howardmarks/

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NOW YOU'RE STALKING

This month, there's a set of some rather lovely speakers for first prize. They're called Rogers db101s, are very loud and have been styled by the bloke who did the MacLaren F1 sports car (but he's not called Roger). Fortunately, while very expensive, they're still much cheaper than the actual car. The runners up each get the perfect combination to relax with; a copy of *Breaking The Waves* and a bottle of the poshest booze – Martell Cognac. So now you can be dead sophisticated like what we are. There are exclusive, limited edition, loaded/Phoenix football T-shirts for the runners up as well! Keep those cameras clicking.

"Scuse me mate, seen anyone famous round 'ere?"

Scott asks and Mary J Blige obliges. Ha, ha, etc

Emma reassures Nadia that they'll all clear off soon

We told Zola we'd get him in loaded – promise kept, via Alastair

Capes fear: "Yes, strongman, pretend to hit me, grit teeth, lots of fists, very good guys!"

Ian and Steve find not so much 'Stardust' as ancient craggy asteroid

Sugar Ray gets sweet for Andy

Craig Charles in hilarious gurning pose with Mark

Because it made us smile, the children that we are!

PUTTING THE APERTURES UP THE RICH & FAMOUS THIS MONTH ARE: Alastair Weston of Bath, Andy Higgins of Edinburgh, Scott Brady of Aberdeen, Nicholas Hogg of Leicester, Brendan & Nadia Burke of Birmingham, Ian Pope of Dorset, Mike Fox of Bristol, Mark Staniford of Liverpool and Nigel Watson of Preston. Send your pictures to: Now You're Stalking, loaded, IPC Magazines, King's Reach Tower, Stamford St, London SE1 9LS. Sorry, but we can't promise to send them back, so get a copy done or something.

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Glastenbury 1997

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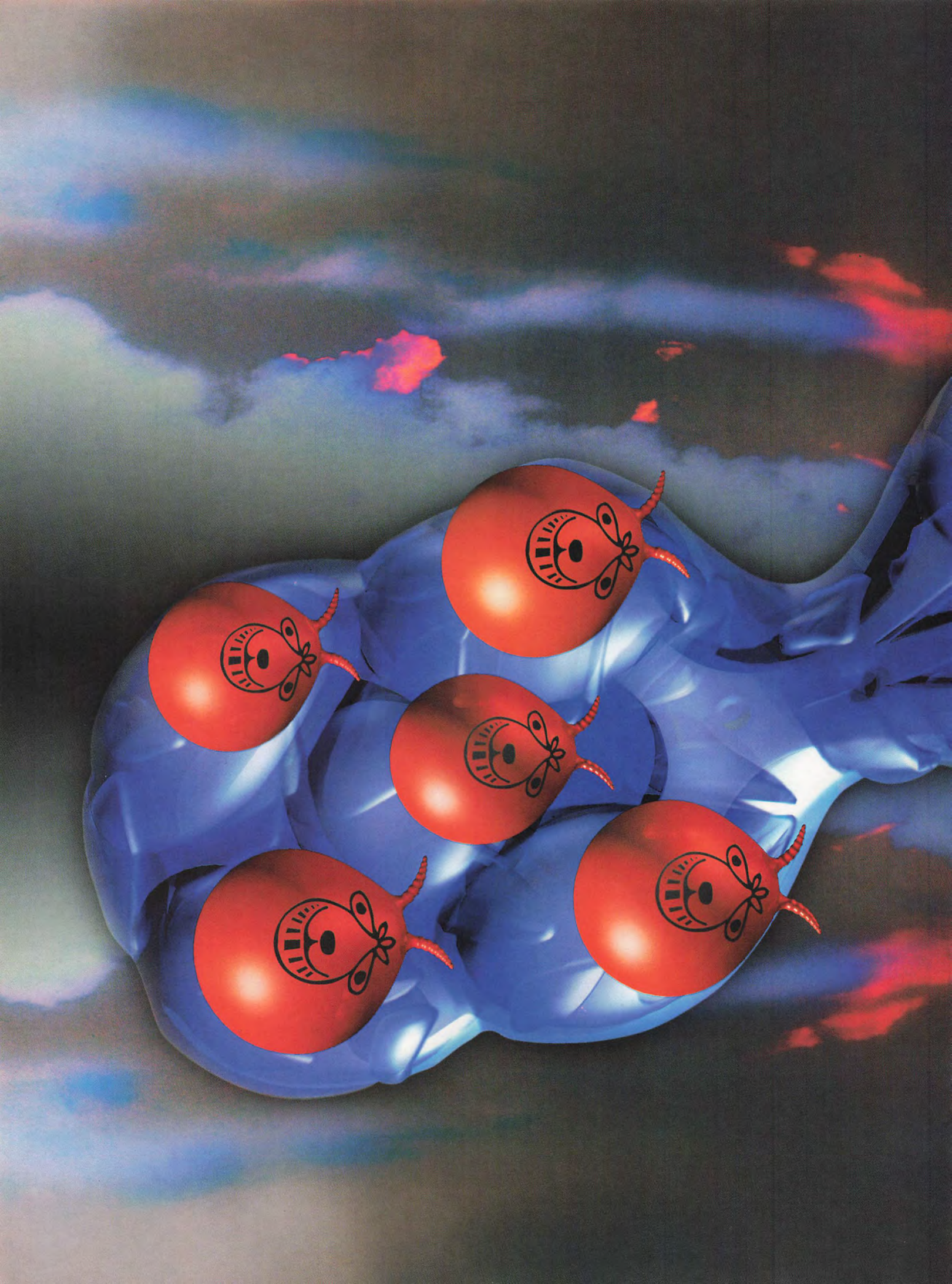

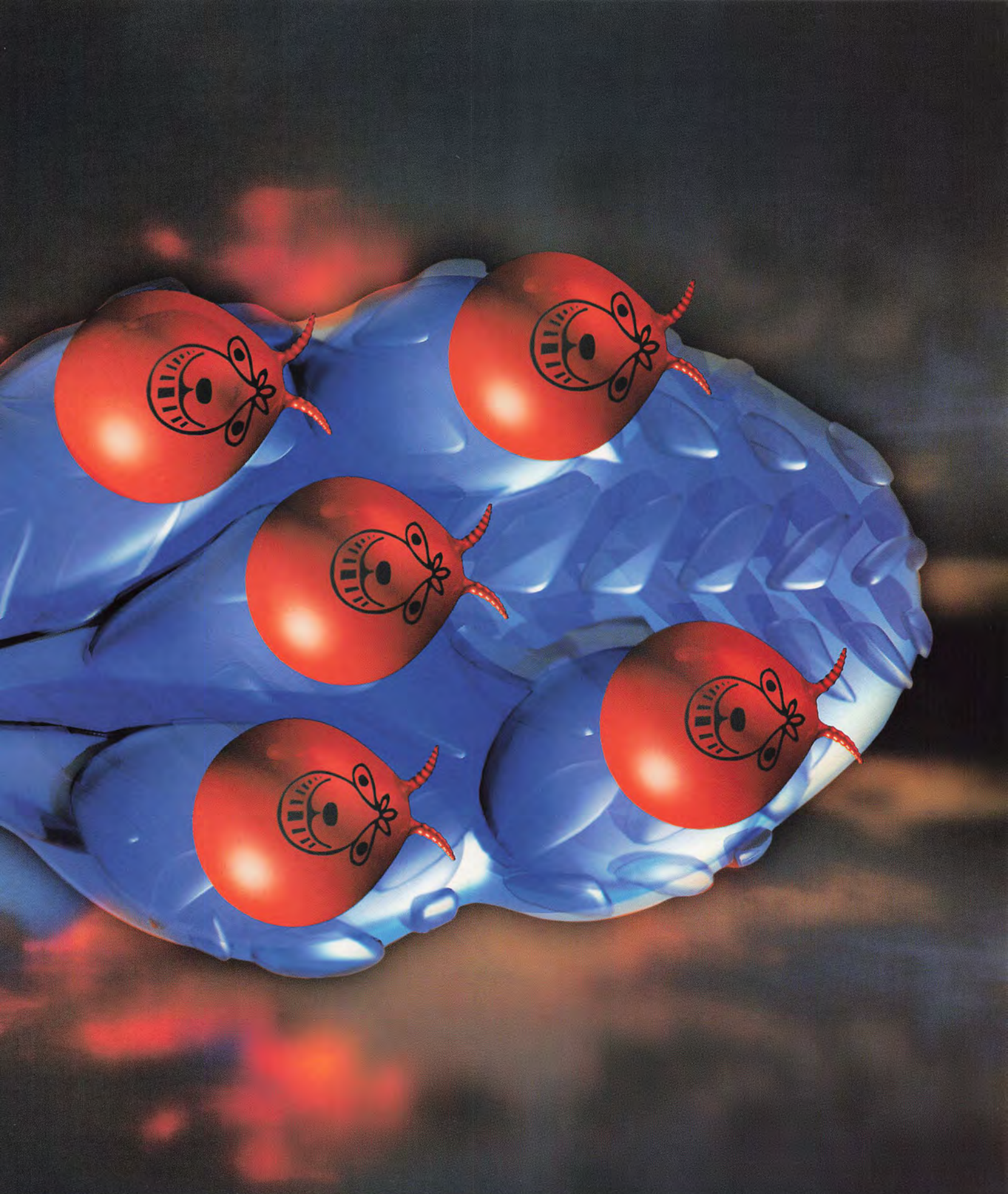

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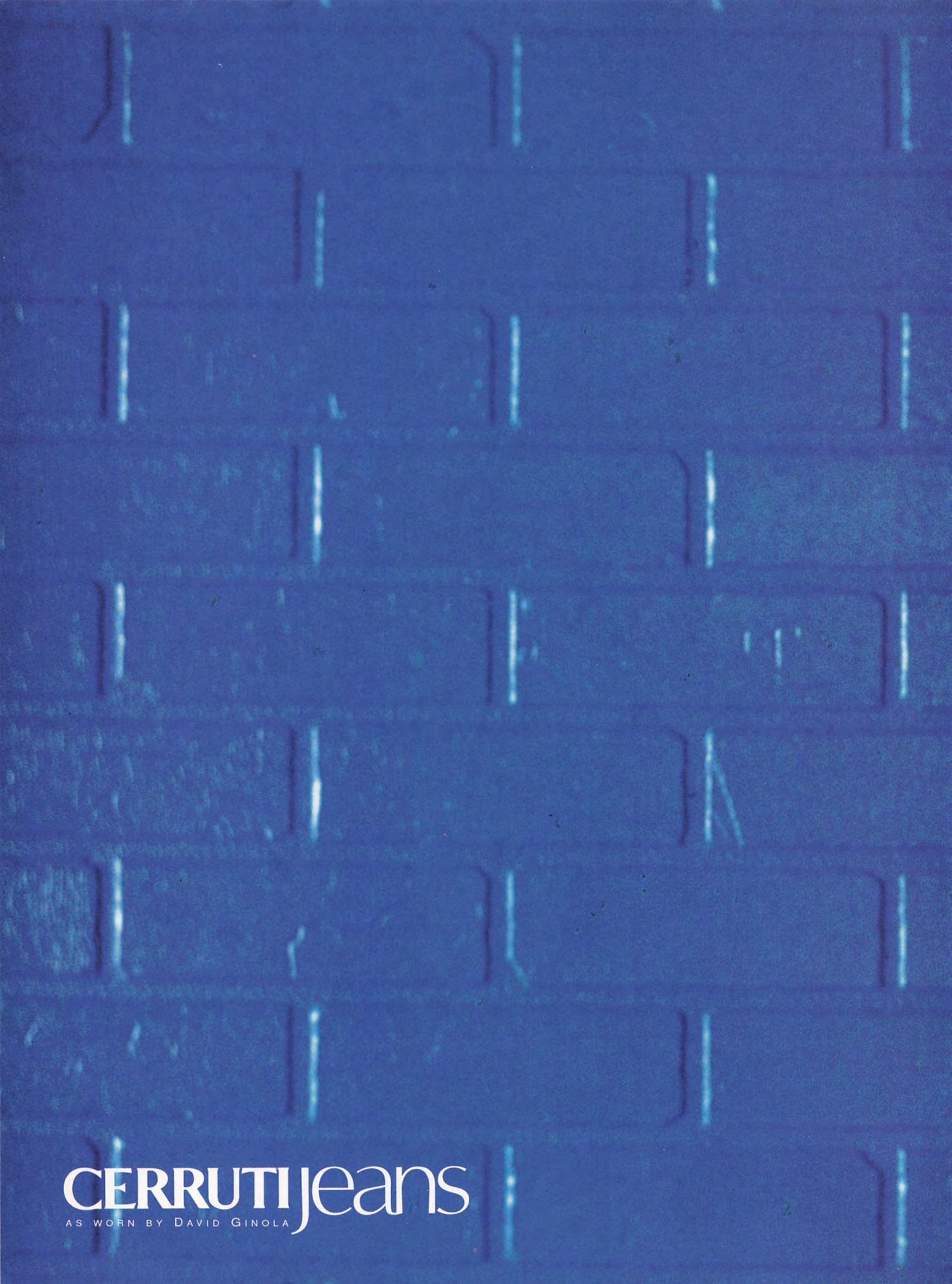

CERRUTI jeans
AS WORN BY DAVID GINOLA

Powers to the people

"This movie's not about pot and drugs," warns Mike Myers

Like a lot of so-called American comedians, Mike Myers was born in Canada. His parents were British, which may explain his uncanny parodies of the Scots in *So I Married An Axe Murderer* and the English in *Wayne's World* and *Wayne's World 2*. Wayne was created for US comedy show *Saturday Night Live*, which also spawned John Belushi, Dan Ackroyd, Eddie Murphy, John Candy and Lily Tomlin. Myers' latest film, the very funny *Austin Powers: International Man Of Mystery*, features him in the twin roles of swinging '60s photographer-cum-musician-cum-secret agent Austin Powers and his equally dated arch-enemy, Dr Evil. As with all his films, it also features him parading around in his Y-fronts for no good reason whatsoever.

What's the attraction of the swinging '60s?
This movie is not about pot and drugs, it's more about rotating minibars. It's just that whole world that I loved. I missed the sexual revolution because I started dating in the early '80s. And it probably wouldn't have mattered anyway, because I was shy, with greasy hair and acne. So it's just as well.

Where did you get the idea for Austin Powers from?
It was after I heard 'The Look Of Love' by Burt Bacharach on the radio. I created this man who's horny all the time, and I impersonated him for my wife [*comedy writer Robin Ruzan*] just to make her laugh. I'd chase her around the bedroom shouting, "Do you wanna shag me, baby?" and "I'm ever so randy, it's shagadelic time!"

Why make it a spoof on the James Bond movies?
Well, it really isn't a spoof. We wanted to create a whole new world for Austin Powers. In the '60s you had this thing where you were a tennis player by day and a secret agent by night.

What makes Austin Powers stand out?
I wanted to play a guy who was publicly horny at a time when it wasn't so cool. I grew up with *Monty Python* and *Benny Hill*, and I think being naked is very funny, especially when you look like a beast.

It helps if you're not hairy like Robin Williams.
That is the hairiest individual I've ever seen. He's a small woodland creature. I swear he must hibernate.

You bare more skin in this film than Liz Hurley.
That's the whole irony. Who wants to see my white, flabby Canadian body? Nobody. But that's the way it goes.

It's not so flabby any more.
I used to be fatter. I was working on a TV show for *Wayne's World* 1 & 2 and you tend to eat a lot of the food they have in the studio, which is all pastries and stuff.

It's a good thing, because we can see the size of your lunchbox in Austin Powers' costume.
Oh you mean my metallic crushed velvet little number?

It looks very restrictive.
Oh behave! You don't even know the half of it. It was very tight. Let's just say there are certain things you don't want to do in a hurry, wearing that outfit. Getting in and out of cars for example. All I want to say is that my wife and I do hope to have children, and there was some question as to whether it would happen after wearing that costume.

You wrote the film with Liz Hurley in mind. Why her?
She's the embodiment of womanhood in my opinion. She's extremely elegant and she's beautiful. I saw her in *Passenger 57* and knew she could play an action role. I also saw her being interviewed on TV. I thought, I bet she's really cool. In making the movie, she was very silly and liked a laugh. She also didn't mind so much that I picked my nose.

How difficult was it to convince her to appear in a physical comedy?
Well, she claims it wasn't very hard. She was my only choice.

What surprised you about Liz?
That she was so much taller than me. And what surprised me was that I didn't mind.

"Do you wanna shag me, baby? I'm ever so randy and it's shagadelic time"

You say Englishmen have bad teeth; name one '60s celebrity who has a pair of nasty nashers.
I can name you two. Tommy Steele and David Bowie have very bad teeth, not to mention Led Zeppelin. I can go on...

Where did you get your bad teeth from?
I actually had a pair, which is an occupational hazard of being a comedian, from when I was on *Saturday Night Live*. We'd done a sketch advertising a British toothpaste made entirely out of sugar. But for the movie, I had several sets. I labelled them Hideous, Not So Hideous, and Mildly Disgusting. For the kissing scenes we used the Mildly Disgusting.

Were they uncomfortable?
Surprisingly enough, they were extremely cosy. I would often go to lunch wearing them. It was expensive, because I kept breaking them.

Are your teeth real?
I'm extremely lucky. I haven't had a single cavity in my adult teeth. I was born in 1963 in Canada, the year they put fluoride in the water.

A naked cat is largely featured throughout your movie. How did he feel?
I want to verify that absolutely no cats were shaved in the making of this motion picture. He's an Egyptian cat. You usually want fur on a cat, isn't that the whole point of owning one? The sensation was like holding a bare arse. The little guy would tend to get very hot and sweaty under the lights. After a while you get used to it, but initially it *was* disturbing.

What part of the movie did you enjoy the most?
The dancing. I have only three skills. I can type, I'm a Class C driver and I can tap dance. Those are my only marketable skills.

Who inspires you?
Peter Sellers, he's a god in my home; James Bond; and, of course, the Barbi Twins.

Do you want to make serious films?
Absolutely. Many comedians like Billy Crystal, Tom Hanks and Robin Williams have done serious roles.

Who would you jump at the chance to work with?
I would love to work with Al Pacino – who wouldn't? You know, it's like saying I would like to own a steel mill one day. The list is endless – Alec Guinness, Anthony Hopkins, Francis Ford Coppola...

Where do you get your humour from?
Canada is a weird place. It doesn't really have a strong identity. I mean, we don't say, "I feel like having some Canadian food tonight". I am a walking stereotype of Canada. I love hockey and eat a tremendous amount of bacon. It's an odd place to come from. We're kind of like the Americans, but we're not. We're kind of like the British, but we're not. We're observers. I was influenced by a lot of cultures. My parents are from Liverpool, so I got a lot of English influences too.

Growing up, who did you watch on the box?
I would watch *Benny Hill*, *The Goodies*, *Monty Python*, *Saturday Night Live*. We'd get Indian movies. Believe it or not, I've seen a lot of musicals from India. They're hilarious. You just get all kinds of things in Canada. We're not a melting pot in Canada, we're a salad bowl.

What were you like as a nipper?
I wasn't funny as a kid. My brothers were funny. In fact, my mum used to say: "Oh Michael, you're not funny. Your brothers are funny. Don't even try." Even to this day, after *Wayne's World*, she said: "That Dana [*Carvey*]'s very funny. But you try too hard Michael."

What do you think she'll say after seeing this film?
She'll probably say, "Elizabeth's very funny."

What about your old man?
My dad was the opposite. He would heckle the performers when I did stand-up. He would yell [*puts on Scouse accent*]: "Get off the stage. Bring Michael out, you're not funny." I would have to apologise.

Do you fit into the angry, bitter and twisted comedian stereotype?
There's been pain in my life. My dad died in 1991. That hurt. That was a hard thing, because my dad was really super-funny and I had a great relationship with him. I don't think I'm particularly angry and I don't know how true that stereotype is. I know a lot of really mentally ill, angry comedians. But I'm sure there are crazy, angry, bitter firemen and spacemen out there.

TIFFANY ROSE

Man beehiving badly

CERRUTI jeans
AS WORN BY DAVID GINOLA

IT'S RAINING MEN

HALLEL

UJAH

loaded enters the drop zone with the Army's most notorious regiment – 2 Para

USUALLY A PLANE RIDE GIVES ME SOME DISTANCE ON LIFE'S QUESTIONS, THE WAY A BEER OR A lungful of hashish does. Even the crappiest of charter flights fills me with the lofty sense that I'm above it all, that I've left my troubles behind, down there with the overdraft, the office and all my squabbling mates. This plane, though, turns all that on its head. Stepping onto a Hercules marks the beginning of all your troubles. To even call this thing an aeroplane seems a little absurd. It's more like a propeller-powered Thunderbird 2, minus the fancy gadgets, hi-tech weaponry, Lady Penelope and seats. There are just two long aluminum and canvas benches lining the tubular fuselage. They're not nearly long enough. Whoever designed them must have been having a laugh when he told the army they'd seat 90. I swear I'll never moan about leg room again. Arse room's the problem up here. I'm just grateful I lost mine a few years ago on a protracted speed binge. A small arse is a small mercy and up here small mercies are as good as it gets. ✈

story by BEN MARSHALL and GEOFF WAUGH
photos by GEOFF WAUGH

Those bloody backpackers get everywhere

There are other problems. The heat, a chokingly moist, boil-in-the-bag blast. Taking a piss involves reeling unsteadily up the cabin and shoving your dick into what looks like a small mail box. Talking is most definitely out. The noise of the propellers and the ear defenders (a typically bullish name for army issue ear plugs) make speech inaudible. Besides, in these conditions, who wants to talk? It takes every ounce of your concentration just to bear being here.

Things could be worse. We could be flying over the land, following its every contour at an altitude (invisible to radar) of just 200ft. Under such circumstances even hardened troops like the Second Parachute Regiment have been known to lose their breakfasts. I had visions of myself sliding up a gangway full of puke to take a leak in the letter box. Today, on Exercise Pegasus Strike, we're over the sea. Pegasus Strike, named after Greek mythology's winged horse, is being enacted by 3,500 men and women of Aldershot's Fifth Airborne brigade to simulate a joint rapid deployment force going into a civil-war ridden country.

Most of those around me are slumped forward with their eyes shut, but this is more of a fitful doze than sleep. Our destination is some hellish moor in Scotland. Most of today's passengers will drop into it at a ferocious speed with only the vaguest idea of where, or what, they will land on. It's quite normal to hear screams at the drop zone. Path Finders, guys who have dropped in from 20,000ft wearing oxygen masks and carrying minimum kit days before, will have picked the best spot for the rest of the troops to land. But the best spot may not be the most comfortable; it depends on where the enemy is. Today there will be seven injuries, mostly torn ligaments and sprained ankles. One poor bloke will hit a dry stone wall and do something appalling to his back. This actually isn't that bad, given the numbers involved in this exercise, and the "sporting" speed of the wind.

"You hit the ground like a bag shake their heads, get their

2 Para black up for an impromptu minstrels show

As one Sergeant Major put it: "To a well-trained paratrooper, a good landing is one where he gets up and walks away. You hit the ground like a bag of shit. But they just get up, shake their heads, get their kit on and get on with it." Very occasionally, even the best-trained won't walk away. Deaths are rare, but shattered femurs and broken backs are a real, career-ending risk.

As the plane approaches the drop zone, the Paras are ordered to their feet. By now they are wearing their main chute, a reserve chute, a life jacket and their Bergen, the rucksack containing all the weapons, ammunition and food they'll need for the forthcoming operation. Altogether this baggage weighs just under 180lbs. In a bucking aircraft flying just above the tree tops, this torture is worsened by inevitable airsickness. Finally there's the awful anxiety of the jump itself. The pain on the soldiers' faces is palpable. Paras don't actually enjoy parachute jumps. "It's ego," explains the Sergeant Major unhesitatingly. "They all wanna know if they can cut it." And whatever hideous mysteries lie below, nothing seems worse than the nausea, heat and weight.

In another plane behind us the brigade padre, an ex-SAS bloke who'd "seen God after killing too many people", is trying to cheer the troops up by playing 'Onward Christian Soldiers' over the Tannoy. "GET FUCKIN' ON WITH IT," screams a huge, saucer-eyed Scotsman, as we moved closer to the DZ. He looks ready to kill someone. Which I guess he is. That's sort of the point really.

I'm on my feet but strapped to the floor. This is

GLOSSARY OF TERMS AND SLANG

Basha – improvised shelter
Doss Bag – sleeping bag
Scoff – food. On training this means boil in the bag rations that deliberately induce constipation. Also known as Frank (Bough)
Hank (Marvin) – starvin'
Gregory (Peck) – Neck. Hence "I'm Hank. I could do with getting some Frank down me Gregory" means "I'm awfully hungry and would like something to eat"
Brew – hot drink. Always tea or coffee
Stag – sentry duty. "Going on Stag"
GIMPY - General Purpose Machine Gun
Dobii (Pronounced doe-bee) – laundry/washing (from India)
Muker/Mukerjee – Friend (from India)
Tab – march at speed. The letters stand for Tactical Advance to Battle
Yomping – Like Tabbing only slower and lighter
Full Screw – Corporal
Lance Jack – Lance Corporal
Colour man – Colour Sergeant, usually in charge of stores and rations
Joe – raw recruit. From Joe Civilian
Crow – new boy
Penguin – Para who 's not yet gained his wings
Tom – experienced soldier. From Tommy Atkins
Buckshees – free, ie: something not signed for. Yours and not the army's. From the Arabic "Backsheesh"
Interview Without Coffee – a bollocking
Woodentop – a guardsman
Knacker – Useless twat, as in "Fat knacker"
Maroon machine – the Parachute Regiment

to prevent me falling out of the aircraft or being kicked out. Nothing, least of all a pigeon-chested civvie – is going to get in the way. "Once that green light goes we'll take anything that's not strapped down out with us," says the ironically nicknamed Corporal "Wimpy" Wilkins.

A moment later they are out, jumping at half-second intervals from both sides of the Hercules.

The parachutes used by the British 5 Airborne Brigade are non-steerable and drop straight down. On the plus side this means you are less likely to hit another jumper in the air. On the minus it's a real bastard finding your own bit of ground to land on. I'm not sure whether it's worse to brain yourself on the way down or wind up with your best mate's size 10 wacking you in the goolies at 20 miles per nano-second after you've hit the ground. Swings and roundabouts, eh?

"Not meat pas… sandwiches as…"

When the last jumper has gone, the PJI (Parachute Jump Instructor attached to the RAF) says to no one in particular, "They're the best in the fuckin' world at doing that." It's what every Para wants to hear. The idea that they have earned the Red Beret, the Wings and the Blue Badge of Courage (BBC), by rising to whatever the challenge might be, makes every hardship not just endurable but, in a funny sort of way, welcome.

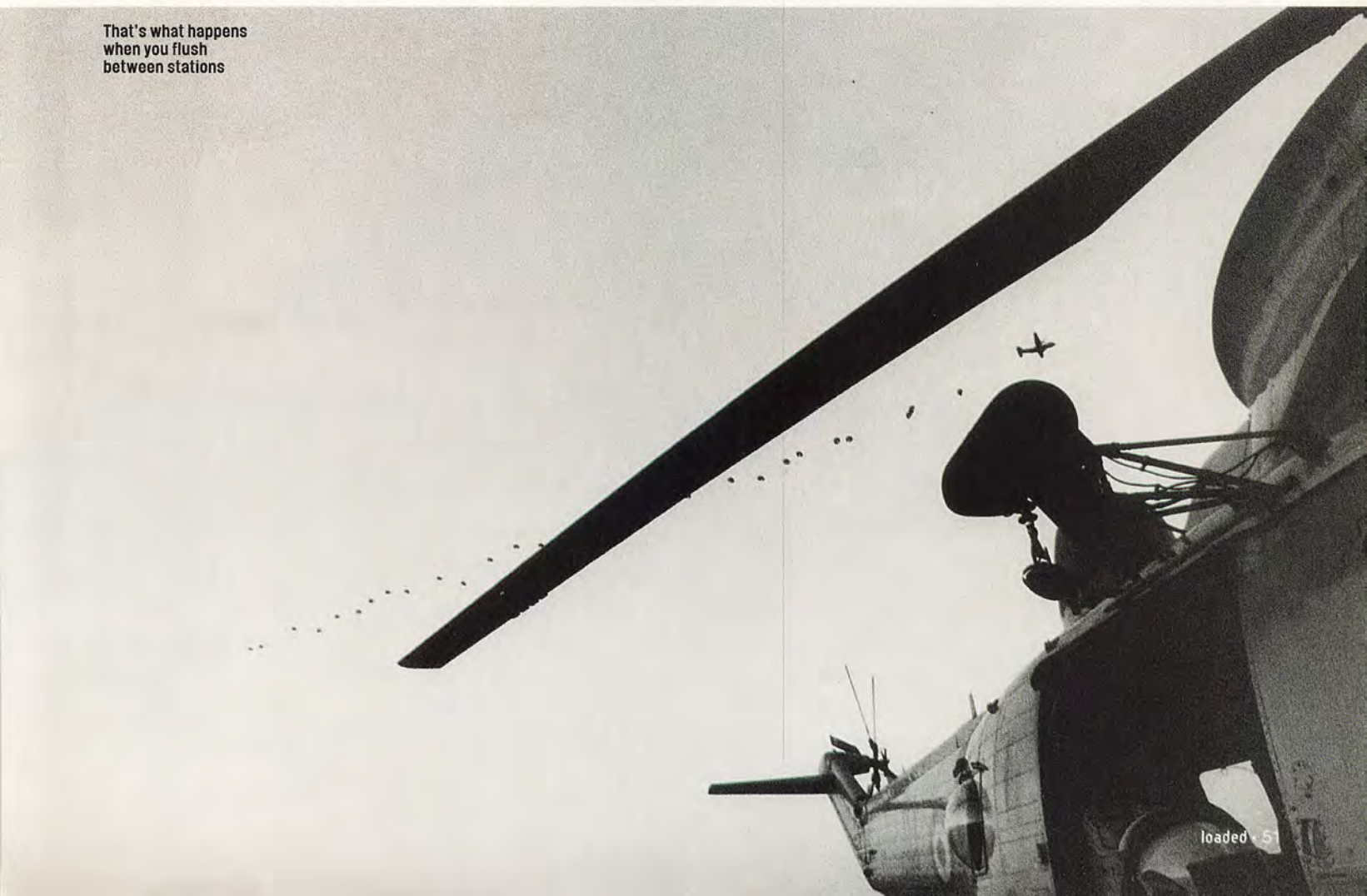
"What we hate – and everyone in the brigade will agree – is the amount of crap-hats that have got the Red Beret," pronounced an NCO, with visible disgust. It was the night before the jump and, for unexplained reasons, both photographer Geoff Waugh and I had been issued with uniforms that bore the Para Wings and the tell-tale BBC. I didn't feel a happy about this; I felt aghast, appalled, ashamed and embarrassed. Wandering around the Air Mounting Center at South Cerney, Gloucestershire, we appeared to be the two most ill-disciplined, insubordinate, non-saluting, scruffiest soldiers in Britain. Wimpy Wilkins, our minder (and Christ did we need one), was forced to tear around in our wake apologising and explaining that we "were just civvies".

Many Paras feel that the decision to give anyone attached to the Airborne Brigade a Red Beret devalues their own hard work. "Parachutists have the Red Beret. But down there in Brigade Ordnance you have a bunch of fucking wasters who are poncing around in it and giving us a bad fucking name," continued the NCO, giving full vent to his feelings.

"In a brigade you do need supporting arms, but when you see blokes – big, fat, useless cunts – posing around town with the Red Beret on, it makes you fucking puke. Because you've ✈

# of shit. But they just get up, kit on and get on with it"

That's what happens when you flush between stations



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fucking earned it. You're proud when you get that beret, it's the proudest day of your fucking life."

The Paras I met didn't seem particularly fond of anyone else. They refer to Royal Marines as Cabbage Heads and it's downhill from there. Most others soldiers are dismissed as crap-hats and the Ghurkas, with whom they're affiliated, are "Yellow Germans" and "Tree Frogs". The drop zone for Territorials happened to be a place called Stab Hill, a fact that caused much hilarity amongst the Toms as Stab also happens to be their acronym for weekend soldiers. It stands for Stupid Territorial Army Bastards.

"But the worst thing was when they started giving the Red Beret to women. It was sickening to see, especially when civvies say things like, 'Well, a woman wears it, so can't be that good'."

I came across this opinion, expressed with varying degrees of venom, so many times that I asked one Tom if it was a matter of women per se devaluing Para symbols, or the fact that women, like the despised 'Desk Johnnies', had done nothing to earn their wings.

"Well, if they did the training and they could do the jumps and everything, I personally wouldn't have a problem. But then, if they could do all that, they wouldn't really be a woman would they? They'd be a bloke with tits and a fanny."

Logic like this was most common amongst the Machine Gun crew with whom I spent a drunk and uncomfortable half hour two days before the jump. The Machine Gun crew are generally regarded as the maddest and baddest of a mad, bad bunch. When they tired of chanting "SHE'S NO QUITTER, SHE TAKES IT UP THE SHITTER" at any passing female, they turned their attention to Geoff and me.

"Are you jumping?" demanded one Tom, who couldn't have been more than 20.

"No."

"Then get them fuckin' wings off, you cunt!"

"Yeah, take the wings off," pitched in another.

The table went terribly silent. I'd even have welcomed the lynch mob laughter that had accompanied their earlier chants. I thought about picking the wings off flies and realised that I'd probably be the first fly in history to pick my own off. Eventually I muttered "Fuck off" through a smile I hoped looked cockily self-assured (Geoff later described it as a sickly, apologetic grimace). The table cracked up. A minute later we were being offered swigs of Jack Daniel's and receiving robust slaps to the back.

It was the first and by far the most intimidating of several minor ordeals, wind-ups and piss-takes that I can only assume were designed to test our mettle. I had already told an officer that the only physical exercise I got nowadays was a brisk stroll to the pub of an evening, and a rigorous cough in the morning.

"It's not so much about physical strength," replied the officer. "It's more about character and determination."

I told him I didn't have much of them either and added that I hoped there wouldn't be too much hard work involved in all this.

"Hard work? Why the fuck do you think they call the army the army?" he replied with a grin.

On my first night in the barracks someone apple-pied my bed. They had intended to do the same to Geoff, but Geoff had wisely decided to move bunks, so they ended up inadvertently doing it to Wimpy Wilkins. The following morning he was not a happy man.

"Right," he bellowed, "Which one of you fuckin' clowns did my bed? There's gonna be no photos, no fuckin' interviews, no nothin' till I find out. In fact, fuck it, I'm holding my very own Spanish Inquisition right now…"

That's about as magnanimous as it gets with the Toms. Officers tend to be a bit more liberal. One in particular, a young Major, came over like some loved-up Haight Ashbury hippy.

A friendly argument between him and Wimpy Wilkins about England's growing band of tree-bound road protesters went like this:

The Major (basically sympathetic): "The great difficulty is getting them out of the trees…"

Corporal Wilkins (unsympathetic): "Shoot ✈

CHICKS

Paras refer to women as chicks, not birds. This dates back to Myrtle Chick, a pet hen belonging to Lt Pat Glover of 4 Para. Myrtle did six training jumps in a zip canvas bag which Pat carried on his shoulder. Later, he would release it, first from heights of 50ft and later up to 300ft. The hen, wearing a pair of Para wings round its neck, would flap like crazy until it hit the ground, then wait for him. Unfortunately Myrtle was shot at Arnhem by an SS Panzer Group. History doesn't record whether she was given a military burial or eaten by Germans.

"If a woman could do this, she wouldn't really be a woman would she? She'd be a bloke with tits and a fanny"

The Army's secret crack jellyfish regiment

This year, Liverpool were determined the championship would not get away

"Once you've done the training, you're respected for who you've become, not despised for who you were"

'em out, sir. Nothin' fuckin' difficult about that."

In Corporal Wilkins' world, black is black and white is white and troubleshooting means just that. I suspect that much of the young Major's outspoken liberalism may simply be a way of outraging those above and below him. After all, you don't get to be a Major in 2 Para by buddying up to crusties and playing with love beads.

The oddest thing about this exchange, though, was the fact that it could happen at all. In most regiments communication between privates, NCOs and officers is frosty to say the least. With the Paras an odd informality appears to prevail. This is not to say that the regiment lacks discipline. It is probably the strictness of discipline and the absoluteness with which orders are followed that allows for a certain casualness. That, and the fact that everyone has to go through the levelling hell of 'P' Company training. One guy I met, a Glaswegian Catholic, told me that he had suffered savage sectarian abuse in another regiment. In 2 Para, he assured me, his religion had never been an issue.

"Once you've done the training, this is a lot more laid back than anywhere else. You are respected for who you've become, not despised for what you were."

IN SCOTLAND, THE EXERCISE CAME TOGETHER with spectacular and alarming results. I was told this was as close to real war as any exercise gets. Of course, 'as close' is still a million miles away from the real thing, as the Sergeant Major reminded the Toms in his pre-jump briefing:

"There will come a time when you'll see your mates full of holes and it'll gut you, but you'll just have to carry on. And you will carry on because that's what it's all about."

He knew what he was talking about. A Falklands veteran, he'd taken part in Colonel 'H' Jones' fatally courageous attack on an Argentinean gun emplacement.

The Falklands was the last real action seen by

Oh, buy a razor for God's sake

the Paras, unless you count Northern Ireland (which I would but they don't – their presence there is regarded by many of them as dull and a waste of time). The Falklands may prove to be the last, period. In these days of what the columnist AA Gill called "multi-disciplined, flexible, peace-keeping, nice-to-meet-you, have-a-sweetie armed forces", it's seen as impolitic to send them in. The press have speculated that this is why the Paras regiments have either been kept out of or had a low-key presence in some of the world's more recent and vicious confrontations – that their presence would have been seen as, at best, overly aggressive and, at worst, as nothing less than an act of war.

So, for the moment, the boys of "B" company settle for this counterfeit conflict, organised and billed as a peace-keeping mission where the troops are only allowed to engage the enemy if the enemy engages them first.

Nevertheless, to my untrained eye, the whole thing was eerily reminiscent of the news footage I'd seen of The Falklands War. Beyond the pine forests where the Paras had set up their makeshift mobile camps lay barren, seemingly endless moorland strewn with burnt-out tanks and armoured vehicles. In this virtual wartime setting, the rounded summits of the hills acted as hiding places for the small swarm of choppers that offered the Toms air support. Occasionally one would appear over the lip of a moor and fire off missiles "armed" with chalk warheads in the direction of a solitary enemy tank. The sense of reality was compounded by the racket in the chopper headphones as two Tornadoes radioed that they were about to move over the target to drop their 1,000lb concrete bombs.

Ask Paras why they do what they do, and the answers are all the same. They talk about pride and loyalty, cameraderie and friendship, and even occasionally the defence of the Realm. Doubtless that's all true. Extreme circumstances make for profound friendships and deep loyalty. But I'm with the Sergeant Major on this one. The main reason is surely ego, albeit a weird ego diffused throughout the regiment. Although they sustain one another, they are also in a continuous state of competition. Notions of success depend on beating the other guy, but only if the other guy looks like he has a good chance of beating you. Given all this, the Paras' occasionally voiced contempt for other regiments is understandable.

"If you're gonna be a bear, be a grizzly," said Major Jim Bashall when I asked him why he'd joined the Paras.

Scary guys. I'm glad they're on our side. ◼

Thanks to everyone in 2 Para. Also thanks to all the pilots and PJIs in the RAF and everyone in the cookhouse at South Cerney.

YOUR COUNTRY NEEDS YOU

2 PARA INVITE YOU TO COME AND HAVE A GO IF YOU THINK YOU'RE HARD ENOUGH

If, after reading all that, you still fancy it, 2 Para are offering you the chance to train with the world's toughest regiment. Courses are presently run every month at seven regional locations around England, Scotland and Wales. They aim to provide information about The Parachute Regiment and are not a test or an assessment. There will be some light physical exercise, but nothing that's gonna kill you.

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If you're interested call 0121 311 3220 and the Army will make sure you get a rail ticket and an information pack.

In addition, one **loaded** reader who attends the course will win a tandem jump with The Parachute Regiment Freefall Team, The Red Devils. Cool.

In their most daring operation yet, the Paras invade the moon

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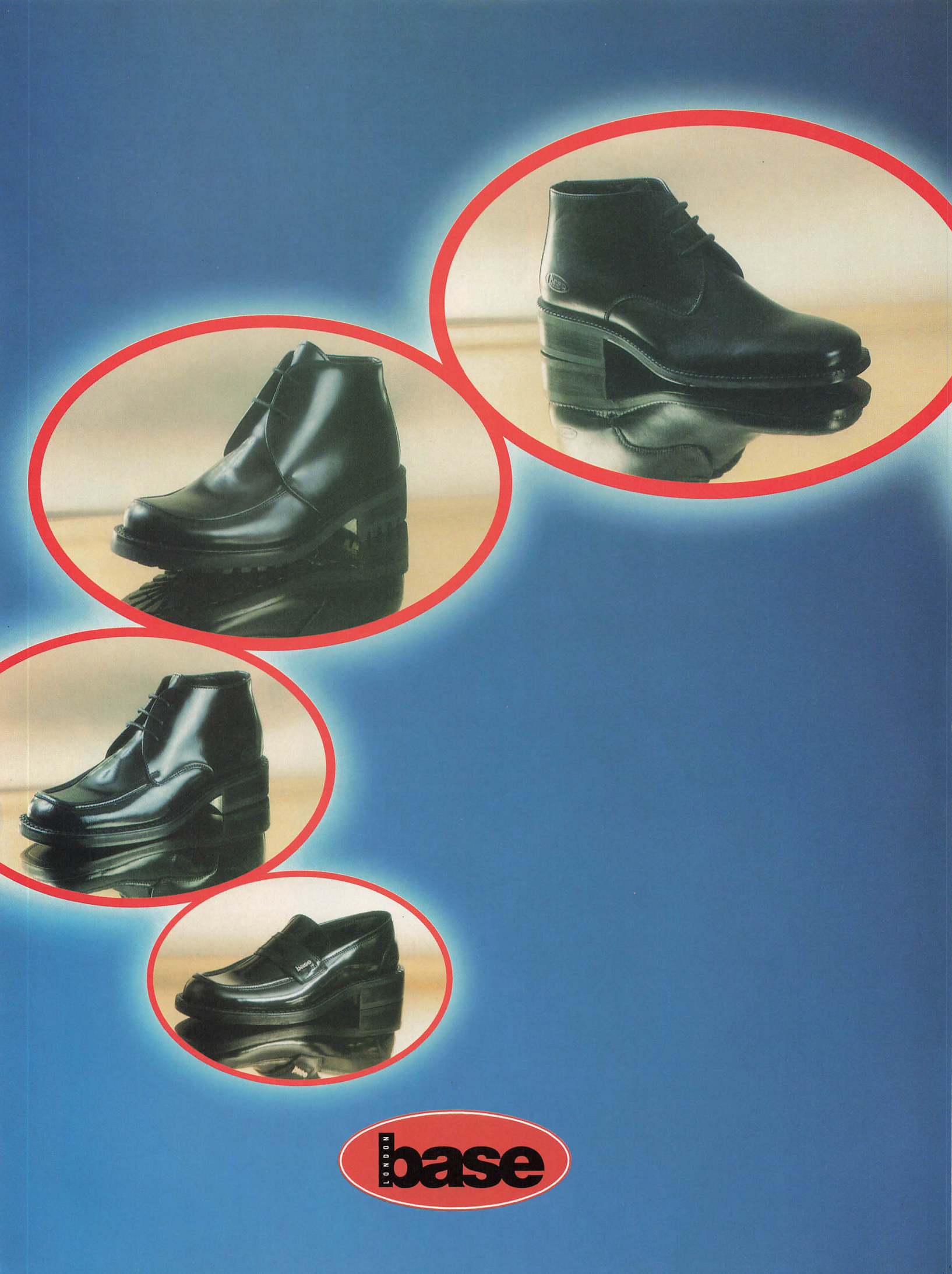
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that's 300

With hardly any dosh for a packet of bourbon biscuits, loaded gets heavyweight tips to gambling success from fact man Statto

pounds on the nose

PROFESSIONAL AND GAMBLER are not words that really belong together. For most of us, gambling involves hanging around the bookies and catching a lot of germs, while some small Chinese fella creeps along the counter after your crisps. It has never been the type of place you'd expect to find your professionals. Even well-known gamblers like the Queen Mum seldom find themselves at the front of the queue wishing a greasy fiver away on a dodgy reverse forecast. For most of us, gambling is about putting a few quid down on the footy coupons in Ladbrokes or losing £40 on some saliva-stained bag of dog bones with saucers for eyes and claws like Cruella De Ville's fingers. But believe it or not, there are men out there to whom losing is not a creed; men who gamble and win. Clever and astute brainboxes whose bets are always hedged and whose last farthing doesn't always ride on a unhealthy collection of agoraphobic pit ponies. ✈

story by PHIL ROBINSON

loaded has decided that enough is enough. We've done the sums and computed that, so far this year, we've lost so much cash it would have been quicker to drive a brand new Ford Mondeo up to the front door of the nearest Willy Hills and just hand the manager the keys. We've decided to go to an expert to help us sort out the wheat from the chaff, betting-wise: Britain's biggest sports trivia genius Angus Loughran – or Statto, if you used to watch Baddiel and Skinner's *Fantasy Football League*. He's a seasoned pro who's just started his own sports programme called *Eat My Sports*, and commentates weekly for ESPN and Eurosport. The real deal, however, is his healthy sideline. He happily admits to earning much more as a gambler, successfully betting on everything from women's basketball to Belgium's Second Division. Who better to help **loaded** sort itself out with some betting advice? To begin with, how often should we be betting?

"I bet whenever I feel that the odds are in my favour. I can bet 10 times a day but I can watch an event and enjoy it without a bet. I have to see the value in it and the price has to be a good one. I will only give my bet to a person whose price appeals to me. It wouldn't necessarily be the same bookmaker for every bet. It doesn't matter. But, if I'm going for a touch to win £20,000 or more, I wouldn't have it with a small independent for fear that they wouldn't pay me – I've been caught too often in the past by that."

PHOTOS: ALLSPORT; SPORTING PICTURES

Before we start, just for the mealy-mouthed moralists out there, has gambling really made you better off?

"Yes, I'm colossally up… I've had a couple of losing months in 15 years. The key is, if you hit a losing run, don't increase your stakes and don't chase money. Also, don't increase the money you bet, and only bet when you've got the money. Don't go into a betting shop without a clue of what you're going to bet on, because you'll lose a lot and end up with the last race of the day being very important. A lot of my gambling is pre-planned. I've had a few wins that are meant to be once-in-a-lifetime ones, and I've made sure I've looked after that money properly. I've not changed my stakes dramatically, other than I now have the odd bigger bet and I like to outlay a decent amount of money at the start of the football season: £1,000 at the very least. I'm backing Stockport to be relegated, Luton to be promoted, Cardiff to be promoted and Ross County to win the Scottish Third Division. They are the bankers of the season. You can have a really good touch on the Scottish leagues. And I don't think too many bookies over here will have seen prices on Belgium's Second Division."

Are you a spread betting man?

"Certainly, but you have to evaluate your loss side the whole time. It's very big at the moment, but it's not the be all and end all. If you're going to have a spread bet you have to know what you're doing. Don't have a few drinks, then go out and buy a few quid of the favourites and not even check the result."

For the uninitiated, spread betting is a bit like buying and selling stocks and shares. Basically, you can bet on just about all major televised sporting events. There are two choices to make, whether to buy (backing an outcome higher than the predicted spread) or sell (backing a lower outcome). The amount you win or lose depends on how right or how wrong you were in challenging the betting company's spread. Thus it's called spread betting. The spreads are updated as the match proceeds, allowing the gambler to buy and sell his 'points' until the very last moment. In one instance, one of the firms, Sporting Index, had Brian Lara down to hit between 370 and 390. A lot of gamblers seized the opportunity to buy Lara's runs, staking whatever their credit rating allowed on each run. For every run over 390 they would have received that times their stake back. For every run under they would have to pay the same back to the betting firm. By laying bets either side of the line, you can cushion your loss. Thus, with spread betting, the initial outlay can be as little as five pounds although, depending on your stupidity or bad luck, you can end up owing anything from £500 to £5,000 and beyond, and unlike normal betting, the debts are recoverable by law… Ouch.

Statto on…

The Tour de France

"This one's a fantastic event for me. I had bets on the finishing positions of three cyclists that won me several thousand pounds each. The bookmakers sent me the cheque this morning, but they didn't sign it, which is a bit out of order. Still, the cycling was a classic. I had a well-marked card on the cycling, because I know a lot of people in France whose life hinges around the Tour de France. It's a big risk but I'd have been shocked to lose on this one."

Athletics

"It's an event that bookmakers are scared to price up because they know that there are people out there who know much more than they do. Last year I found Pérec at 10/1 with Corals for the 200 metres when I would have taken threes. That was the bet of the year and ✈

"The bookmakers sent me a cheque this morning but they didn't sign it – a bit out of order"

the return ticket

trainspotting #2 the album

A soundtrack to life with more music from the film and tracks that inspired the makers. Rare and exclusive tracks include, Primal Scream, Iggy Pop, Underworld, Leftfield and the upcoming single 'Choose Life' featuring Ewan Mcgregor. Trainspotting is back with tracks.

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MEGASTORES beyond entertainment

The smart money's on the first past the post

Masterkova was very over-priced by bookmakers.

This year it's too early to say, but take Donovan Bailey, for instance. He's well worth opposing in the 200 metres. I'd sell Bailey."

Cricket

"The biggest loss I ever had was during a cricket match where I was actually spot on in my opinion, but I lost a fortune because of the weather. I'd bought the runs at 320 for a huge amount of money, and this particular side were 270 for one wicket. Then over the next three days it rained. They only made 270, I was long at 320, and when you're on for £30 a run and you lose 50 runs, you lose £1,500. If they'd made 500, which they had every chance of doing, I'd have got 180 x £30, which is £5,400."

Golf

"This would be my best bet ever. I've had £500 at 20/1 that Tiger Woods makes the Ryder Cup team with Coral. I think you'll have to go a long way to find a better bet than that. I got that off Coral in September. I reckoned he'd either turn professional and make it easily or he'd remain an amateur and wouldn't qualify. He was always going to be pressurised to turn pro, so it was worth a gamble. Over the last two years, Tiger Woods has been the sportsman that I've won the most money on. When he gets up there, he wins – he's not one to lose his bottle."

Snooker

"I prefer betting on sport than the racing as it pays better. And funnily enough, despite knowing in the past that it's been as bent as anything on occasion, I still quite like betting on the snooker, but you have to be wary of it. They could manipulate it when they wanted to. I like to do my homework on something before I bet on it. If I know someone is going to be making a price, I'll do my own research and I always value other people's opinions, from punters to bookmakers."

Football

"For four years I've done the Dutch Football every Sunday. Overmars, De Goey, Bergkamp: there's a lot of players now playing in the Premiership that I've watched a lot of in Holland. Around 130 games in the last five years.

"With football I have more of a chance because I see more of it than the bookies do. I've worked for a bookmaker and I've seen the pressure that the odds compilers are under, an enormous amount of stress. The bookmakers haven't really increased their staff, they've just increased the pressure on the rest of the compilers. I feel sorry for them, they're the most underpaid people in the business. The pressure and the stress they operate under, they're bound to make the odd mistake. The trick is to just pick them up when they make them. I found one bookmaker who's offering four places on the Premiership. That's colossal, because to me there are very, very few runners who can win the title. That's a very decent each-way bet, I don't think you'd be risking too much."

Plenty of the green stuff here

"Over the last two years I've won the most money on Tiger Woods. He's not one to lose his bottle"

Boxing

"You've got to have good inside knowledge; you've got to know the right people who have the right information. I think Prince Naz just decides which round he wants to win fights in, for example, but at least he tells the punters. When the spread firms cover the boxing, I like to bet on the minutes. If I think a fight's going to be quick I cover both sides, just in case there's a freak occurence like the Lennox Lewis surprise defeat. I like playing on the minutes. I like betting on whether a fight will go the distance, rather than on one man to win it. Boxing is often down to one man's decision, the referee."

Horses

"I love horses, but I won't risk a lot of money on them, I won't put thousands on. I might sort out a touch to win thousands. I actually manage to make my racing bets pay, which surprises me sometimes. Racing has its own intelligence service. You can land a coup, land a touch, it's all great fun. You can always manage to back a winner now and then, but they're very fast at watching what's going on in racing because it's their livelihood."

One Final Tip

"You've got to seize the value. If you spot something, you have to move fast, because the chances are that someone else will see it as well. You don't wait if you think something is wrong – if you fancy it, you back it. They're not thick, bookmakers. They don't make many errors, so when and if they do, you've got to hit them. There's a lot of people who are sharp. There are a lot of people who are out just to nick a few quid where they can here and there… but that's not my game – I really am much more interested in the sport. But if you are able to speak to the experts, it gives you a huge edge." ◘

Statto's Eat My Sports *is on Fridays at 10.30 pm on Sky 1.*

CAN YOU SURVIVE!

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OOOH ARRRH

Emmerdale's Sarah Graham gets off her muckspreader and joins loaded to talk about sex and haggis

story by PHIL ROBINSON photos by STEPHEN PERRY

IVE A BLOKE A SNIFF OF FAME AND FORTUNE AT THE AGE OF 18 AND HE'S liable to do two things. First up he'll fly all his mates out to Magaluf and stay as long as possible, taking as much coke and getting as much nasty booze down his throat as he can. Secondly, at some point in the evening he'll punch a cab driver. I'm convinced there must be some direct link between young blokes, fame, and knocking out cabbies, because it's not the kind of thing you find successful young ladies doing. You don't get Dannii Minogue rolling out of snooker clubs at three in the morning covered in piss and shouting, "Do you know who I am?" at the dustmen. On the whole, women are far less likely to get carried away by all the trappings of fame, and none more so than 18-year-old Sarah Graham.

Having recently left Emmerdale after six months playing workshy flirt Charlie Cairns – the feckless teenage daughter of an army family, who left the soap after her ex-boyfriend impregnated her 13-year-old sister – and having been acclaimed for her role in the TV drama *Hillsborough*, she's much more down to earth than your usual telly stars, and luckily for those in the personal transport industry, she's just about the last person in the world who would choose to end her Saturday night jumping up and down on your bonnet refusing to pay her fare. Still, just out of curiosity, where does she go out?

"Well, I've still got the same friends that I had when I started on *Emmerdale*, and I still go to exactly the same places. I go out in Manchester quite a bit because I live near there, but I mainly just go to the local pub where I used to work as a waitress in Wigan."

See what I mean about her being down to earth? Did she hit the town much with the *Emmerdale* lot?

"I got on really well with them. I used to have a laugh with Lisa Wright, who played Mandy Dingle, which was a great because most of my scenes were with her. We used to just laugh all the time. In one scene we had to pretend I was driving, so they rigged up a car on the back of a lorry. I don't drive in real life, and it was a difficult scene because we only had one take and we were both meant to be crying. We really had to psyche ourselves up for it. What I failed to notice was that, as we were driving along, the lorry was overtaking people all the time, I was just sitting there crying, not even moving the wheel. She just took the piss out of me for the rest of the day for that."

HER FATHER WAS IN THE ROYAL NAVY SO SHE SPENT HER FORMATIVE years travelling all over the country. She got chucked out of secondary school, and got enrolled in boarding school for the three years after that. From there she slipped into drama school and promptly won an audition for *Hillsborough*, then shortly after that won herself a place on *Emmerdale*. All very interesting, but why did they boot her out of school?

"I was asked to leave, I wasn't booted out… ha ha. It was all very innocent, when I was 12 or 13 we got arrested by the police. Three of us decided one night that we were going to go out in Wigan. We'd all been drinking quite a bit, and the police came after us. We were running down a railway track away from them, which meant that they had to stop the train from London to Edinburgh so they could get on the tracks and arrest us."

That's not bad going, being a fugitive from justice at the age of 12.

"The police were shouting out that they had dogs so I gave up straight away, being very naive and innocent. I got in the back of the van and they took me straight home."

Did you feel a bit teary, or were you very indignant about it?

"I did feel a bit teary, but I felt a bit stupid to be honest, there was no reason for being arrested you see, we were just being stupid, it wasn't very glamorous…"

"Bad sex for me is someone fumbling around a lot and talking about bollocks"

Juvenile arrest record aside, Sarah's on a bit of break from work at the moment. The *Emmerdale* bosses have decided to keep her character alive for the time being, which is easier said than done on most soaps at the moment, especially *Emmerdale*, which sees more tormented bodies than the fifth ring of Hell. She could easily get mown down by machine-gun fire or get skewered in the neck by an explosive javelin any day now. She may as well make hay while the sun shines, and speaking of ✈

loaded
PATRICIA
FORD
photo by KIM MIZUNO

loaded
RATS

photo by Jeff Waugh at Mr Potter's Museum of Curosity, Jamaica Inn, Bodmin Moor

which, is she planning to go anywhere for her holidays?

"I'm going to Majorca with my friends who have just passed their A-Levels."

That should be nice and quiet.

"Well, recently I did have a supposedly a quiet weekend away in Scotland, but I ended up having to present haggis to people at a Highland Games.

"The people running it recognised me as I walked past and sort of

"I don't like men who are really smooth. But you don't find many smoothies in Manchester"

pushed me into handing out the prizes. It's fairly weird when people who recognise you from the telly come up to you like that."

How do you hand out a haggis to someone?

"In a brown bag."

I didn't know that.

"It's stomach isn't it?"

Stuffed with all sorts. Dog's knackers, eyes, rat spines.

"The second prize was a Scottish pie."

A romantic weekend then. Haggis does it for me everytime. The way it looks so green and veiny. It kind of gets me wild for it. Is there anything she likes in bed more than a man with a good haggis?

"I like a man who doesn't say too much. I don't like men who constantly talk about themselves and men who are really smooth. All credit cards and mobile phones. Naming names. You meet a lot of people like that in this business. You don't find too many smoothies in Manchester, but then you don't want the other extreme either."

What does bad sex mean to you?

"Bad sex for me is someone fumbling around a lot and talking about bollocks… ha ha ha. I remember one bloke who kept talking absolute shite to me."

What, in the middle of the job?

"It wasn't nasty or dirty talk, just bollocks. About himself, where he worked, what he did, bollocks basically. I also hate mobile phones ringing, that always puts a bit of dampener on things."

Are you a natural flirt?

"I suppose if I particularly like someone then, yeah. I'll go right up to them and say something like… er…"

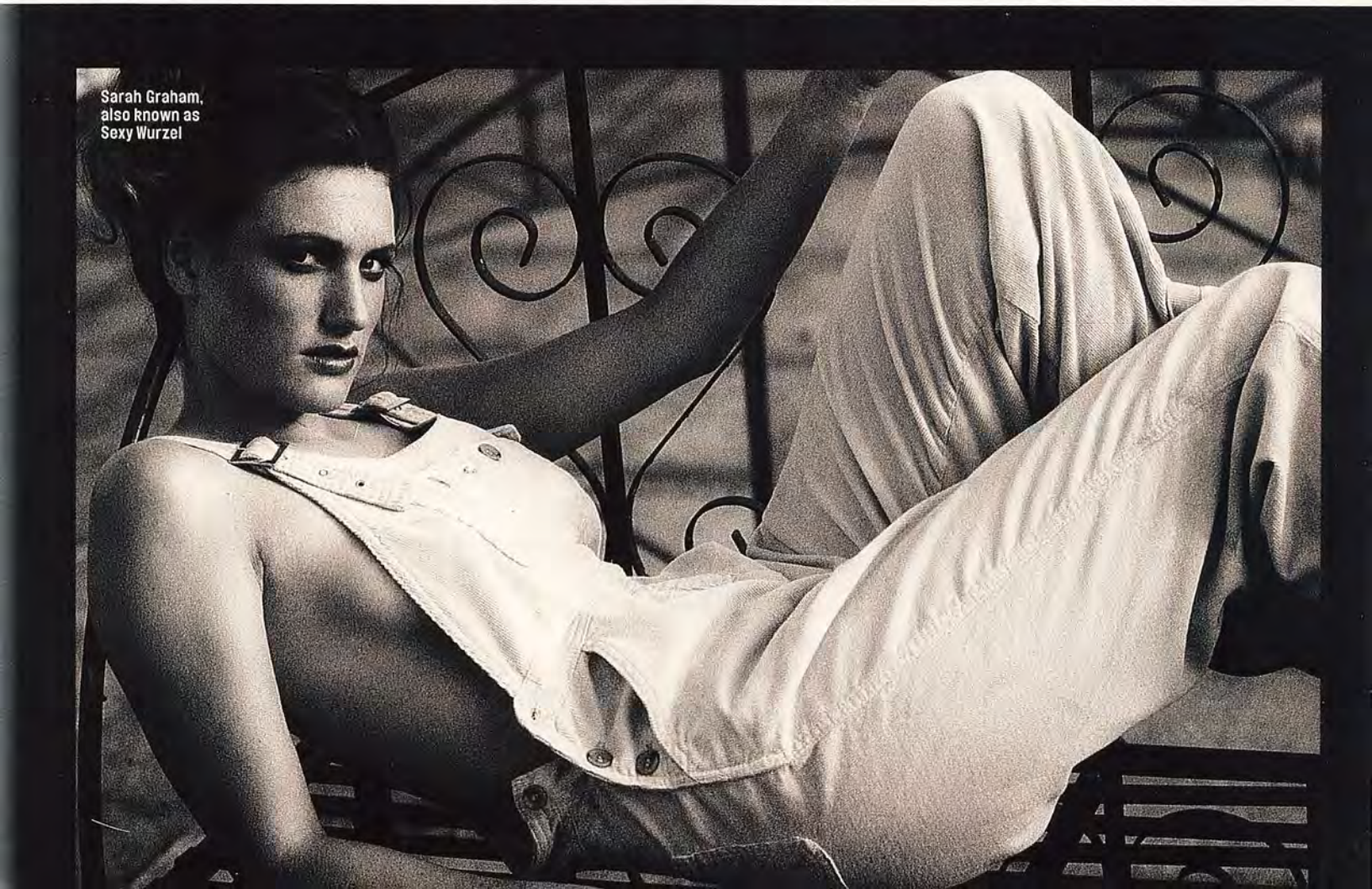
Hey bud, you're my kind of fella!

"No! Not that! I'll probably just go and stand next to him and say "Hi, you alright?" And get their attention somehow."

How? By chucking a coin at them?

"No, I think I could be more subtle than that…"

Sarah is just about everything a chap could want in a young lady. She's young, loaded with cash, kind of racy looking and down to earth. What's more, she hates farm animals, likes dogs (especially my dog Brandy who's sitting under the interview table, probably dreaming of banging some little cottontail), and if she had her choice she'd like to be a fox, principally because of its unique blend of idleness and cunning. She also likes a good dance and she's never fallen over and seriously scuffed her teeth, so she's got that going for her. If you met her in a smoky bar you'd find her favourite drink is gin and orange, though if you twist her arm you'll find she's a sucker for a Taboo and lemonade. All in all she's seems to be a perfectly rounded, normal, healthy human being, and perfect Doris material, as my mate Bilge would say. Perhaps we'd all have turned out this level-headed if we'd only started getting chased by the coppers at an earlier age. Perhaps she could teach her fellow actor blokes a thing or two about breaking the law after all. ◘



Sarah Graham, also known as Sexy Wurzel

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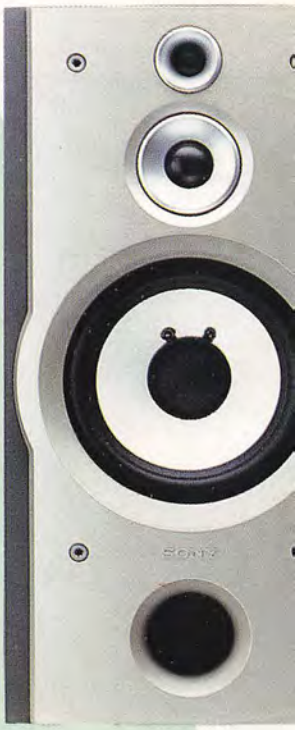

SONY MZE-30 MiniDisc.
This ultra-compact (shown here actual size) Digital Megabass player comes with full remote control and 10 second anti-shock memory. **Dixons Deal '97 £279.99**

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full frontal assault

various artists 'ibiza uncovered'

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Virgin MEGASTORES beyond entertainment

PHOTOS BY REX/KATZ

SHOCK!

Hold onto your bacon sarnie as loaded wades through a sea of filth that passes for art. Apparently

story by JON WILDE

I CAN ACTUALLY RECALL THE VERY moment when it first occurred to me that this whole shock culture malarkey might not really be my cup of meat.

It was back in the dark ages of the late '80s, and I found myself present at an all-night performance art shindig hosted by some barmy, avant-garde collective based in Camden Town. "ART SHOCK BLOWUP!" it was billed. After a couple of hours, I began to get the drift of what it was all about. Pale young people dressed in the obligatory all-black togs would wander onto the stage, stare maniacally into the sparse audience, and perform a variety of stunts presumably intended to test the limits of free expression. Or something like that. One bloke, who went by the somewhat unlikely name of Johnny Shit, stood there for a full half-hour reciting sections from *Mein Kampf* whilst his female assistant repeatedly kicked him in the ribcage with the sharp end of her stiletto boot. There was a woman with mad hair and NHS specs who marched on, accompanied by the ear-splitting sound of a German military march, and spent the next hour shouting the word "cunt" at the top of her voice whilst doing unmentionable things with live frogs. By now I'd decided that all this actually wasn't very shocking at all. It was boring. Just that and nothing more. Bum-achingly, brain-numbingly, wish-I'd-stayed-at-home-and-washed-me-favourite-scarf boring.

Just as dawn was beginning to break, a young man known to his friends as Skinny Mussolini wandered onstage, naked as a peeled apple, and proceeded to warm up by smearing dog excrement over himself. Next he reached for an assortment of sharp objects, using them to make deep wounds on his body whilst shouting something or other about the evils of capitalism. He then attacked a defenceless piano with a billiard cue for a minute or so, ripped up a painting of Christ, and plunged his itsy-bitsy penis into a full jar of creosote. Then, looking very tired after all this exertion, he shambled off the stage, wandered into the audience and, without further ado, urinated all over my shoes. At this crucial juncture, I experienced a wide variety of emotions – including rather a lot of anger. But was I shocked? Not in the slightest. Just extremely pissed off. Or extremely pissed on, you might say. And so I went home to change my shoes, and thought to myself that I'd sooner run through Hell in a gasoline suit than go through all that bollocks again. A valuable lesson learned.

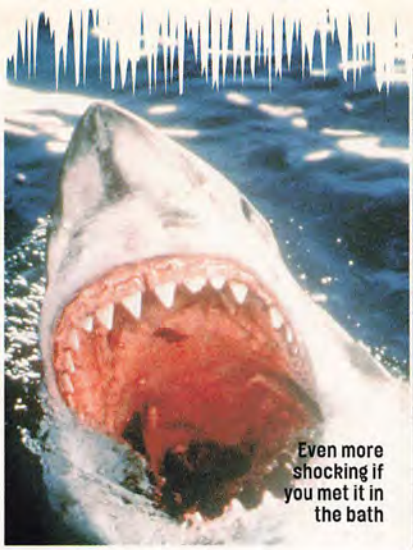
IF YOU LOOKED UP SHOCK IN AN encylopaedia or something, you'd probably find that, right down the centuries, artists of all shapes and descriptions have been causing faint hearts to twitter with shock tactics of one brand or another. But it wasn't until the 1980s that SHOCK! became a recognised sub-culture in its own right. Wherever you looked in the '80s, there were groups of people advertising themselves as SHOCK! artists. A rum lot they were too.

First off, there were American performance artists like Lydia Lunch, Annie Sprinkle and Karen Finley – nutty as a fruitcake every last one of them. Lunch was, and presumably still is, the self-styled godmother of angry women, once describing herself ✈

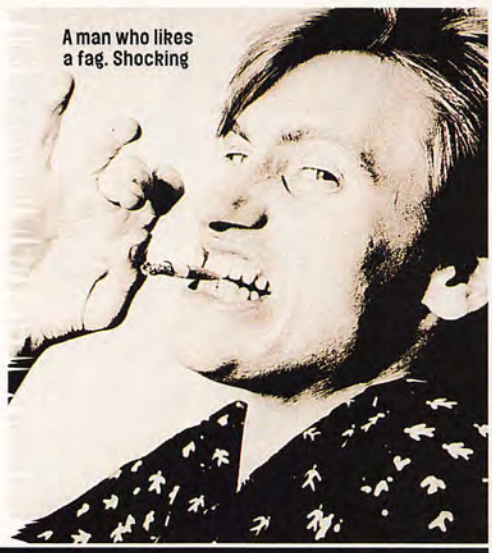
as, "a malignant tumour on mainstream America's psyche." That's as may be. But it would take a brave or foolish man to claim that her art ever amounted to anything more than a mad haybag standing on stage screeching like a juggernaut's brakes. The Sprinkle woman wasn't much of an improvement. Arrested in her time for conspiracy to commit sodomy and for amputee sex, she was known to show audiences her cervix with the aid of a torch and speculum and display charts that showed the cumulative length of penis she had given blow jobs to in her lifetime – twice as tall as the Empire State Building. Now, say what you like, but you don't get to see that at a Celine Dion concert.

Both Lunch and Sprinkle are candidates for the holy order when compared to Karen Finley, who, together with a kindred spirit by the name of Brian Routh, once set off a riot in a Cologne theatre when they came on dressed as Eva Braun and Adolf Hitler and proceeded to tip rotten meat over the audience. Into the '80s, Finley was still hard at it, entertaining audiences and earning a fair old living by simulating sex with live chickens and sticking tinned fruit up her tradesman's entrance. Her mum was extremely proud of her.

The same decade these female performance artists were coming unscrewed in public saw the rise of a group of alleged artists known as the Industrial Culture Brigade. These included such certifiable screwballs as Mark Pauline, Monte Cazazza and Boyd Rice, some of the most talentless men ever to stalk the Earth... 24 carat losers, each and every one. Perhaps the most well-known of the bunch was one Genesis P Orridge, whose hobbies included sending mutant animals (made up of bits of rabbits and chickens) to his friends by post. As part of the bloody awful band Throbbing Gristle, Orridge was known to appear on stage completely naked, stick a severed chicken's head on his penis, pour maggots over it, then furiously masturbate. He would then give himself an enema of blood, milk and urine, break wind loudly and spray the foul mess across the floor, before licking it up. For an encore, he would invite members of the audience to urinate into a milk bottle and then drink it down in one. Which is one way of staking your claim upon eternity – though I wouldn't personally recommend it.

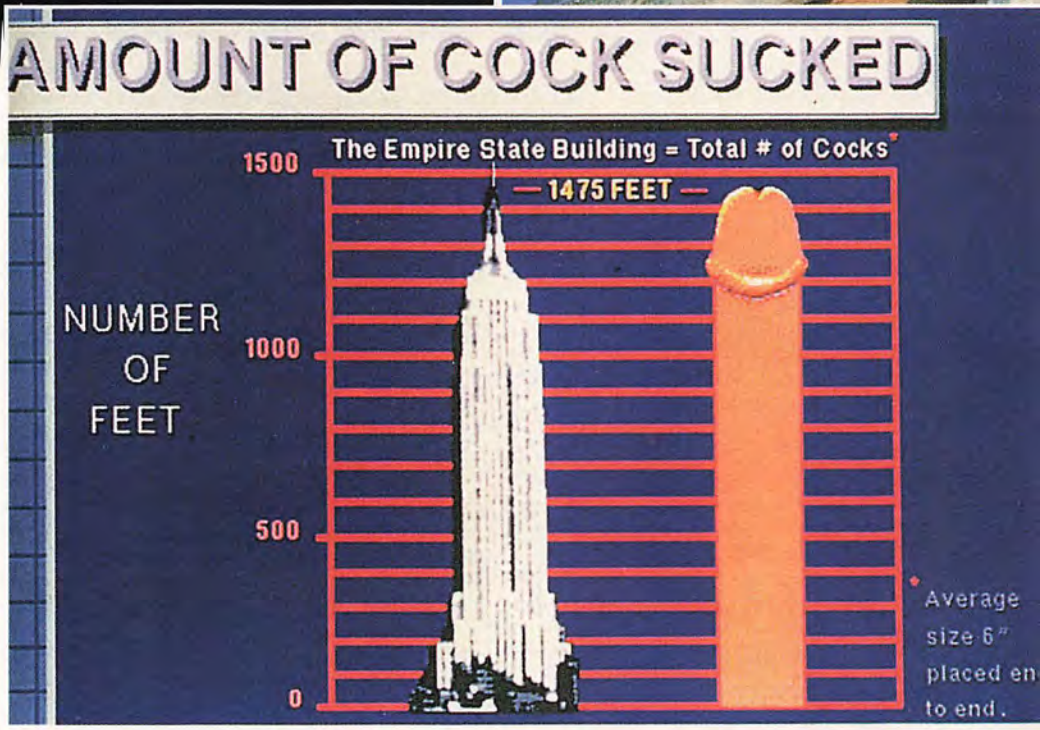

Even more shocking if you met it in the bath

"Shock me you motherfucker!"


A man who likes a fag. Shocking

A candidate for electrolysis if ever we saw one

"The only way to go is too far," remarked mad painter Jackson Pollock in the '50s



"THE ONLY WAY TO GO IS TOO FAR," REMARKED mad painter Jackson Pollock in the '50s.

PHOTOS BY REX/KATZ/MSI/ANNIE SPRINKLE VOL 2 GATES OF HECK

Howard Stern fights off the groupies

there. Across the pond, there emerged a group of fiercely combative comics, sheltering under the umbrella Comedy Of Hate. Amongst these were genuine iconoclasts like Sam Kinison and the magnificently obnoxious Denis Leary, both of whom offered full-frontal assaults on all manner of knee-jerk right-on-ness, and were fucking funny to boot.

Then there was Andrew Dice Clay who, during his brief period of notoriety, managed to cause more uproar than any US comedian since Lenny Bruce in the '50s. "If a father pays his daughter's college tuition," went a typical Clay line, "then he has the right to fuck her." Minority-baiting was a Clay speciality. Gays, handicapped people, Hare Krishnas, Hispanics, down-and-outs, cancer sufferers... few were spared in Clay's relentless mission to shock and offend. Clay was certainly offensive. But was he funny? Well, at the peak of his success, he was regularly selling out 20,000-seater arenas in the States and, in 1991, became the first comedian to sell out Madison Square Garden to its capacity two nights in a row. So, clearly, he tickled his fair share of funny bones in his time. And was he shocking? Genuinely shocking? Well...

Annie Sprinkle: a load of cock?

Terry Christian, worm

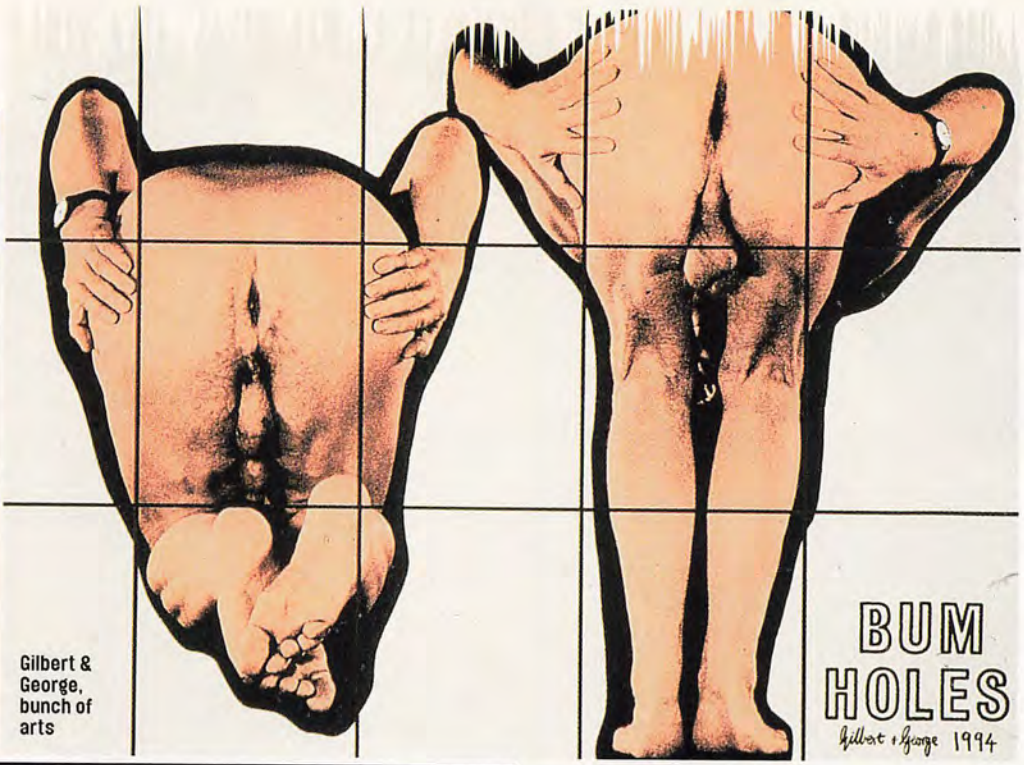
Gerry Sadowitz would open shows with the line, "Nelson Mandela... what a c**t!" and take it from there

"EVERYTHING'S SHOCKING... SO NOTHING'S shocking," sang Perry Farrell on a Thirty years on, his words became the official rallying cry right the way across the cultural spectrum. Through the late '80s and early '90s there was no shortage of assorted Ragtags and Bobtails willing to go too far in the name of free expression and all that bollocks. The art world was suddenly swarming with the buggers. There was Andres Serrano's highly controversial 'Piss Christ' – a photograph of a crucifix immersed in four gallons of the artist's own urine. On a similar theme, Helen Chadwick's 'Piss Flowers' offered a series of 12 bronzes cast from cavities made in the snow where she had taken a leak. Then there was Robert Mapplethorpe's famous fist-fucking photographs and images of bullwhips disappearing up rear ends which succeeded in getting the moral majority into a proper old lather.

But it wasn't just the art mob who were discovering that a spot of the old shock shenanigans was a surefire way of getting noticed. From pop music to cinema, television to literature... wherever you looked, the needle was being pushed right into the red. Comedy was no exception. Here at home we had Gerry Sadowitz, certifiable lop-sided genius, who would open shows with the line, "Nelson Mandela... what a cunt!" and take it from 1988 Jane's Addiction album. Well, he had a point. And, as we slump towards a bright new millennium, bombarded with SHOCK! from every bastard angle going, it's hard to resist the thought that our sense of genuine outrage has been all but deadened. Yet still it keeps coming. From every quarter, underground and mainstream alike. Controversial books. Sensation TV programmes. Ultra-violent movies. Confrontational theatre. Apocalyptic music. Post-modern art... all of it spoiling for a fight and promising bucketloads of shock. But how shocking is all this stuff? How often are we truly, genuinely shocked by it all? What does it take to really shock us these days?

Perhaps one way to answer that is to quote the late, great Peter Cook. As he once (brilliantly) observed, "The best place to keep drugs is in a box clearly marked 'DRUGS'. Nobody will think of looking there." Putting a convenient spin on this ingenious observation, it could be argued that the worst place to go looking for shock is the very place you most expect to find it. If you amble along to a Karen Finley show, you know damn well what's in store. Liver sausage up the jacksie, and all the rest of it. Therefore, the chances of you being genuinely taken by surprise and shocked out of your trousers are somewhat ✈

Truly fucking horrible



Gilbert & George, bunch of arts

Annie Sprinkle displayed charts showing the cumulative length of penis she had given blow jobs to

Lydia 'completely out to' Lunch

Alice Cooper, a man who will do anything for wonga

remote. Likewise, Damien Hirst has, by way of flayed cows' heads, dead sheep suspended in formaldehyde and the support of the bootlicking media, fashioned himself as one of Britain's leading shock artists. As a consequence, his exhibitions have an effect not dissimilar to that produced by a man who informs you well in advance that he plans to pull a live weasel from his trouser leg – and then does precisely that. Same goes for Gilbert & George's exhibition of literally Shit Art. My Uncle Dudley from Merthyr Tydfil causes much more of a stir when he takes a dump by the side of his allotment, in full view of the local housing estate. Gilbert & George are just a couple of jacklegs by comparison.

What are the chances of any of these efforts living up to the shock-soiled promise of their billing? Approximately zilch. Now take Howard Stern. There's a chap. "The most shocking thing I've ever done?" he asked himself recently. "Ringing my mother up to ask her if she'd ever had anal sex with my dad." Well, you have to admit that's pretty shocking. Recall that this is the man who, shortly after his wife's miscarriage, suggested on air that they send Polaroids of the afterbirth to his parents, telling them they're pictures of their first grandchild. Shocking? Enough to blow the tail off a mad chihuahua. Not that Stern ever set himself up as a shock artist. Then again, he never had to, secure in the knowledge that he was a bona fide broadcasting genius able to stir up a commotion without even trying. Thus, even though we know that Stern is always likely to send out shock waves, he still manages to catch us unawares when he lets rip with one of his priceless one-liners. A rare beast indeed. Compare and contrast with the motley array of ineffectual goons that were paraded as Talk Radio's Shock Jocks a couple of years ago, like Caesar The Geezer, who was billed as "a big fat Greek with a big fat gob" and, in no time at all, proved that he couldn't hit a cow's rump with a handful of rice when it came to shocking his listeners.

Like Howard Stern, Chris Morris seems to have a handle on what all this shock business is all about. Such was the massive media build-up to his recent *Brasseye* series that, by the time it finally arrived on our screens, you'd have been forgiven for assuming that you ✈

Pale face speaks with forked tongue

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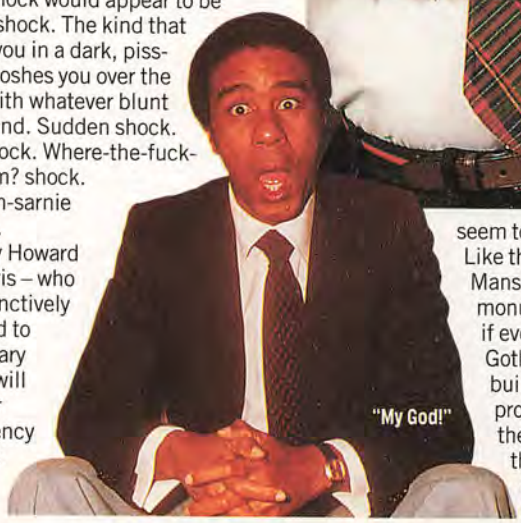
were ready for just about anything he was about to throw at you. And yet Morris still managed to shock us all into awed submission. Time after time after time. Showbiz and political luminaries issuing video warnings about the dangers of evil new drug, Cake – shockingly funny, so it was. As was the inspired Kilroy-style discussion about the difference between "good" and "bad" AIDS. Not to mention the subliminal message, flashed up on screen, during the final *Brasseye* episode, which boldly declared of Channel 4's then boss, "Michael Grade is a cunt". Shockingly good.

All of which goes to show that, just as Andy Warhol decreed that the best kind of sex is don't-think-about-it sex, so the best and most effective form of shock would appear to be least-expecting-it shock. The kind that creeps up behind you in a dark, piss-stained alley and coshes you over the back of the neck with whatever blunt instrument is to hand. Sudden shock. Out-of-the-blue shock. Where-the-fuck-did-that-come-from? shock. Dropped-me-bacon-sarnie shock. Total shock.

And yet, for every Howard Stern or Chris Morris – who seem to know instinctively just what's required to provide the necessary 10,000 volts that will jolt us all out of our everyday complacency – there's a sizeable battalion of folk who just don't seem to get the point at all. Like the godawful Marilyn Manson, for instance. A monument to wasted energy if ever there was one, these Goth Rock throwbacks have built an entire career on promoting themselves as the most shocking band on the planet – embracing, along the way, every social taboo from Devil-worship to paedophilia (bassist Twiggy Ramirez boasted about parading his 11-year-old brother naked on stage during a show). Highly successful it's all proven to be, too. Currently one of America's biggest live draws, their fans regularly pester Brian, the gormless-looking singer, and beg him to extinguish cigarettes on their faces as a symbol of comradeship. Shocking? Really and truly shocking? Nah, just the very embodiment of all that is totally fucking stupid. Besides, whoever heard of a bloke called Brian shocking anybody? ◼

Pull the udder one, it's got bells on


"My God!"

GREAT SHOCK MOMENTS

1958: the Irish writer and hellraiser Brendan Behan turns up at the home of his newspaper editor at midnight to demand immediate payment for an article published the previous day. When he is told that he has to wait like everyone else, Behan responds by hurling a brick through the window and taking a shit on the lawn. "I was shocked," said the editor. Well, who wouldn't be?

1982: The Associates performing their hit single 'Party Fears Two' on *Top Of The Pops* "What a bunch of weirdos," commented Jon Wilde's dad. "They want shooting." Television has rarely achieved such shockingly weird heights as this.

1997: Oliver McCall starts turning on the waterworks during a punch-up with Lennox Lewis. So taken aback were we, you could have knocked us over with a feather. And at that point, a feather would have been all it took to put McCall flat on his arse. Shocking behaviour.

1975: The bit in Steven Spielberg's *Jaws* when the head rolls out of the wrecked boat. "Fuck me," remarked my mate Frankie. "That was a bit of a shocker." You can say that again, sunshine.

1990: Seeing Vic & Bob on the telly for the first time. Judge Nutmeg, Tinker's Rucksack, The Man With The Stick, the Stotts, Les, Mr Wibbly Wobbly Hand... we laughed until our shit turned blue. And you can't get much more shocking than that.

1997: Mike Tyson bites the top of Evander Holyfield's ear clean off. Mike, old chap, just what were you thinking? Whatever it was, you certainly left us all feeling a bit more than mildly surprised.

1976: At the end of *Carrie*, a fucking enormous hand comes out of the ground and frightens the knickers off Sissy Spacek's mate. When it was shown at our local cinema, some coffin-dodger was so shocked he keeled over on the spot. We laughed for a week solid. That's kids for you.

1974: Seventies children's TV programme *Magpie* paid a visit to a horse-breeding farm. The camera homes in on two nags going at it like a belt-fed motor. Then, the stallion pulls out and shoots a thumping great load of spunk out of its enormous middle-stump. "It was educational," explained a spokesman, following numerous complaints. Call it what you like, mate. It certainly took us by surprise.

1988: Roy 'Chubby' Brown plays a gig in Cleveland at the time of the much-publicised child abuse scandal and says to the audience, "I'm surprised to see so many of you here tonight. I thought you'd all be home fucking your kids." Not particularly funny, granted. But undeniably shocking.

1995: Cantona gets his bowels in an uproar and launches himself at a Crystal Palace fan, kung-fu style. A banzai shock moment by anyone's standards. Especially since, however many times you've watched it in slo-mo, you still can't believe the silly old sod is going to do it.

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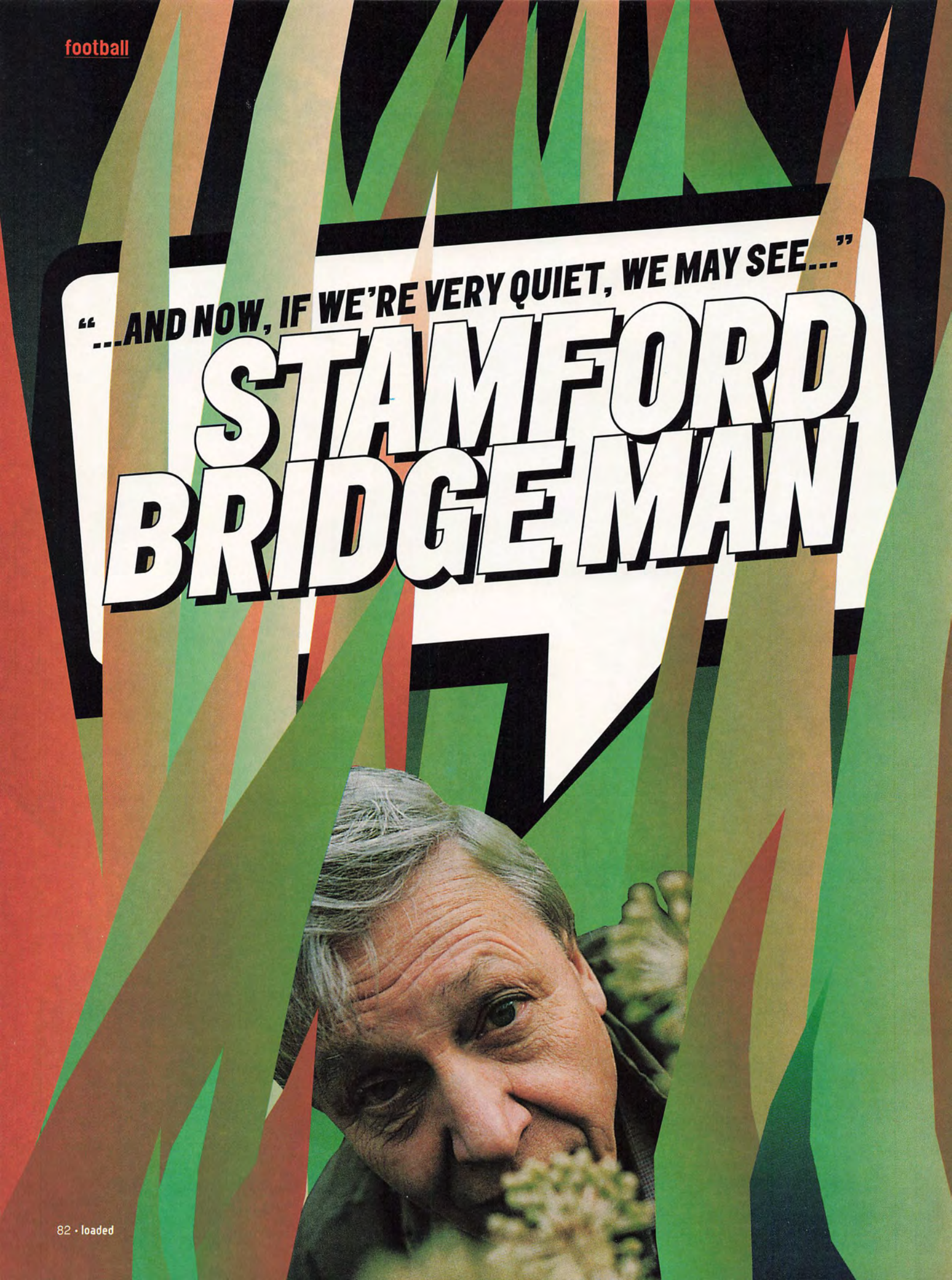
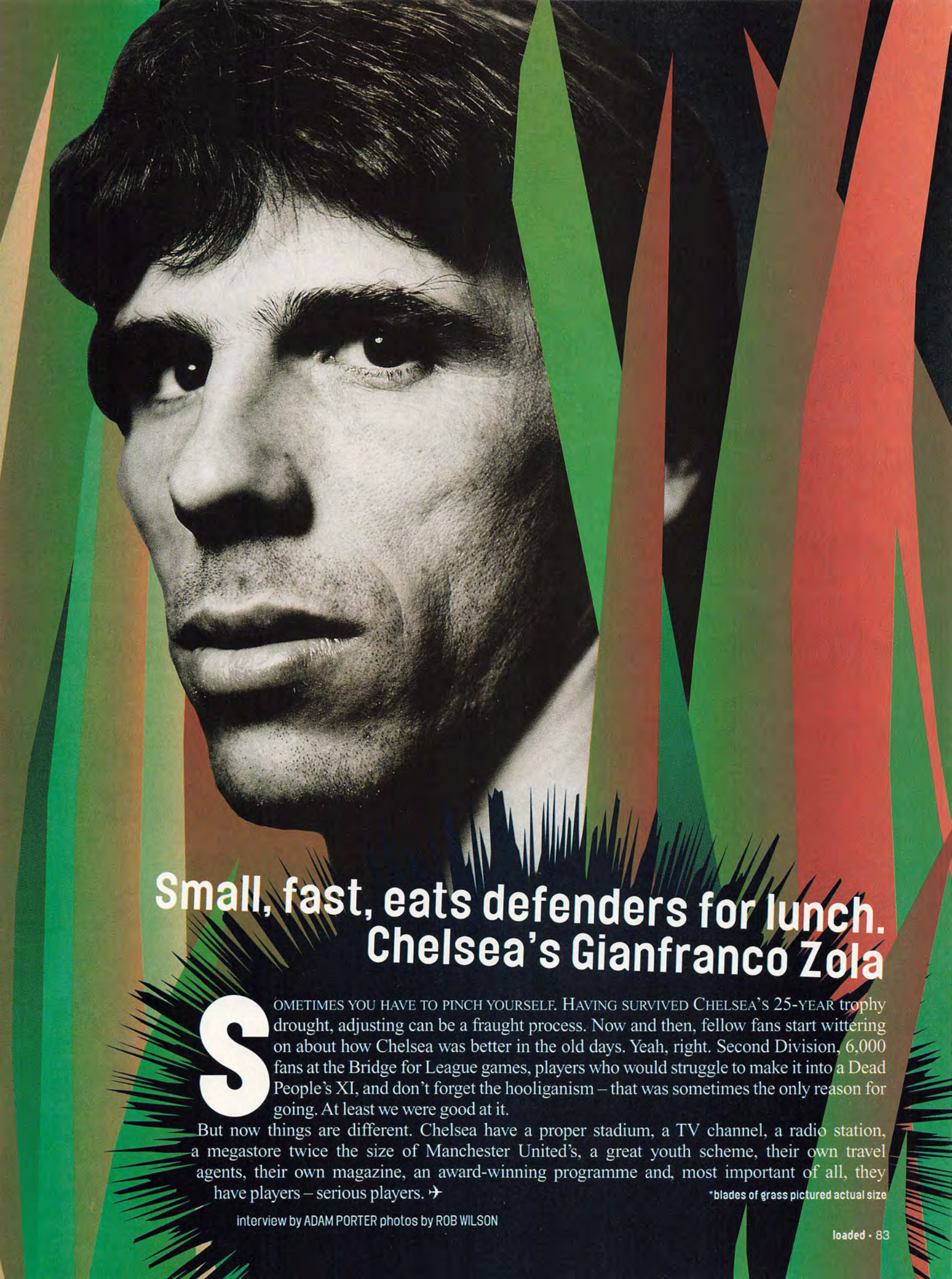
STAMFORD BRIDGE MAN





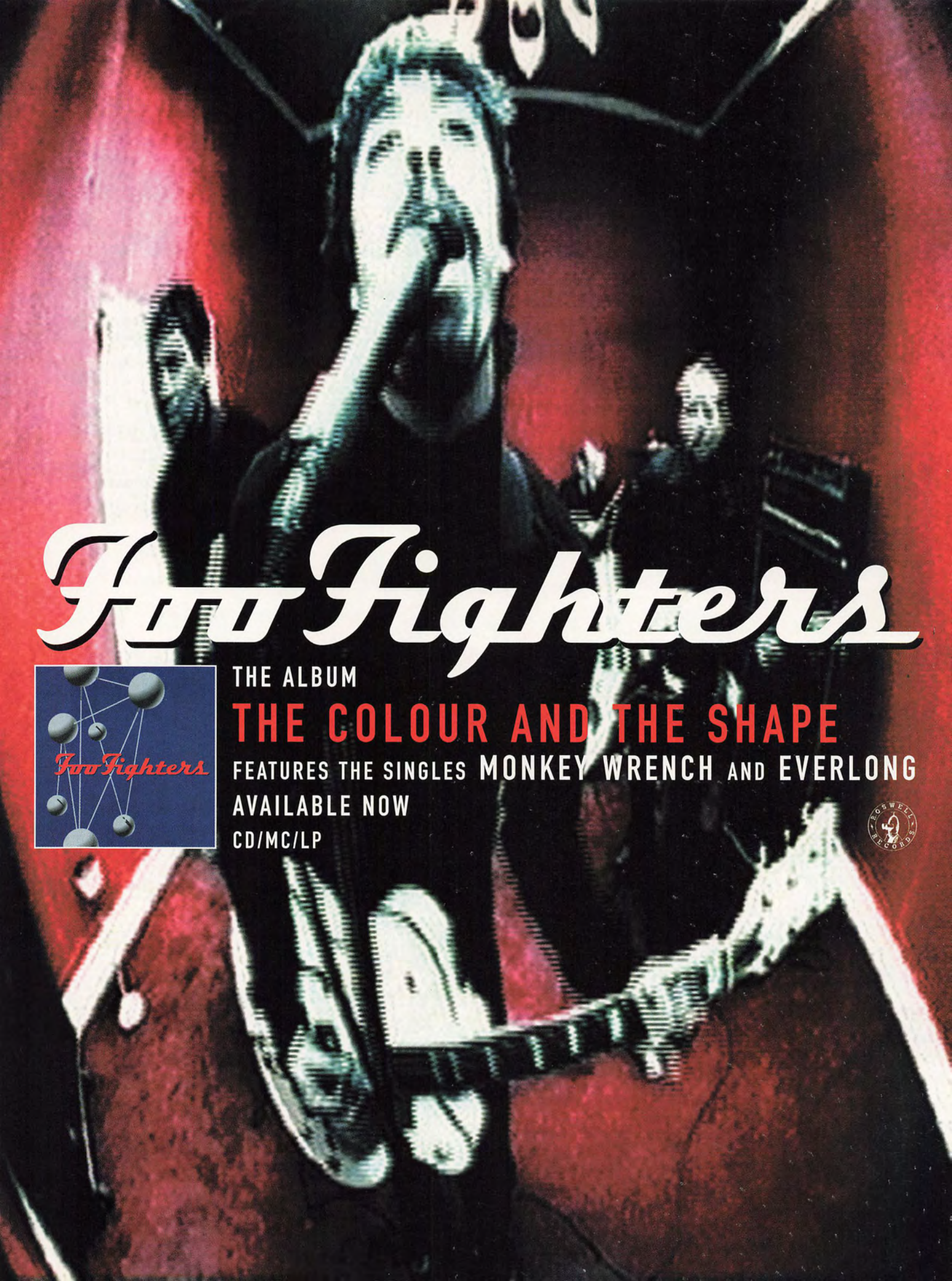
Small, fast, eats defenders for lunch. Chelsea's Gianfranco Zola

SOMETIMES YOU HAVE TO PINCH YOURSELF. HAVING SURVIVED CHELSEA'S 25-YEAR trophy drought, adjusting can be a fraught process. Now and then, fellow fans start wittering on about how Chelsea was better in the old days. Yeah, right. Second Division, 6,000 fans at the Bridge for League games, players who would struggle to make it into a Dead People's XI, and don't forget the hooliganism – that was sometimes the only reason for going. At least we were good at it.

But now things are different. Chelsea have a proper stadium, a TV channel, a radio station, a megastore twice the size of Manchester United's, a great youth scheme, their own travel agents, their own magazine, an award-winning programme and, most important of all, they have players – serious players. ✈

*blades of grass pictured actual size

interview by ADAM PORTER photos by ROB WILSON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Perhaps the most serious of them all is Gianfranco Zola. He is the man who upset the apple cart with 'that' goal against England at Wembley. The wizard that bewildered Ian Walker and sickened Glenn Hoddle – the man who had tried to buy him for Chelsea in 1995 but ran from an asking price of £10million. He finally arrived in November 1996 for just £4million, while the lemmings in the media almost universally decried such a fee for a 30-year-old. But then the parochial arsewipes had probably never seen him play.

The first time I saw Zola enter the field was in Italy, for Napoli, in 1990. He then appeared with regularity on Channel 4's *Football Italia* for the Neapolitans, and after that for Parma. For about a year I assumed he was South American, from somewhere like Paraguay or Ecuador, a country whose team is shrouded in obscurity through failing to play in the World Cup. After all, if this guy was Italian he would be in their national team because he was a genius. He took free-kicks of such consistent wickedness they could have been burnt at the stake. His control made you think his boots were made of velcro, and the ease with which

A man so fast he can watch himself play

When Maradona fell from popularity like a cartoon anvil, Zola was his replacement

he dissected defenders made it look like UEFA had outlawed tackling. But I was wrong, he was Italian. Passed over in favour of Roberto Baggio, he couldn't break into the squad. Italy manager Enzo Bearzot could find no place for the mercurial skills of the younger magic man. Instead, he and his successor Arrigo Sacchi – despite the latter playing Zola in his first match as Italy's boss – plumped for lumps like Casiraghi and lesser lights like Giuseppe Giannini and Roberto Mancini. See, even abroad they leave out their most talented players. Odd, isn't it ?

"I found it hard to get into the squad for some years," he says carefully. He isn't being diplomatic, he just likes to do all his interviews in English so he can learn the language. He looks over at Gary, Chelsea's chief steward (whose mother is Italian), to confirm that he spoke correctly. "At Napoli the club was having difficult times, there were a lot of things happening off the pitch which the team could not control. Our form was affected and Baggio was playing superbly, it was hard to get into the Azzuri [*the national team – 'the Blues'*]. Only when I went to Parma did things begin to change."

When Zola was first signed by Napoli from the tiny Sardinian Serie C1 side Torres in 1989, he was understudy to one Diego Maradona, who at that time could do no wrong. Napoli had just wrested the title away from the suave and sophisticated northerners in Turin and Milan for the first time in years. In Zola's first season (18 appearances, 13 as sub), they did it again. Maradona had restored the fierce regional pride with a vengeance. But then, almost as quickly, Diego fell from popularity like a cartoon anvil. Stories of prostitutes, cocaine and the Cosa Nostra surfaced. The hatred aimed at the maverick Argentinian was equal in depth to the adoration he had previously received, and the deception felt by the fans. When club President Corrado Ferlaino revealed that the club was nearly bankrupt, the shocked Neapolitan crowd desperately needed someone to love, and that man was Maradona's replacement. They called him Marazola.

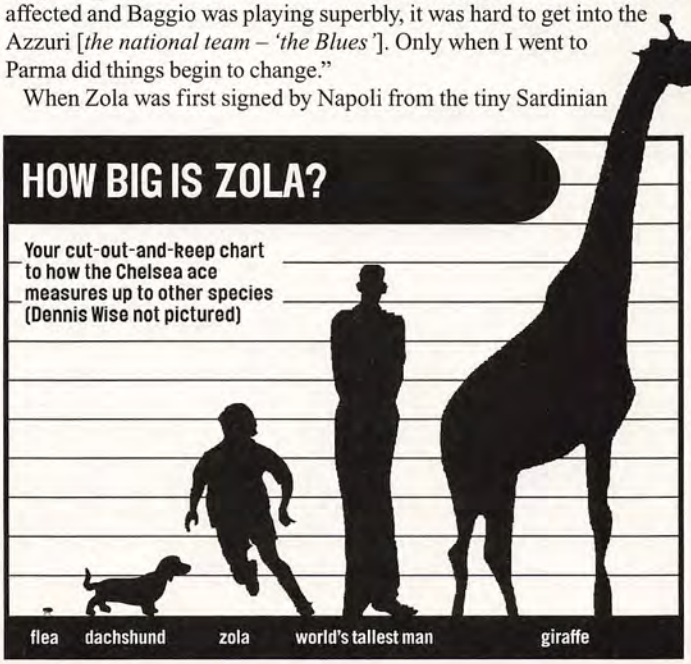
"The crowd liked my performances on the field and supported me a great deal. They were amazing times for me. I had come from Sardinia, where I was living with my father and mother who run a bar in a place called Oliena. But Sardinia is a little place with small clubs, and when I moved to Naples, a huge city with many people and a lot of fans, then it could not have been more different for me. Sometimes I felt a bit lost at the beginning, but after a while it became so good for me. The fans helped me a lot."

I mention to him that the Napoli fans are prone to the odd bit of rioting and chucking stuff on the pitch, like every 10 minutes or so. He doesn't get offended, instead he laughs, but you can tell that the Naples Ultras made a big impact on him. "Ha. Yes, but they throw only fruit, honestly," he says with a mischievous grin. After all, if people love you that much it takes a brave man to say, 'I'm glad they are on my side because they scare the fuck out of me.'

"It was good for me to play with those fans because it is like that in England every week. The atmosphere in England is very exciting to play in. There are games like English games with loud fans, but they are less often in Italy. In England it happens every week, the games are very ✈

HOW BIG IS ZOLA?

Your cut-out-and-keep chart to how the Chelsea ace measures up to other species (Dennis Wise not pictured)



intense, very tiring here." He points at his head and looks at Gary. "Mentally tiring" says Gary. "Yes, that's it," laughs the little genius, "mentally tiring."

It isn't just the grey matter that gets tested. The body takes a lot of punishment in England too. The British as a whole are convinced that referees in the UK are too harsh, that too many bookings are dished out as refs try to balance FIFA's laws with British physical tradition. Try telling that to Gianfranco.

"No, no, no," says Zola shaking a finger. "No, in Italy, if they played like in the Premiership then everyone would be booked. The referees give a lot more protection in Italy, they give a lot more fouls than referees here. I could not say that referees here are bad, it is just a different way of playing. Sometimes you see it when English teams play in Europe, they find it hard to adjust to the referees. In Italy you get defenders who kick you but they are more subtle."

"I am a footballer, I love it, why would I want to make it bad for myself? I didn't come here to drink beer"

"Hmm, these smell more like Gorgonzola"

About to score again... probably

So what you're saying is, they're better at it?

"You could say that, maybe," he laughs.

Still, this diminutive chap can take care of himself. During the photo session out on Stamford Bridge's pitch we are mucking about. In an act of rank sycophancy I kneel down to kiss Zola's feet and so does Gary. Then Gary runs about a bit laughing, joking about tackling Zola. Gianfranco joins in the banter. "If you tackle me Gary, then I break your fucking face." He's still laughing. When he changes shirts for the pictures his torso is a ball of muscle, he could do it, too.

But there is another stud to his boot. British players are on the whole aloof, scared and greedy. It's a great shame but that is generally the truth. They moan when the tabloids give them a hard time, then take money off them at training to dress up as a pirate for some daft photoshoot. Rude and difficult when they feel their time's being wasted, they sign multifarious sponsorship deals to waste it for wedge. This is one of the key points to the underachievement of English football. Too many of them think it's enough to be in the side, to have the nice clothes and the expensive car. They are footballers and not sportsmen, showmen not athletes. Not so Zola. He signs every autograph requested at the training ground and after games. He isn't submerged by agents lining him up for soft drinks and burger commercials.

"I never got distracted. I've been at Napoli and Parma, they're both big clubs, with a lot of fans and a lot of pressure."

Parma were Italian Cup winners, Cup Winners' Cup holders and runners-up (to Arsenal). They were the Italian league's equivalent of Blackburn – except they're still good – a small club pumped full of money with a lot of ensuing pressure, but it never got to him.

"I look after myself. With players my size you must not injure ankles and knees. You must be strong, you must be fit. I like to relax away from football, with my wife and kids. I don't need to go out all the time. I came to London because I wanted to experience living in such a huge city. It is amazing, but I don't want to go to night-clubs, I am a footballer. I go to the cinema or the theatre, but I can't understand it all, they speak too fast for me. So I just enjoy the living. It is a big city and I can walk around without people coming up to me; I go shopping, to the supermarket, they don't care about seeing someone like me. But anyway, I am a footballer and I love it, why would I want to make it bad for myself ? I didn't come here to drink beer.

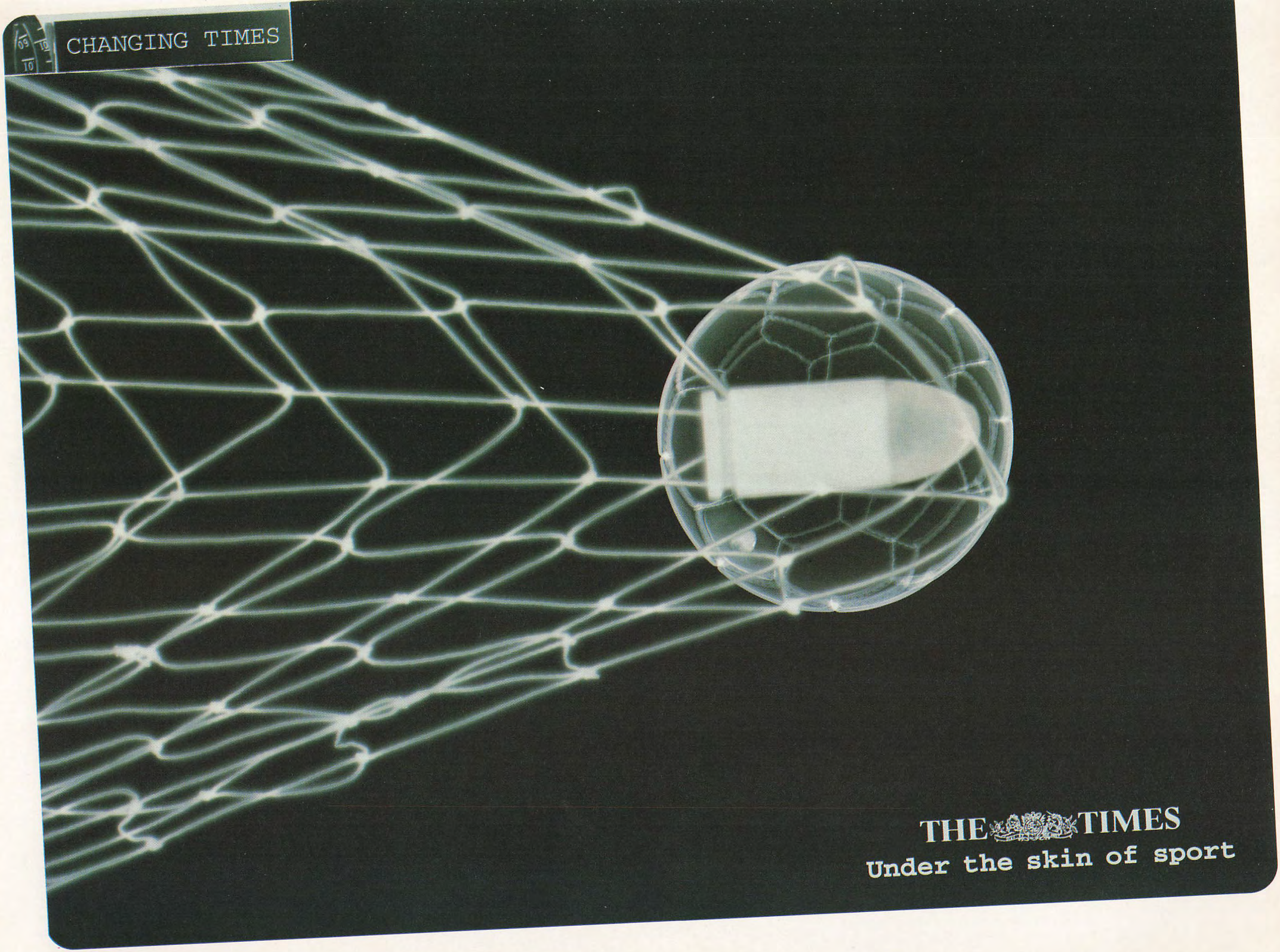
"Even when things were going badly at Napoli I tried not to let it affect me. The club was in big financial difficulties, they had to sell me. Then Nevio Scala (then manager of Parma) came in for me, and at Parma things were easier."

But despite becoming one of Italy's premier players in that successful Parma side, he still faced opprobrium after he missed a penalty for the national side against Germany in Euro 96. That match saw the team fail to qualify from their group. Parma also failed to prise the title from the big two, Juve and Milan, whilst the arrival of Italian centre-forward Enrico Chiesa for £10million forced him to play a wider role in the side.

"Parma wanted to change the way they played, and I felt the time was good to move, but I'm very pleased with the way things have gone."

Is that an understatement? Think of his sublime flick for Eddie Newton's second goal in the FA Cup final, his devastating turn for the second Chelsea goal in the semi-final at Wimbledon, and his countless match-winning contributions for a Chelsea side in need of the spark of a great forward. Not only that, but he picked up the Player Of The Year trophy, despite only arriving in England just in time for Christmas. That's a hell of an impact to make in such a short space of time. The great thing for Chelsea fans and lovers of skill is that you can't help feeling the little fella will have more tricks tucked in his socks this season too. Perhaps in Rome next month, England will live to regret Chelsea's good fortune. ■

Thanks to Kathy at Mizuno for helping to arrange the interview.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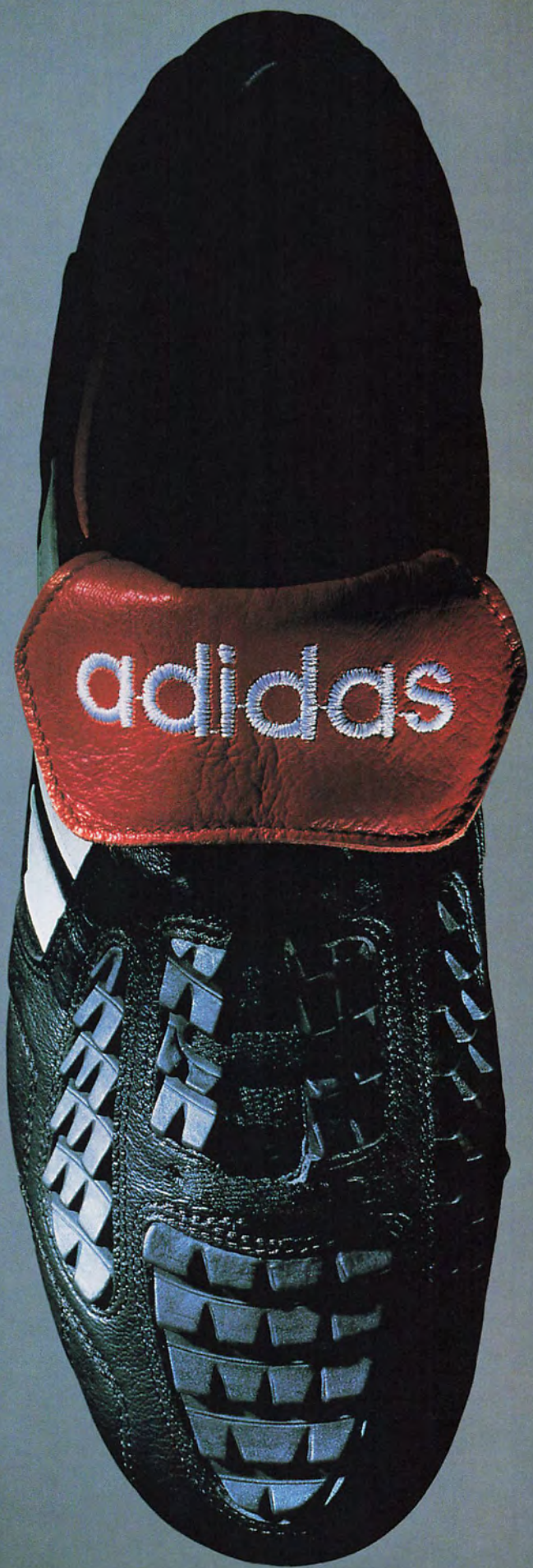

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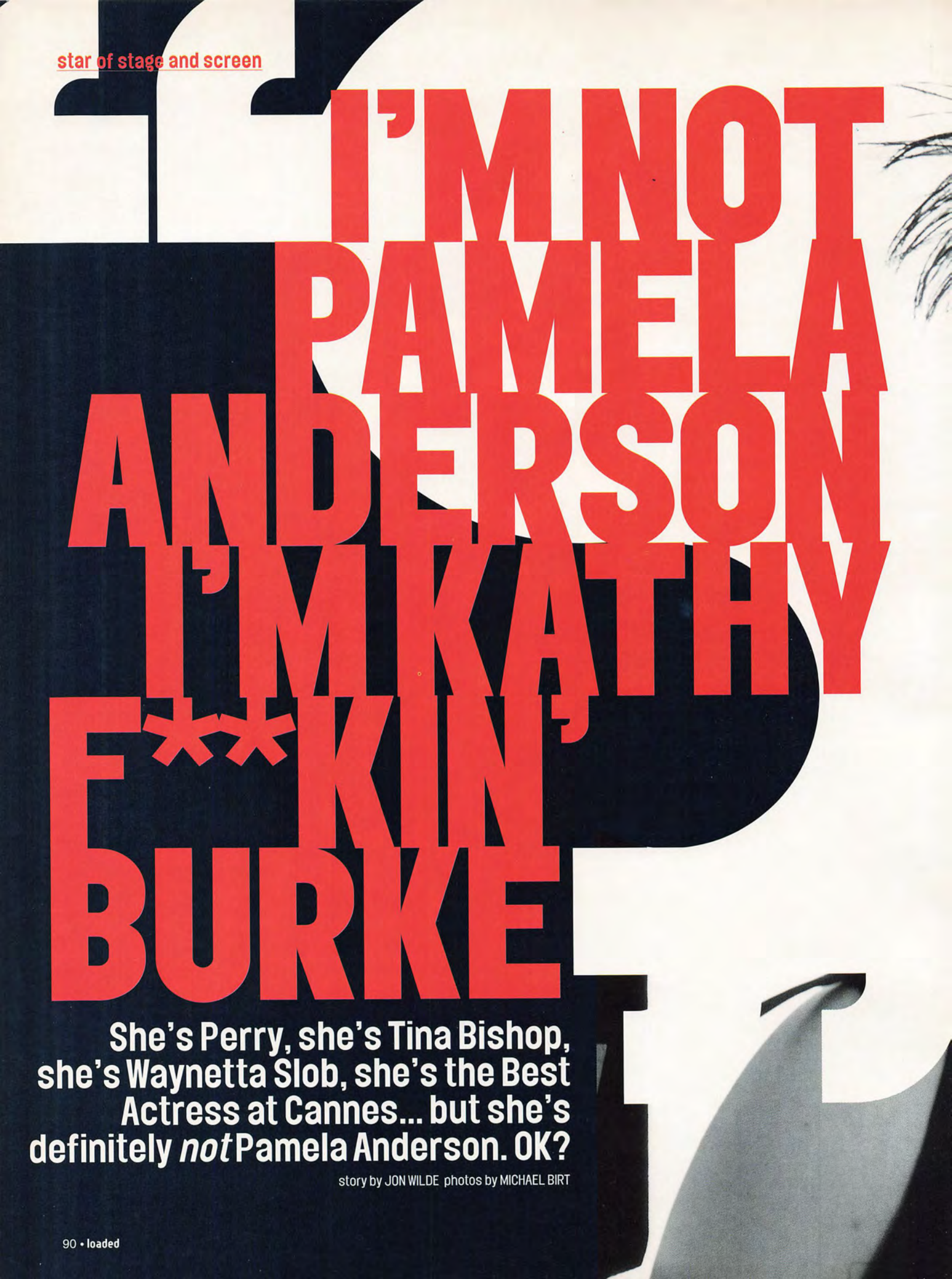
I'M NOT PAMELA ANDERSON I'M KATHY F**KIN' BURKE

She's Perry, she's Tina Bishop, she's Waynetta Slob, she's the Best Actress at Cannes... but she's definitely *not* Pamela Anderson. OK?

story by JON WILDE photos by MICHAEL BIRT



SHE PAUSES FOR A MOMENT, takes a quick slurp of PG Tips, a quick drag of her umpteenth fag, and laughs the loudest, loveliest, dirtiest laugh you've ever heard in your life. Kathy Burke's just been informed by her interviewer that he fancies the arse off her. And she doesn't mind one little bit. Not a jot. "I don't mind at all, mate. I love it. Fucking love it. Let's face it, we all love being fancied, don't we? Years ago, I never heard compliments like that. I'd hear people saying, 'Oh, you're a funny girl you are.' Stuff like that. Now, it's like, 'I really fancy you.' Not that I get chatted up very much. Wish I fucking did. But I've noticed that I've been getting a bit more attention from blokes lately. That's probably 'cos I've got a bit more confident. And it's a sexy thing, isn't it, confidence?"

IF SHE WAS ANY MORE CONFIDENT RIGHT NOW, SHE'D SURELY IGNITE and burst into flames. Not that she's short of reasons for feeling so chipper. Fifteen years after copping her Equity card, during which time she turned in more pigging great performances than you could comfortably reckon up, Kathy Burke is finally getting the recognition she so richly deserves. Her priceless contributions to *Harry Enfield & Chums* (Waynetta, Perry, Lulu, Mrs Considerably-Richer-Than-Yeow) started as a cult, gathered furious momentum and set her up as one of the best-loved and most instantly recognisable faces on the telly. Numerous star turns (in everything from cinema's *Scrubbers* and TV's *Mr Wroe's Virgins* to theatreland's *Amongst Barbarians*) had singled her out as a talent of the decidedly one-off variety. What was needed though, not to mention fully deserved, was another kind of recognition. Something that would apply the rubber stamp and confirm to the world what we'd all known for a good while – that Kathy Burke was, as Gary Oldman recently put it, "the absolute bollocks". And, sure enough, that recognition arrived.

"When I was growing up, the blokes I knew didn't want to get me into bed. I was Burkey, the little fella in a skirt"

In May, at the 50th Cannes Festival, she waltzed off with the top award, Best Actress, for her awesome performance in the film *Nil By Mouth*, in which she plays the brave, long-suffering wife of a South London would-be Mr Big Shit (played by the irrepressible Ray Winstone). Caught up in a hedonistic spiral of drink, drugs and all manner of loose living, the Winstone character loses control by degrees until finally, and inevitably, it all gets violently out of hand, with Burke's Val character finding herself on the receiving end. It's a film that has you under the cosh from the very start and never lets up for a moment. At once frantically funny and harrowingly intense, it's the kind of movie that will have you ringing up strangers and imploring them to dash off to the local multiplex for a butcher's. No kidding. A masterpiece, no less.

"I'm proud," says Kathy. "I'm just so fucking proud of this film. Getting the award at Cannes and all that was a great buzz. A great excuse for a piss-up and all the rest of it. But it could never top the buzz when I first saw the film. After the screening, I couldn't sleep for 48 hours. I just knew it was the best thing I've ever been in. Know what I mean?"

The Sunday after she picked up the Cannes award, her good mate Harry Enfield wrote a piece in one of the qualities in which he reasoned that, if Helena Bonham Carter or Emma Thompson had won the award, we would have said, "Good old Britain." But Kathy won it. "And we say, 'Oh brilliant! We love that girl.'"

Which, of course, we do. We love that girl for a whole raft of reasons. One of which is that she isn't Helena Bonham Carter or Emma Thompson. She's Kathy Burke and she's the bollocks. Top woman. Honorary bloke. Not only funny as fuck, but so much more. Triffic she is – as any cab driver will attest. "Kathy Burke? Triffic. Luvverly grub. 'Eart of bleeding gold, squire. You betcher life." In short, 100 per cent proof gorgeous.

Of course, it might be hard for some to stretch the definition of gorgeousness this far. "Gorgeous?" they'll say. "Michelle Pfeiffer's pins, Demi Moore's parking place, Pamela Anderson's front bumpers… that's gorgeous for you, mate." True enough. Undeniably so. And yet…

"I do think of myself as gorgeous," says Kathy Burke. "Very much so. I put that down to the blokes in my life. Friends. People I've worked with. Like the men in this film – Gary Oldman and Ray Winstone. I'd be doing scenes where I looked really rough. A proper ol' state. But I was never made to feel that way. Even when I had to prepare for violent scenes and had all this heavy-duty make-up on, these lads wouldn't allow me to feel ugly. I would sit on the set and feel… beautiful. 'Cos people like Ray Winstone would come up and say, 'You're bloody fantastic, Kathy. You've got a bit of a weird-looking face. In fact, you remind me of my nan. But, y'know, you're fucking gorgeous!' And I'll be thinking, 'Yeah, he's right…'"

NOT THAT SELF-CONFIDENCE ALWAYS CAME TO HER SO READILY. Growing up as she did in the rough end of Islington, times were tough and virtually everything seemed to conspire against her feeling good about herself. Her mother having died when she was just 18 months old, she would be looked after by her two older brothers while her alcoholic father disappeared on lengthy binges.

"I think the reason I adore men so much," she says, "is because I was brought up by them. What my brothers did for me was just incredible. I suppose that gave me high expectations of men. They haven't always lived up to those expectations. Some have. Some haven't. But, what I've learned over the years is that a good man can make you feel like the most beautiful woman in the world. So, when you come across a really good man, that's a real joy.

"But when I was growing up, it didn't take me long to work out that the blokes I knew looked upon me as one of their mates. They didn't fancy me. They didn't want to get me into bed. I was Burkey, the little fella in a skirt. Even when I started getting into relationships, I didn't believe deep down that they really fancied me. It wasn't enough that they loved me. I wanted them to fancy me. I wanted them to want to fuck me. But, even then, I always had a sense of fun about myself. As much as it bothered me, I could be tongue-in-cheek about it. I'm just a funny girl, basically. Always have been."

It was while watching the film *Kes* for the first time, in her early teens, that it first occurred to her that life might just offer an alternative route to leaving school and working in the local

First Kathy sets the world alight, then her coat

bakery. "It really opened my eyes, that film," she recalls. "When I saw *Kes*, I didn't feel like an outcast any more. Also, I'd be watching the film and I'd see that these people weren't real actors. They were just normal people who happened to be in a film. They all looked like the people who lived in my flats. I'd never seen that before. It must have had a big effect on me 'cos I started acting out scenes in my flat. Like I'd go looking for injured birds with the idea of bringing them back home and making them well again – like the boy does in the film. But I couldn't find any birds. So I got a cat instead. Nobby, I called him. He was fucking mad though."

At 15, an English teacher suggested she attend classes at the local Anna Scher theatre school, which ran special cheap (50p) evenings for the working-class kids in the neighbourhood. This led to a few years playing "the fat friend of the leading girl" for BBC Schools TV and the like.

"I suppose there came a point when I thought, 'Well, this is what I'm stuck with'. Either fat friends or cleaning ladies. Then, a bit later, it was haggard-looking prisoners and the mentally ill."

Before the acting took off, she endured a stint at the local bakery. For a brief period, while studying drama at college, she worked as a music journalist on the student rag. In her final review, she happily announced that Bob Marley had recovered from cancer and was now in tip-top health. By the time the piece was published, Marley had snuffed it. And that was the end of that.

Blink really quickly to create your own animation

"Let's face it men are peacocks – they want to strut and show off a bit. Fkin' good luck to 'em, I say"**

Then, in 1982, she landed her first plum film part – starring as a borstal inmate in Mai Zetterling's *Scrubbers*; quickly followed by the role of Johnny Rotten's moll in *Sid & Nancy*, and a substantial role in Alex Cox's ill-fated 'ravioli' Western *Straight To Hell*. Mention of which brings drunken memories flooding back…

"Oh yeah, *Straight To Hell*. Crap film. Just the pits. Even as I was reading the script, I was thinking, 'This is fucking appalling'. But how could I turn down the chance of partying with The Pogues, Joe Strummer and Elvis Costello? That was some party, I can tell you. A hoot. A blast. The beginning of me drinking far too heavily, if the truth be told."

Apart from these film roles, she spent the '80s treading the theatre boards and developing her skills as a playwright, with her debut play, *Mr Thomas*, winning her a prestigious *Time Out* award. "The writing was important," she says, "because it proved to people that I had a brain in me head. After that, I got people coming up to me and saying, 'I didn't realise you were so clever.' And I felt like saying, 'Look mush, just 'cos I look thick and play thick characters, it don't mean that I *am* thick.'"

By the end of the '80s, she was probably best known for her comic roles. There was the pregnant, dart-throwing Tina Bishop character, who was an instant cult hit when she became a regular on Jonathan Ross's *The Last Resort*. Numerous guest appearances on *French & Saunders*, including a hugely memorable skit in which she starred as Bananarama's newest recruit. And, perhaps best of all, her rip-snorting cameo in Roland Rivron's *Set Of Six* series in which, playing Rivron's down-and-out partner, she swigged from a bottle of cider and warbled a medley of Freddie & The Dreamers songs. Quite possibly, and very probably, the most knee-slappingly funny TV moment of the past 10 years. Even if Kathy herself can't quite recall filming it: "It seems to have slipped my mind that one. Must have had a few drinks during the making of it. That'll be why – more than likely."

Come 1989 and she found herself at a curious crossroads in her career. Offered the chance of joining French & Saunders on tour, she opted instead to head off to a regional theatre to perform as the sister of a drug trafficker in a production of Michael Wall's *Amongst Barbarians*.

"That was an important decision for me. 'Cos it would have been dead

KATHY ON HER FAVOURITE CHARACTERS

1. Waynetta Slob (*Harry Enfield & Chums*)

"For me, she's the most glamorous character I do – 'cos she's so full of confidence. She might be seen as a big, fat, spotty slob. But that's not how Waynetta thinks of herself. She thinks she's sexy and gorgeous. Because her man thinks of her like that. Actually it's amazing how many people thinks she's sexy. I suppose a lot of blokes look at her and think, 'Ooh, I bet she'd be fantastic in bed.'

"In public, I get asked about Waynetta more than anything. Just recently, this bloke comes up to me in a pub. He couldn't get over the fact that my tits weren't as big as they are when I do Waynetta. He said, 'Blimey! You've got really little tits…' Which is a bit personal. I mean, I'm human after all. I had to explain to him, 'Look mate, when I do Waynetta, I've got a great big stomach and a huge arse. It's all padding, innit?' Then he just shrugged and walked away. I think he must have been a bit pissed."

2. Perry (*Harry Enfield & Chums*)

"As a character, Perry's pretty much how I felt as a teenager. Like a spastic or something. Like it was yesterday, I can remember being bought my first bra by my dad and feeling so fucking awkward. Which is just like Perry. He's painfully awkward. Completely loveable though.

I love doing him. In fact, doing him is when I have the most fun. It's always a great laugh.

STYLING: BETH SUMMERS. HAIR & MAKE UP: CIONA AT CAROL HAYES. LONG HAIRED COAT BY JOHN RICHMOND £650 AVAILABLE FROM HARRODS,SELFRIDGES, FLANNELS, CRUISE (ENQUIRIES0171 978 5278); CORSET BY VIVIENNE WESTWOOD AT HARVEY NICHOLS £260

easy for me to head off down the comedy road. But I had to remind myself that I was an actress. For me, it's important to do serious stuff from time to time – and to feel like I'm grafting a bit. Not that it's ever really hard graft. Most of the time it's a piece of piss. I mean, it's not like working down a coal mine, is it? The only times I get really stressed out on jobs is when the people I'm working with are complete cunts."

Through the '90s, she's popped up all over the shop, bringing her distinctive raw energies to bear on a startlingly diverse array of TV stuff. There was *Harry Enfield & Chums*, of course. As well as *Murder Most Horrid*, *After Miss Julie*, *Common As Muck* and even bloody *Jackanory*. Then there was her truly remarkable BAFTA-winning performance in the four-part BBC play *Mr Wroe's Virgins* – which found her getting her kit off on screen for the first time.

"Bit weird that," she says. "Doing nude scenes. 'Cos it goes out on the telly. Then, next morning, you're doing your shopping at Safeway. You see someone's recognised you and you suddenly realise they were looking at your fanny the previous night. Which can be a bit..."

Disconcerting?

"Yeah, disconcerting. Not that there was anything titillating about my nude scenes in that play. I mean, I was covered in scabs and all that. Nothing you could have a crafty wank over. It's just that it's usually the actresses with really fit bodies who get asked to do the nude scenes. But it honestly doesn't bother me. 'Cos I look at my arse in the mirror and quite like it. Which is important, I think. To feel good about your body.

"See, I'm heterosexual and everything. But I can appreciate a beautiful woman as much as a bloke can. I can understand why they get all weak at the knees when they see a lovely pair of tits. The way I see it... you can have this bird who's got the best knockers in the world, the best arse, and all that business. But she could be as thick as shit and a right old bitch to boot. Of course, there's men who'll put up with all that. 'Cos let's face it, men are peacocks, basically. They do want to walk down the road with something good on their arm. They want to strut and show off a bit. I can understand that. Fucking good luck to 'em, I say."

RIGHT NOW, POST-CANNES, SHE FINDS HERSELF UP TO HER EYEBROWS IN work offers which show no sign of letting up. Meanwhile, she's just completed filming an adaptation of the novel *Tom Jones* for the BBC. Her latest writing project, a 10-minute TV play entitled *The End*, is due to start filming this month. Then, around the same time, she starts filming a movie about the life of Elizabeth I, in which she plays Mary Tudor. "My first posh part," she admits, somewhat bashfully. Not that there's much chance of her traipsing off too regularly into swanky Merchant Ivory territory. Indeed, the chances of her mixing in those particular circles would appear to be remote after her recent public spat with Helena Bonham Carter. This highly entertaining saga began when Carter was quoted in *Time Out* magazine as saying, "If you're not pretty and you're working-class, you have an easier time in terms of people's attitudes to you." Clearly, this sort of hogwash didn't go down at all well with our Kathy, who responded thus: "As a lifelong member of the non-pretty working classes, I would like to say to Helena Bonham Carter, wholly pledged member of the very pretty upper-middle classes: shut up you stupid cunt..."

Reminded of which episode, she grins a grin as wide as a large shopping precinct.

"Well," she says, "I thought it was something that needed to be said. Helena Bonham Carter's gripe was that she was stereotyped. But the way she put her argument across was just fucking ignorant. I just felt she had to be pulled up about it. Not that I was waving the flag for the working class or anything like that. I've never had a working class chip and I'm proud of that. It's not that I've got a problem with posh people. In fact, I've been out with a few posh boys in my time. They're a bit weird with women like me. They like the dirtiness of being with a bit of rough. But they wouldn't want to breed with me. Which is fine, 'cos I wouldn't want to breed with them. I don't give a damn, to be honest with you. I mean, I know what I am, I know who I am and I know where I come from. I'm not Pamela Anderson. I'm Kathy fucking Burke. And, if people don't like it, they can just fuck off. Know what I mean?"

We do. We certainly do.

Gorgeous. Totally, utterly, fantabulously gorgeous. That's how it is. That's all there is and there ain't no more. ■

Nil By Mouth *is released on 10 October.*

3. Magda (*Absolutely Fabulous*)

"She's a tough-talking Cockney. A no-bullshit kind of girl. That's what I love about her. When I do the character, they have to tell me how to pronounce all the fashion names, 'cos I haven't got a fucking clue. It's not my bag really, fashion. It's a load of bollocks most of it, from what I can see. And Magda also thinks it's bollocks, even though she works in it.

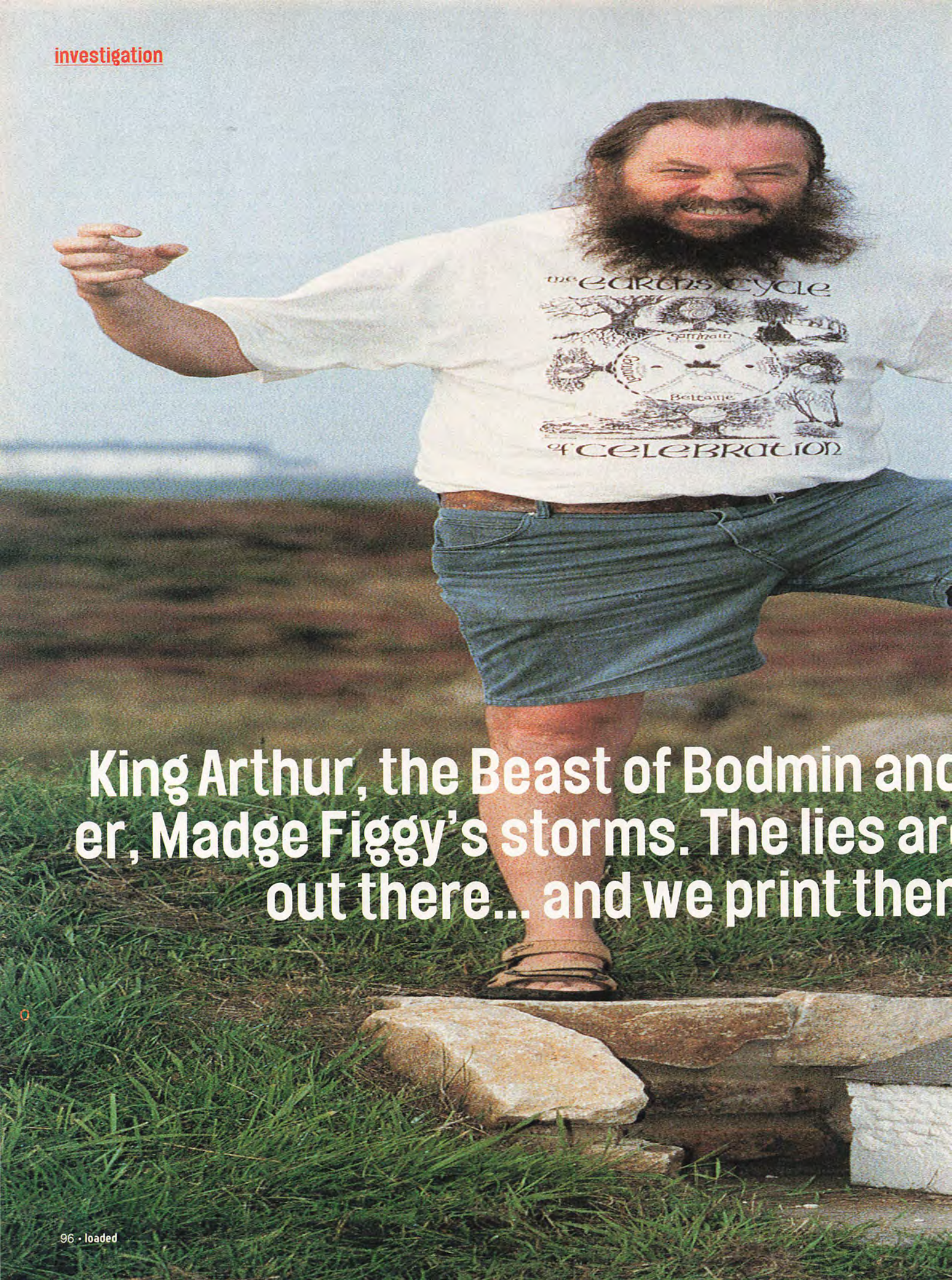
"One of the best things about doing Magda is that I get the chance to slip some of my own lines in. Like in the last series, she had to refer to the female private parts. So I came up with 'cracks and flaps'. You can get away with graphic bits like that 'cos she talks so fast. I don't suppose anyone noticed."

4. Sharon (*Common as Muck*)

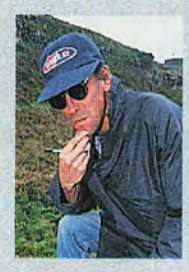
"I'm very proud of the fact that Noddy Holder from Slade, when he filled in a questionnaire for *Radio Times*, wrote that Sharon was the sexiest thing on the telly. Not that she was meant to be sexy, as such. I don't even set out to play her sexy. As a character, she thinks she's physically unattractive. Like she was into this bloke Ken, played by Neil Dudgeon. They'd had a shag once in a toilet. She thought that's all there was to it. She was thinking, 'I'm just the village bike. He doesn't mind giving me a ride, but he doesn't want me on his arm.' Then he turns round and tells her she's the most beautiful girl in the world. Just goes to show, dunnit?"

5. Tina Bishop (Raw Sex/ *The Last Resort*)

"Good ol' Tina. Quite similar to Waynetta in a lot of ways. But Tina's much tougher 'cos she's from Yorkshire. The whole gag about Tina was that she was pregnant but still drank and smoked. Her attitude was, 'I don't care – I'm from Yorkshire'. I suppose she was quite gross really. She always looked a bit skew-wiff, with her smudged make-up and everything. But a lot of blokes go mad for that sort of thing, don't they? Or maybe not."



King Arthur, the Beast of Bodmin and er, Madge Figgy's storms. The lies ar out there... and we print ther



FROM THE OFF, GEOFF THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S HAVING NONE OF IT. "THIS ARTHUR BLOKE. HE'S BLOODY everywhere isn't he? No one knows who he was though, do they? He's just famous for being famous. Like Liz Hurley with a beard and some heavy mates. Probably had his publicity people working round the clock." We're down in Cornwall at Tintagel castle, queuing to get into Lancelot's car park and Geoff's got my copy of Daphne Du Maurier's *Vanishing Cornwall*. "Look, they've got his 'chair' in Wales, his 'cups and saucers' in Devon and his 'bed' in bloody Essex. He's having a laugh. How come he needed so much furniture if he was always travelling about? Very slapdash for a military man, just leaving it all over the shop. Oh here we go, we're moving. Got two quid?"

If it's myths and legends you're after, you can't do better than Cornwall. The rocky outcrop at the end of England. A land of myth and legend, like Newcastle is a land of hard birds with bruised legs who go out to discos without their pants on when it's snowing. Every boozer's got a well out back in the beer garden where they found the severed head of a pirate's dog in a bucket, every Little Chef's within 200 yards of a rock called Big Pete, that'll either get you pregnant or cure your rickets in return for a quick cuddle and the blood of a dead horse. It's a rum kettle of fish and no mistake. We're down here to rifle through the fibs, separate the tosh from the horse's ✈

story by MICK BUNNAGE photos by GEOFF WAUGH

THE MICK'S FILES

mouth and see if any of this sounds kosher in the 20th Century.

Arthur's the big draw. So why did he dump all his furniture? Who knows. Perhaps that's how they did things back then. Quick skirmish here, bit of chivalrous gallantry there, whey-faced princess trapped in tower, no problem, be there in 20 minutes – barely time to order a sideboard before you were off again 200 miles up the road to rescue some hermit who'd got his head stuck between two rocks. Different times you see. No telly.

Tintagel

We climb the rocky path to the spooky ruins of Tintagel castle, stopping briefly to assist a Danish child in a kagoule who had fallen sick on ice cream and become separated from the coach party. Tintagel, we learn, is the legendary birthplace of King Arthur. Today the mist is so thick at the peak that we cannot see much further than 10ft in front of us, and breathing the air is like inhaling from a diving tank full of fine sea spume spray.

Like a picturesque gothic B&B, facilities were clearly primitive. Superb location, yes. A multitude of available rooms, certainly. But look again. No walls. No doors. No obvious toilet facilities other than that Portakabin, which was almost certainly added much later. We only have Du Maurier's word for it that there was ever a roof, even. No wonder Arthur was always on the move.

Merlin's Cave down on the beach is in an even worse state. Flooded by tides twice a day, he must have got sick to the back teeth of coming home every evening from a hard day's soothsaying, carrying his shopping like an ancient Jim Rockford, only to find the place littered with used contraceptives and half his pots and cloaks bobbing on the waves heading in the direction of South Wales.

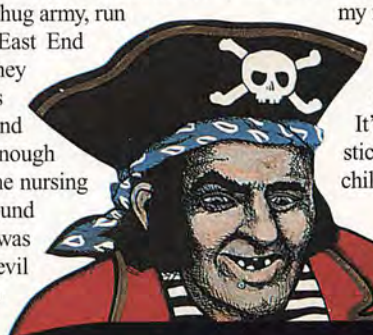
named John Tregeagle is doomed to a pointless eternity scooping water from this lake with a limpet shell full of holes. "Bollocks," said Geoff. Then a cow mooed and we legged it like screaming buggery till we got to the car.

Slaughterbridge

Evil hobgoblins called knockers, knackers or Bucca, Satan's miniature thug army, run this manor like stumpy East End villains in small shoes. They climb out of the tin mines where they work at night and stick it to anyone foolish enough to be caught walking home nursing a skinful. They hang around the bridge where Arthur was reputedly done in by the evil Mordred. Difficult to believe that the legendary Cornish king was slain on such a small bridge. But, on the nearby famous Celtic stone, worn down till it looks like some ancient granite Weetabix, there's something in Latin which scholars translate as 'Here lies Arthur. Dead'. What it actually says is 'Ic Iacit Filivs Magari' which could mean 'Buy My Nice Cabbages' for all I know. My guess is, he fell in the river and banged his head. Backing off, I lose my footing and fall on my arse, and my Du Maurier slides over some rocks and into the stream. A hand comes up from the water, holding it. It's Geoff. He's fished it out with a stick. Still, something to tell my grandchildren, I suppose.

Jamaica Inn

That night, we check into the most famous haunted pub



Evil hobgoblins called knockers, knackers or Bucca run this manor like stumpy East End villains

Then an ugly crowd gathered

"Fuck me, it came out!"

"That's not a ghostly Cornish fisherman! It's the fiendish Dr Mick!"

Dozmary Pool

Dozmary Pool, slap bang in the middle of Bodmin Moor, where even tourists fear to tread, is in legend the lake into which the mortally wounded Arthur ordered his trusted knight St Bedivere to throw the magic sword, Excalibur. The Lady Of The Lake's arm rose up, caught it, then submerged, taking the trusty tool into safe keeping. Quite probably, she handed it in to the police at a later date when the heat was off.

Anyway, it's not often I can say that I was scared by a pond, but Dozmary Pool, sitting like a primeval puddle of mist-shrouded death, patrolled by moaning cows and licked by an eerie warm breeze that blows a fine lager-top scum across the leaden grey rippling surface, put the wind up me and no mistake. With no obvious source of renewal, locals say the lake just appeared there one day and never went away. Like some dopey unemployed cousin. Legend also has it that the ghost of a murderous landowner

in Cornwall. There's more spooks here than you can shake a stick at, apparently. Not that that would do you any good. Smugglers, pirates, headless horses, even a complete stable yard which kicks into life in the middle of the night without warning. Down in the bar there is a plaque on the floor to celebrate the fact that someone was murdered on his way to the carvery.

Next morning we are introduced to Steve, the Jamaica Inn handyman, who claims to have seen the legendary Beast of Bodmin Moor. There's a famous photo of it on the wall in the bar. It looks like two domestic cats resting on a gate. "Two blokes came down to look for the beast. They were only here three hours and they came back with that photo. Very convenient. I know those cats, they belong to the woman over the road."

Then he tells us his story. A friend of his knocked on his door one night and said, "Get in the car, I've seen something weird up the road." So he grabbed his gun and said, "Right I'm going to have this thing." Parked up by a hedge with their headlights on, they saw a cat's eyes reflecting back at them. "It made a noise like two tom cats having a fight but deeper and throatier," says Steve. "I fired a cartridge into the air and it took off into the trees. It was all shoulders and a small head. A lot of people say I'm making it up but I definitely saw it. I'd say it was probably a puma."

All the stories date from about 20 years ago when the law changed on keeping wild cats. They even had the army down looking for it and spent £16,000 on the hunt. Steve reckons they spent it all in the bar. They didn't find a thing, so they said it didn't exist. "Someone set up one of those 'night imaging cameras' to catch it. Next day they found they'd got a video of some bloke dressed up in a pink rabbit costume jumping up and down.

"Here, you ought to visit our museum, we've got a lump of the Challenger space shuttle which blew up. And a two-headed cow. One of its heads is normal but the other is all gimpy and distorted. I said we should display it as it is, but they told us to do it up a bit or it'd scare the kids."

Three classes of faeries

Piskies: endemic to Cornish gift shops. They're mischievous sprites in pointy hats and rags. Generally they bring good luck. Huge eyebrows meet in the middle of faces that are broader than they're long. Piskies get their kicks leading travellers astray, riding young colts to exhaustion after plaiting their manes into stirrups, chasing cows and tripping them up, and generally threatening people with bad language. Dudley Moore sort of behaviour. The two most famous piskies were Jack o'Lantern and Joan the Wad. No, honestly.

The Small People: a bit bigger than piskies. Say two foot high. They're very beautiful and dressed in loads of jewellery and finery – three cornered hats, hunting gear and frock coats – and dark of eye and hair. They are also shape-shifters who can turn themselves into goats or whatever. Some say they were the mutant offspring of Spaniards and Morrocans who invaded the South Cornish coast over the years to steal booty and slaves.

Spriggans: the fuck-ups of the fairy world. Spriggans hang out in gangs like council estate kids but were rumoured to be the defenders of giants' treasure. So you're most likely to find them near old rocks and megaliths drinking cider and taking the piss out of old ladies. Hissing, spitting and leering horribly, that's their angle. They'd wait for thick mist to envelope the moorland then they'd sneak out and swap their filthy deformed kids for the children of local fishermen's wives.

Carn Brea Giant

The giant of Carn Brea is probably the biggest name in the Cornish giant business. He lived on the Carn Brea hilltop where there now stands a castle lived in by a Greek bloke who serves excellent salads and coffee. He told us the giant had it in for his giant neighbour who lived in the town of St Agnes on the far coast. He fell in love with St Agnes herself, who asked him to prove his love by opening a vein and pouring his blood into Chapelporth hole till he filled it. St Agnes neglected to tell the now half-dead giant that the hole led straight to a cave called 'Ralph's Cupboard' and into the sea. Realising he was on a hiding to nothing, he keeled over, thumped his head on a hillside and bought the big one.

Rocks and stuff

Rocks and stuff are dead important in Cornwall, not ✈

The accommodation left much to be desired

A Ghostly Galleon, probably

The site of an ancient donut stand

just as places to mark the fall of battle-scarred heroes, saints or as landmarks like Brown Willy on Bodmin Moor, but because they were reckoned to have amazing natural healing powers. The Men-an-Tol (Stone with the Hole) near Zennor is a veritable one-rock hospital. Guarded by a host of vicious blood-sucking gnats and midges, it's no more than three foot high and shaped like one of those little white rings you find dissolving in the troughs in gents' toilets. Except older. Anyway, circle this hoop nine times Widdershins (anti-clockwise) facing the sun, then pass through it three times (magical numbers) on your hands and knees, and presto, you've cured yourself of any persistent back pain, scrofula or rickets. "I'll have a go at that," says Geoff, who reckons he fucked his knees years ago cycling about too much. "It doesn't do knees, Geoff," I reply. "Bollocks to that," he says and starts hoofing it round the rock. Then on his hands and knees he crawls through the tiny gap, disturbing more midges who fly up into his ears and up his nose. Knackered out, he bangs his shin on a sharp edge and loses all his change in the mud. I have to pull him through and he tears his trousers. "You've upset the gods now, Geoff," I say. He looks livid and says he thinks he's swallowed a gnat.

"Wahey," says Geoff. "Let's ask that girl over there with the big tits if she's seen any ghosts."

Haunted holiday camp of Hayle

I decided to pay a visit to my old friend Paul, a lifeguard who lives in a tarpaulin shed at the entrance to a self-catering holiday camp in Hayle. "That girl in reception, do you think there's a chance she's seen a ghost?" muses Geoff, wandering off with his camera. "Um, well, I once heard the keys move on the board when I was reading the paper," she says. "That'll do," says Geoff, shoving his camera though the hatch window, "Can you bend over a bit more?"

Lands End

The most famous Cornish witch was Madge Figgy, a twisted old crone with a face like a boiled sack who flew about on a stem of ragwort and perched on top of a rock near St Levan cackling like a maniac and beckoning tall ships carrying cargo to come crash on the spumey rocks beneath her. Surprisingly, locals were quite philosophical about her carrying on till all hours. They were a poor lot and they regarded any major sea disaster that resulted in them getting their hands on some food and fancy jewellery as might a medieval Del Boy when offered a lorry load of toasters by a bloke in the tavern snug. Madge Figgy was probably just a cover story for the Cornish wreckers who lured ships onto the rocks. Next morning, cheery locals would nip down the coast path and pick up their gratis crates of sausages, sherry, sprouts or whatever it was and drag it back to their hovels for a slap-up feast. The murderous kick-back for putting up with the shitty weather and ghosts 12 months a year, I suppose.

WHAT WE WERE AFTER

WITCHES

GHOSTIES

GIANTS

MONSTERS

PISKIES

WEIRD SHIT

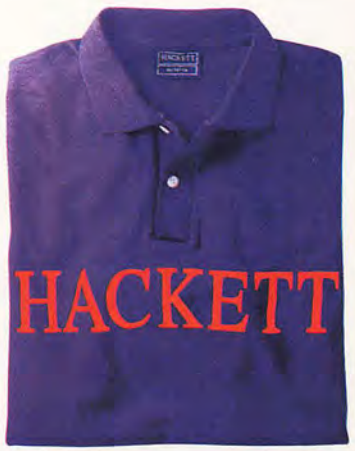
OLD FURNITURE

Lyonness

Way out to sea towards the Scilly Isles, they say Arthur's magical lost city is buried under the ocean. Not Avalon where, mortally wounded, he supposedly sailed off to with three beautiful women weeping over his chainmail, but Lyonness, a land of tall castles and high dreaming spires of deer forests, ripe for the hunting. This is a land half as big again as Cornwall itself, swept away by the same volcanic flood that created St Michael's Mount and darkened the Cornish skies for 30 summers. They say at night, when the wind's in the west, you can hear the church bells toll from beneath the sea, and on a clear evening, Arthur's ghost galleon drifts round the rocks at Sennen Cove and out into the setting sun where his Lady Guinevere waits as she has always waited, knickers off and a pizza in the oven. "Wahey," says Geoff, "let's ask that girl over there with the big tits if she's seen a ghost." So we did. And she had. But that was in Wolverhampton.

St Ives

"Know anyone who's seen a ghost?" says Geoff to a girl in a bikini outside the women's bogs. "Yeah," she tells him, "my friend who lives in Penryn. She went to school in a convent. A lot of the girls' knickers and clothes used to disappear from their rooms at night. The crosses on the walls would turn upside down sometimes." "Not necessarily a ghost is it?" "S'pose not," she says. ◼



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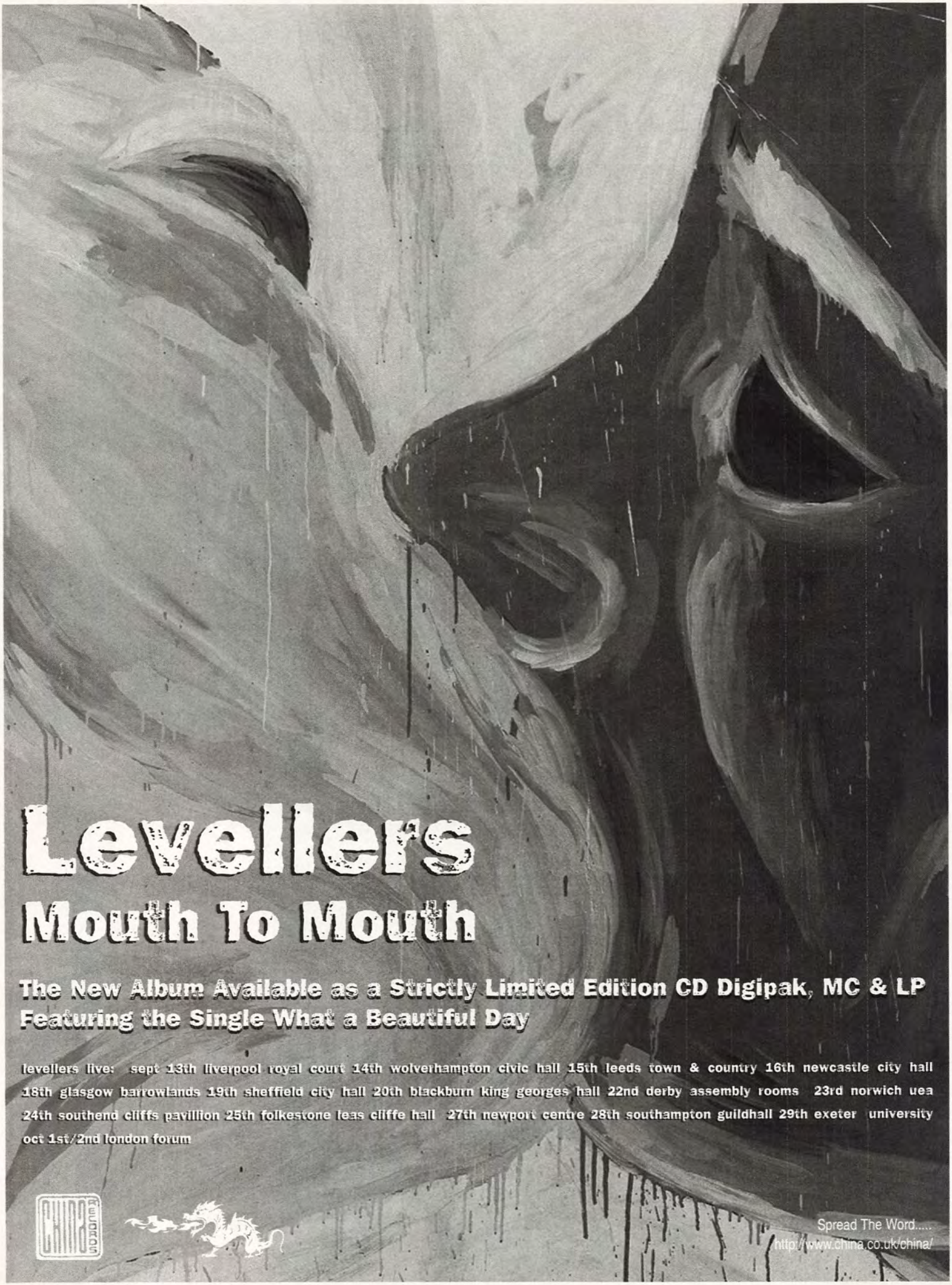
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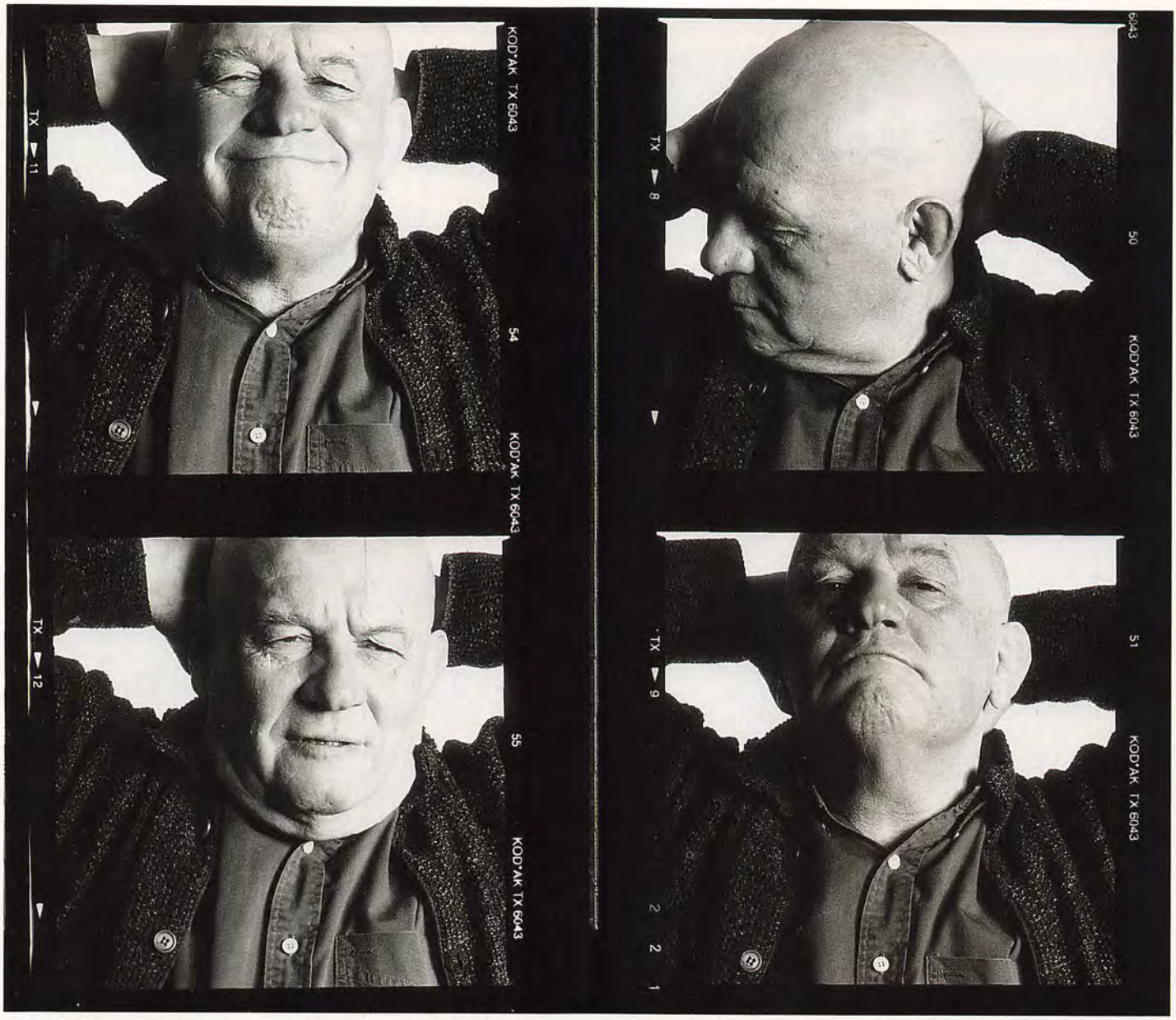

PHOTOS BY CHRIS FLOYD/RONALD GRANT ARCHIVE

the last CUPPA

A minute's silence, please, for Barnsley's own Mr Tea, the late, great actor Brian Glover

His name might never have been the first to trip off the tongue when the subject under discussion around the pub table was 'Greatest Living British Actor'. But, if actors were to be judged on the number of crackerjack performances they've dished out, then Brian Glover was surely up there with the very cream of the crop. Sure enough, Glover, who died in July, might not have enjoyed the kind of household-name status of, say, Michael Caine, Peter O'Toole or even Bob Hoskins. But a quick squint at his packed CV offers sufficient evidence that, in his time, the mighty Glover provided enough corking screen moments to have earned his place among the immortals.

It all started back in 1969 with *Kes*, in which Glover turned in a virtuoso performance as Mr Sugden, the tyrannical games master who memorably transforms himself into Bobby Charlton and turns a muddy school football match into a glamorous tussle between Manchester United and Spurs – a performance that once caused Jackie Charlton to laugh so hard he fell off his chair. If Glover had never worked again, his place among the greats of British cinema would have been assured. But work he did. Indeed, for the last 28 years, it seems he never stopped – turning up on both small and big screens with a regularity that might have been considered monotonous, were it not for the fact that he pulled rabbits from his sleeve and ferrets from his trouser leg each and every bastard time. In *Coronation Street*, he was the roguish ne'er-do-well who sold his window-cleaning round to Stan Ogden. In *Porridge*, he was the scheming Heslop, Ronnie Barker's occasional cell-mate. As Flint in *The Likely Lads*, he stole the show in the classic episode where Bob and Terry spend a day trying to avoid hearing the result of an England v Bulgaria football match. He played a football hooligan in Galton and Simpson's *You'll Never Walk Alone*, a wrestling nun in the children's series *Educating Marmalade* and a mad SS captain in *Secret Army*. He starred as ex-miner Edgar Rowley in the unjustly forgotten '80s sitcom *South Of The Border*, and excelled as Arthur Daley's dodgy business contact in *Minder*. To name but a few.

Then there were his frequently hilarious film roles, which included the likes of *O Lucky Man*, *Britannia Hospital*, *Brannigan*, *The Sweeney*, *An American Werewolf In London*, *Jabberwocky*, *The Company Of Wolves*, *Alien 3* and *Leon The Pig Farmer*.

Before he got into the acting ✈

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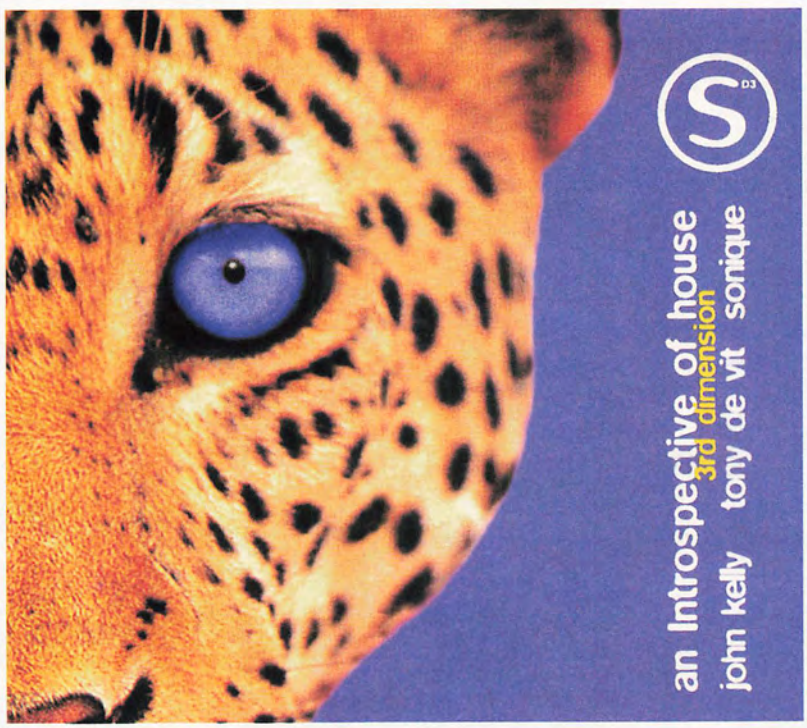

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Brian reads of Barnsley FC's promotion (*Leon The Pig Farmer*)

"I can play a posh bloke too" (*Campion*)

game, Glover tried his hand at both professional wrestling and teaching. As it happened, Barry Hines (the author of the novel, *A Kestrel For A Knave*) was a fellow teacher at Glover's school. When Ken Loach announced that he was going to make a film of the book, Glover was persuaded to go along for an audition. As Glover recalled:

"It took place at the Queen's Hotel in Barnsley. I thought I'd have to read lines and what have you. But, when I walked in, Ken said to me, 'Those kids over there are having a bit of a fight. Go and stop it.' Well, as a teacher myself, I'd stopped hundreds of real fights. So I knew exactly what to do. I marched over, picked out the ringleader and cracked him over the back of the head. He started to complain so I said, 'Fetch your bloody dad if you want.' Then I walked back to Ken and he said, 'Right, you've got the part'."

His success in *Kes* led to seasons with the Royal National Theatre and the Royal Shakespeare Company, as he divided his time between stage and screen. Despite being typecast as the avuncular villain over the years, he still managed to lend his considerable talents to a stunning variety of roles – including, on one occasion, playing God himself at the National Theatre in a production of the *Medieval Mystery Plays*. "It was when I was doing God," he recalled, "that I was invited over to Rome to meet the Pope. I thought, 'Bloody great – this is the big one'. Then, it was the day before I was going to meet him, some mad bugger went and shot him. I've never forgiven the Turks for that."

Despite the astonishing diversity of his work over the last three decades, there was always a notable absence of randy roles for the man who was described by a female reporter from the *Yorkshire Evening Post* as, "The sexiest thing ever to come out of Barnsley".

He was once described as, "The sexiest thing ever to come out of Barnsley"

"Well," he mused, "whoever said that must have been as blind as a bat. Because I'm an ugly bugger and always have been. I've got a bloody awful body. The ugliest bollocks known to man. You'd have to see them to believe them. So, all things considered, I'm not the least bit surprised that I don't get cast as the handsome leading man who gets to snog loads of beautiful women. Not that I haven't had my moments. There was an episode of *The Sweeney* when I got between the sheets with a gorgeous lass with a husky voice. And I went to bed with Helen Mirren once – which was very nice. The rest of the women I've played alongside have all been nagging wives with large behinds."

More than 15 years ago, Glover was asked by an interviewer what it was that drove him on. "I believe in taking life firmly by the balls," he replied, "and squeezing for all I'm bloody worth." An approach to life that he maintained right up until the end. "I've never been afraid of taking risks," he told me. "As a teacher, a wrestler and then as an actor, I always had the same idea – which was to give everything a bloody good try, and bugger the consequences."

Even after an operation for a brain tumour late last year, his creative energies continued to run rampant. Having written more than 25 plays for the Beeb in his time (including the classic *Thicker Than Water*, about a sausage contest between England and France), he'd recently completed a Hindi film entitled *1942: A Love Story*, and had just returned from Budapest where he starred alongside Sigourney Weaver in *Snow White In The Black Forest*. He was busy developing a writing project with Jimmy Nail, he'd recently finished filming a "completely barmy" new series for Channel 4 in which he plays Flash Gordon, and he'd just wrapped up his third national tour of *The Canterbury Tales*. Not to mention a starring role in the John Godber movie *Up And Under*.

Plenty of things to remember him for, then. Not that the great man was under any illusion about what most folk would probably recall about him. "Those bloody Tetley Tea adverts," he laughed. "Twenty-one years I've been doing them for. People still come up to me and, instead of asking for my autograph, they say, 'Will you just write "Tetley Tea Bag"?' And I do. I couldn't give a bugger if that's what I'm remembered for, because I never expected to be remembered for anything. So it's all been a bit of a bonus."

Brian Glover. Top bloke who will be missed.

A lot.

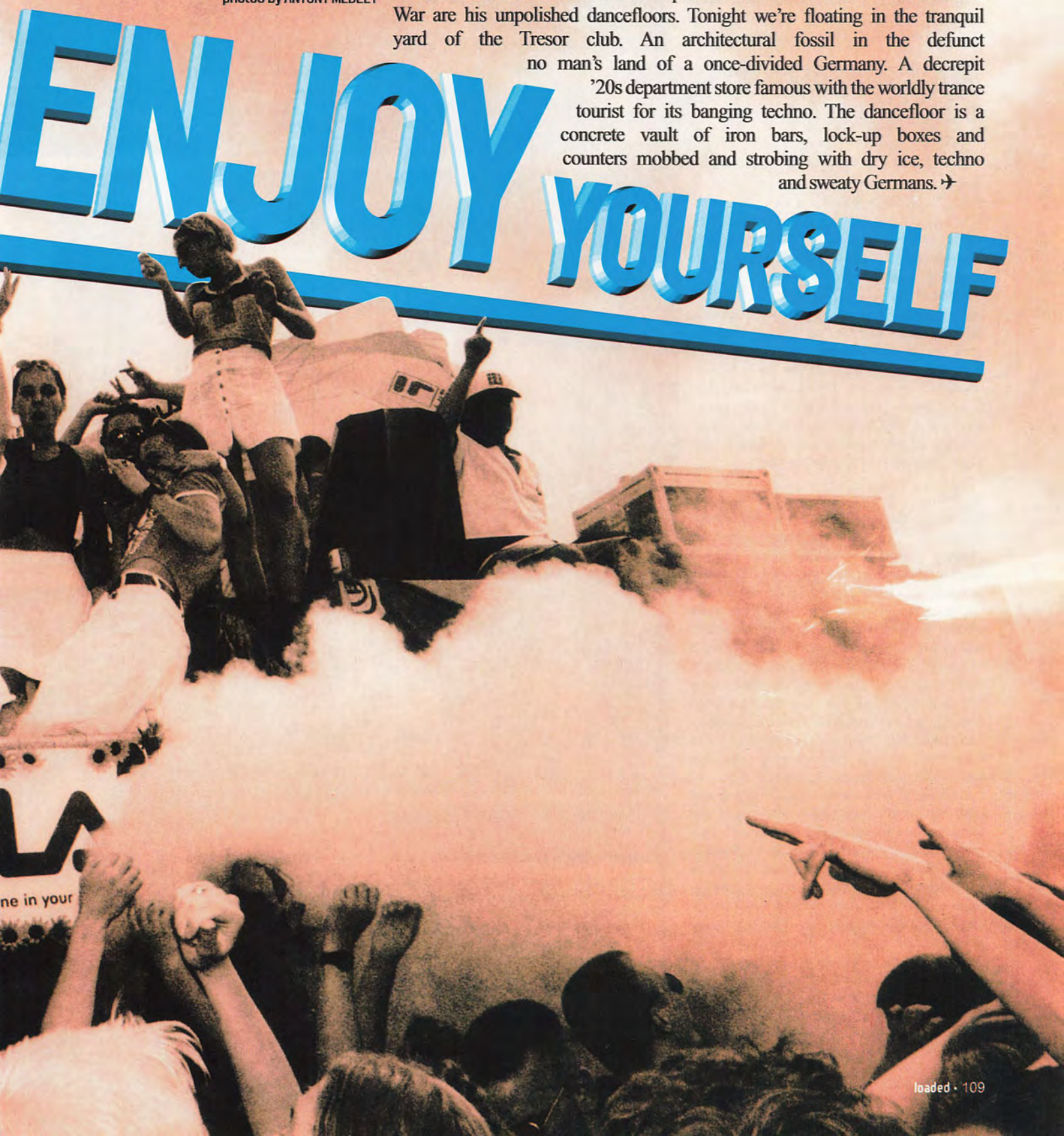
JON WILDE

YOU VILL

The Germans have discovered the '60s. loaded joins their Love Parade

story by ROWAN CHERNIN
photos by ANTONY MEDLEY

SITTING BY A STATUE OF BUDDHA AROUND A GLOWING POND BENEATH a tree: it's not the Germany we expected to find. Hundreds of stoned Berliners slump around trestle tables laughing and gurning in an overgrown garden of plants and graffiti. Here, marijuana is decriminalised and club culture is up there with NASA. "Across the street, that building is where Goering lived. And there, the acres of cranes and building sites, is the new development of what was the Berlin Wall," explains Frank, pointing over the garden fence. He's a nocturnal local and creator of endless parties. The last ruins of the Second World War are his unpolished dancefloors. Tonight we're floating in the tranquil yard of the Tresor club. An architectural fossil in the defunct no man's land of a once-divided Germany. A decrepit '20s department store famous with the worldly trance tourist for its banging techno. The dancefloor is a concrete vault of iron bars, lock-up boxes and counters mobbed and strobing with dry ice, techno and sweaty Germans. ✈

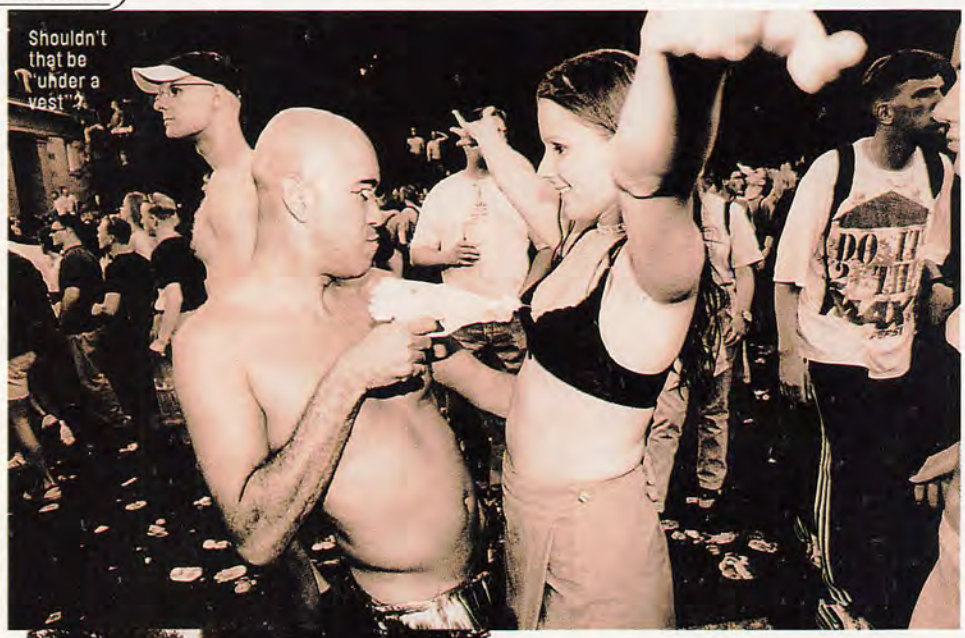


We squeeze upstairs into a corridor. Between a metal fish, a photo booth and an internet terminal, sits a pulsating orb, its glass case caressed by E'd-up fingers hopelessly trying to connect with its flickering, jagged blue streaks of electrical light. Juan Atkins, the grandaddy of Detroit techno, is on the decks, spinning mechanical noise. Tomorrow is the annual Love Parade, an event where over a million young Germans take to the streets and dance en masse to this very same banging music.

To non-club ears, Love Parade must sound about as enthralling as a day out with a dentist's drill. But since 1989, this highly sponsored and televised procession has grown from 150 ravers dancing behind the speakers of a VW camper van along the equivalent of Oxford Street, to an upgraded route, wider and four times the length of London's Mall, with 40 floats manned by mobile DJs.

Three German girls start pinching my arse. "Nein... fk off... nein..." I shout**

"Ja, for sure, we larv ze Pistols"



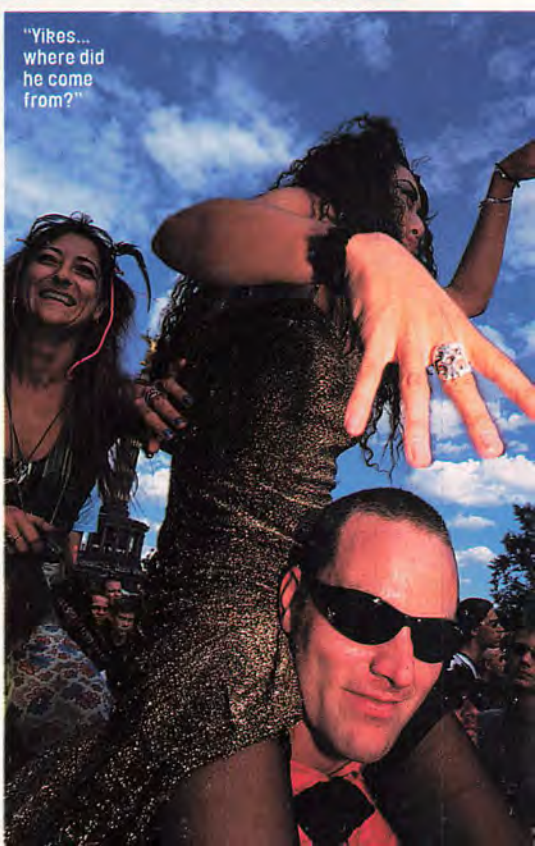
Shouldn't that be "under a vest"?

And it all takes place under the vague guise of a political rally. An annual free party in the centre of a unified Berlin with a slogan to convince the authorities of its political motivation. These crazy Germans have marched and danced in the past under such banners as 'We Are One Family', and 'Peace, Happiness And Pancakes' [*Social venom alert – Ed*]. This year's tag is the belly fluff of '90s rave hippiedom, 'Let The Sun Shine In Your Heart'. Ecstasy has a lot to answer for.

MIDDAY, AND NOT EVEN A MILE FROM THE Parade the tropical heat is fermenting the carnival buzz. Passing car sunroofs become vantage points for the look-at-me dancing brigade, performing their ravey Tai Chi moves to crackling stereos playing house and techno. The crowds are armed with fluorescent water pistols, lining the roads and soaking all cyclists and motorists. One enraged BMW driver skids to a halt, crunches into reverse and violently smacks into the car behind. A young man watching drops his pants, an old man stops busking and gets out of his wheelchair to cheer and dance while a fountain full of youths – who were there at 5am this morning when we returned from the Tresor – start shouting.

Elements of this anarchic sprawl gang up and soak the crotches of nearby policemen and women, while three strapping German girls start gang-pinching my arse. They won't leave it alone: "Nein… fuck off… nein, nein," I shout, as the pinching turns to violent jabs at the tradesman's. The hotel's porn channel had actually shocked me this morning. Accidentally pressing the wrong button (cost me 10 quid) [*Yeah, right. You're not sticking that on your expenses – Ed*] I innocently watched two women chain up, gag and spank the bollocks off some old droopy Prussian. It was all about domination and twisted sexual perversion. And now, I realise, hotel

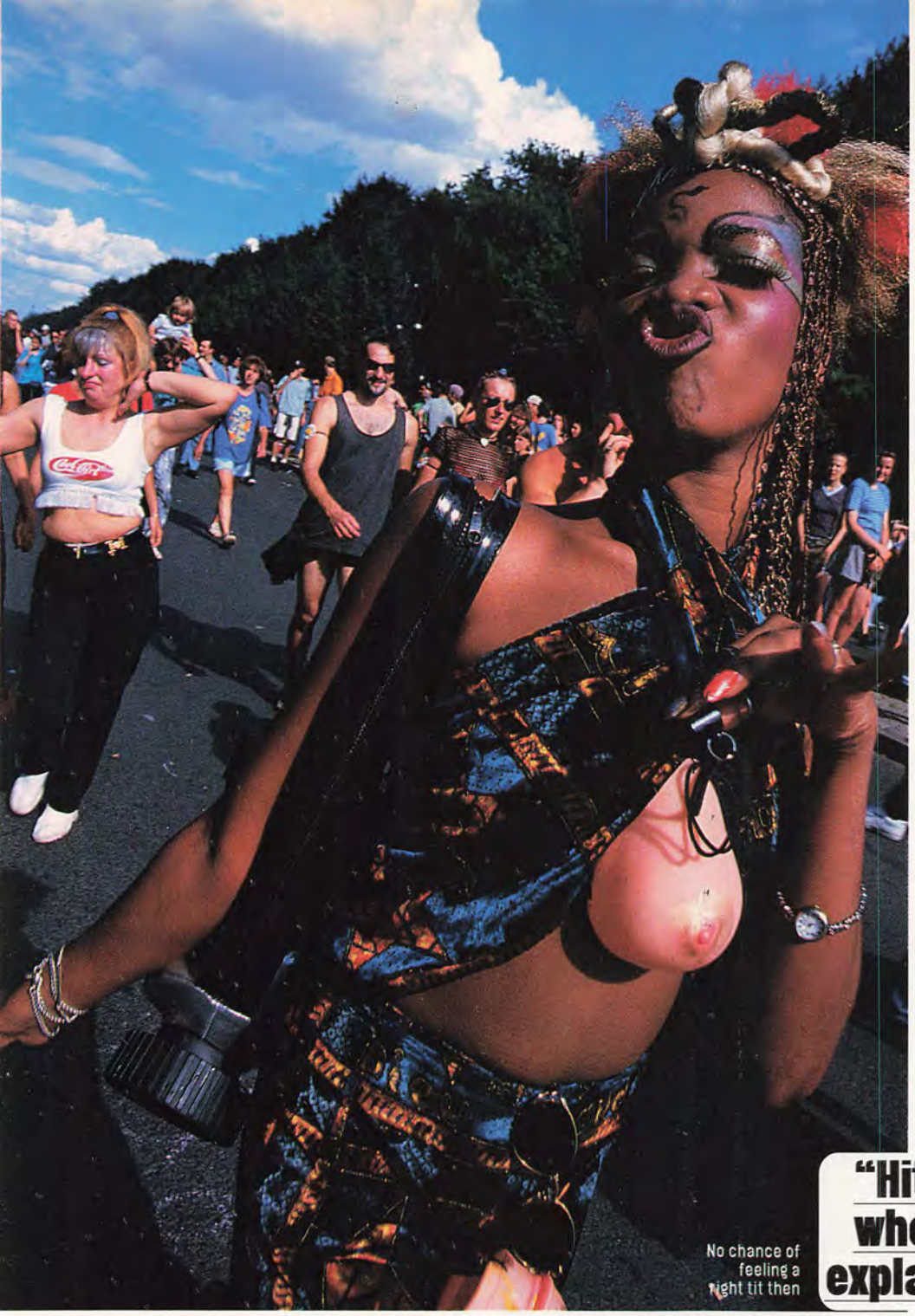
Next in the queue for the bottom-lip whistle piercing



"Yikes... where did he come from?"

WHO ARE THOSE KUNST?

Kunst is art. In the former Communist East Berlin, after the wall came down in 1989, Kunsthause, or arthouses, took up residence. We visited one in the remains of the Tacheles building. A half bombed-out former Jewish department store converted into a Mad Max II style abode. A space for art, parties and welded junk painted fancy colours. If you are visiting Berlin, the Tacheles, a 24 hour café & gallery, is a good place to find out about parties, events etc. A bunch of Kunst make good.
Tacheles, Oranienburger Strasse 54-56A.
http://www.tacheles.com



No chance of feeling a right tit then

porn is a good reflection of this nation's psyche.

Half a mile from the parade and the thermal crush of clubbers is claustrophobic and suffocating. Every lamp-post, traffic-light, sign-post, wall, fence, pole, bin, whatever, has become a pedestal for the look-at-me dancing blokes, cheering at no one in particular. The girls clomp about in Spice Girl platforms, their own personal pedestals, dwarfing the little blokes to breast height. What a fantastic place.

As we head up the event's main drag, Strasse des 17 Juni, to get ahead of the parade, the sound of techno suddenly booms ominously from behind us. The crowd begins to stomp its feet and closes in further, forcing us toward the massive oncoming juggernaut filled with enough thumping speakers to drown out Concorde. Sweaty topless blokes, moist-clothed boobs, elbows and armpits all take it in turns to rub against my face. I start worrying about that bloody porn film, and before too long, myself and photographer Tony are in proper trouble.

We're being technoed. As the lorry passes we can feel a breeze thumping out of the speakers. Our brains vibrate as the excitable crowd force our faces into the black pounding amplified cloth, pumping like a heart on speed. Behind us is the equal pressure of a million pumping, screaming Germans. "Par-Tea!" they shout at irregular intervals, "Par-Tea! Par-Tea!" We catch a glimpse of 20 or so transvestites wriggling like bondaged eels on the roof of the truck, as the hunched-up DJ casually spins. One girl-fella on the back, in a little pair of black pants, jiggles proud tackle like a bunch of loose apricots in a sock. And on the poster beneath this happy fruit read the words 'Ministry Of Sound'. This is the English float.

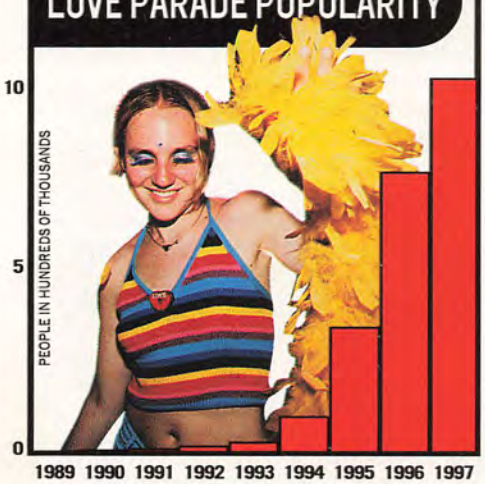
Drugs and music bring out the sexy dancing show-off in people. Multiply that buzz by one million in today's Berlin sunshine and you have a genuine writhing Loved-up Parade. Water pistols

"Hitler's bunker, that's where they're 'avin' it," explains an English punter

squirt indiscriminately in all directions. There is no sign of the German anarchists' opposing Hate Parade, as threatened in the German press. The Haters despise the commercialism of Love Parade – the mass TV coverage, the millions of Deutschmarks in sponsorship deals. The Haters are threatening to slash the tyres of floats. What's more, a rival faction, Haters Of The Hate Parade, intend to host a separate Hate Parade altogether.

It seems we are reaching the moment in disco history where the mind-altering effects of drugs and dance are taking their social toll [*On you an' all, by the sound of things – Ed*]. In the Middle Ages, these Haters would have been the religious nutters, the psychos who burnt witches, wore garlic and read Bibles in built-up areas to cleanse the masses. Nowadays, they want to be DJs or promoters. They collect flyers, play records and carry a photo of their favourite disco-jockey ✈

LOVE PARADE POPULARITY



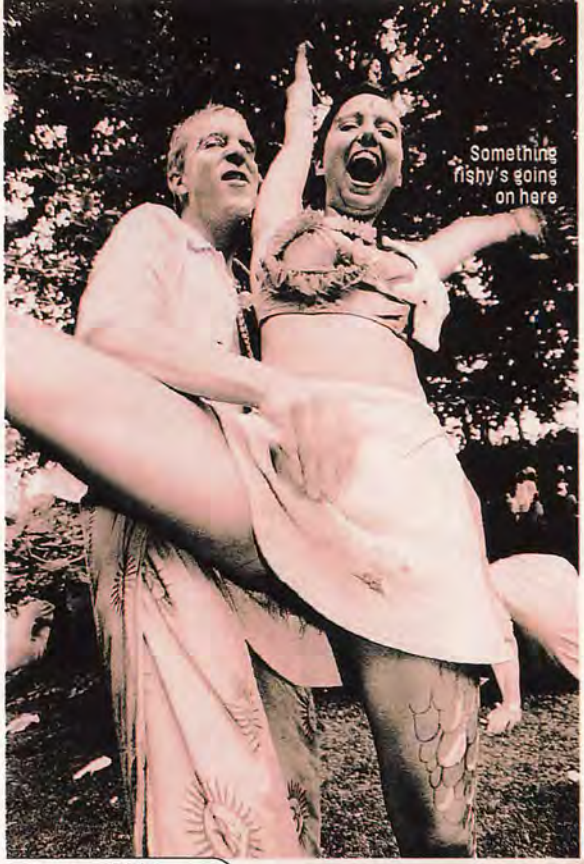
BERLIN KLUBS

Bunker, Albrechtstraße 24-25
Cuvrystr 50/51, Kreuzberg
Arena, Eichenstraße
Tempodrom, Tiergarten
Kalkscheune, Johannisstraße 2
Alter Planet, Kopenicker Straße 50
Garage, Holzmarkstraße 19-24
Toaster, Neue Schönhauser 20
Huxleys, Hasenheide 108
Matrix, Warschauer Platz 18
Tresor, Leipziger Straße 126
Delicious Donuts, Rosenthaler Straße
Fasanenallee, Tiergarten
Boogaloo, Heinrich-Heine Straße
Roter Salon, Rosa-Luxemburg-Platz
Dunckerclub, Dunckerstraße 64

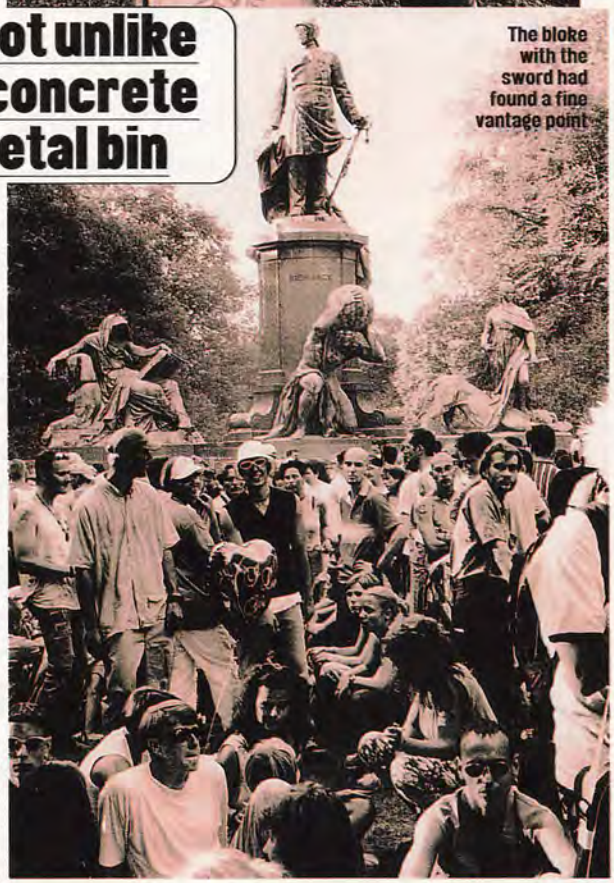
next to their jealous hearts. Love Parade has become their devil.

"Hitler's bunker, that's where they're 'avin' it," explains an English punter, his large nose resembling a waterfall course for the rave clouds erupting through his pores. Apparently the Hate Parade has chosen the evil of Gabba to move its followers. The sound of machines impersonating crack-crazy workers drilling steel in an industrial shipyard. Three sound systems in a row, probably positioned on a pentagram with a decaying goat's head spinning around on a turntable.

We choose to remain stuck amongst the crotches in the midst of all this burning club love. Forty trucks armed with beats and speakers feel like a mass conspiracy to mobilise and deafen young Germany while it dances, drugged and sweaty, on its feet. The toilets, green military corrugated steel boxes the size of transit vans, line the route. To the mob they are pedestals to be stamped upon, literally scaring the shit out of the people inside. The khazi is nothing short of pure Blitz, focusing the cacophony of shouting, whistles, beats, bass, and ambulance sirens. The friendly sounds of German love.


Something fishy's going on here

The noise is not unlike rolling down concrete stairs in a metal bin


The bloke with the sword had found a fine vantage point

The only peaceful respite to be found is in the Tiergarten, a cool leafy green park either side of 17 Juni street. But in the past years, all this fun has unfortunately fucked with the environment. One year, a staggering 2,300 bushes, 2,000 ivy plants and 4,500 square metres of turf were trampled into compost. Bastards.

After a few hours of relative peace in the stoned equivalent of Hyde Park we leave this dope-garten at sunset. The floats have gathered around the Siegessaule monument, an enormous towering column our Nelson would envy. On top stands a proud golden-winged angel, the one director Wim Wenders featured in his acclaimed film *Wings Of Desire*. Now its base has a surrounding skeleton of scaffolding adorned with blocks of speakers and lights. And behind, in the distance, the menacing grey arch of the Brandenburg Gate disappears in purple darkness. The noise, from any given angle, is not unlike rolling down concrete stairs in a metal bin filled with bolts, beer, Germans and spanners.

Those European clothing sizes are so confusing

As we squeeze through the disco eels to find some kind of bar, a horizontal red rocket full of sexy girls appears. They frequently poke out their pierced tongues and dance like showgirls around invisible poles. It's no doubt a cruel techno mirage. A topless girl with large oil-painted breasts leaves the rocket crew and brushes past. There's an affectionate Twix-like smudge across my arm. "Par-Tea!" spits a shirtless bloke in my ear, "crazy Par-Tea!" Strobes, lights, bouncing metal echoes of bass and treble, fireworks, flares, ambulance sirens. Behind us, a disco-ball the diameter of a Mini reflects white glowing diamonds across bouncing heads beneath sweeping beams of purple light. We are inside madness itself [*You're not wrong, mate – Ed*]. German band Kraftwerk once sang about "techno pop musique non stop". Here are their people, daisies and lager in their hair, with rubber band jaws jiving like those of a toothless pensioner relishing their Stollen cake with an E on top.

In London, an event a third the size of this would be crawling with antagonistic silly Special Constables in riot gear. Here in Berlin, the constabulary appear to have gone casual, or are just not bothered. Probably at home mowing the lawn, being strapped, whipped or digging a fish pond. Who's going to switch off the sound at 10pm? What fool will pull the DJ food from under the noses of a million loved-up goons? Someone's gonna get bitten… I've seen what happens to their porn stars.

Standing on top of a bin viewing a buzz greater than a thousand World Cup goals, you can see no icons, pop stars or celebrities directing this mass. The love buzz appears to be working inside people's heads. The celebrities are the punters themselves. Gone mental and weirding out. Indulging in a happy pastiche of trance dance. A joy to be part of, and comedy for the tourists to point at and photograph. One giant Euro 'Kiss Me Quick' day. A reflection of the smiley, 'avin it, let's-make-shapes, crazy mentality of our decade. No politics other than a load of old social "sunshine" and "pancakes". No tank-driven movement to fight or concrete wall to wrestle. Just one straightforward peaceful statement from the biggest mobilisation of youth since the Second World War. Galvanised, regimented even, under a common word they can all understand… "Par-Tea." But where are the slow dances? What's the point of all this love if you can't have a snog? A fantastic day, but too much of good thing if you ask me. ■

To find out information about next year's annual Love Parade, e-mail: infopool@loveparade.com or visit the website: http://www.loveparade.com

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Tim's big break

PART THREE

He's an ambitious bloke, Tim, and he jumped at the chance to appear in ads for Embassy fags. "People'll see my face," he said. "I'll be on the map. Directors are crying out for young, virile blokes in their mid-twenties like me. They'll see I've got a lot of productive years ahead of me, a star in the making." He's the hopeful sort. Sadly for Tim, there are rules about advertising fags. Committee of Advertising Practice rule 66.23 states, "Anyone shown smoking must be clearly over 25." Sorry Tim, mate. Nice dog, though.

PHOTOGRAPHY: JENNIFER CAWLEY

loaded advertisement promotion

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DR DOH!

Saggy old Bond girls, born-again villains, American dentists – that'll be the Jamaican 007 convention

EXPENSIVELY DRESSED BY HACKETT OF LONDON, IN black tie and starched white shirt, I am sitting on a table with several attractive blonde women in an exclusive hotel in the Caribbean. Some assignment. The strains of John Barry's 'Mr Kiss Kiss Bang Bang' lilt in the background as the waiters move busily between tables, bringing lobster and red snapper and filling cut glasses with a rather average French wine. But the pressure is on. The brief was to introduce a number of hallucinogenic mushrooms into the food of certain celebrity guests at the *You Only Live Twice* Reception, Dinner and Charity Ball, and we were yet to source, let alone purchase, such a commodity.

The evening needs something, and the sight of Richard Kiel (the large gentleman with the metal teeth from *The Spy Who Loved Me* and *Moonraker*) standing on a table flapping his arms at imaginary wasps, we reasoned, could well have been it. Bond, of course, would have used his perfunctory grasp of advanced electronic theory to plunge the Jamaica Grande Ballroom into total darkness for a few vital seconds before spiking the food. We just sit there. In the background Dionne Warwick croons, "Like the shark he looks for trouble, that's why the zero's double". It occurs to us that sending a man 7ft 4in tall, with a ✈

story by BILL BORROWS photos by NEALE HAYNES

shoe size variously estimated to be between 18 and 21, on a bad mushroom trip might produce some problems beyond the remit of two mildly inebriated **loaded** journalists. Forget the trouble, just make mine a double. Not very Bond, but then we happen to be the only males present who don't harbour fantasies about actually being 007.

That unsettling psychological quirk belongs to the 100 or so Americans who have paid $1,500 each to stay at the 720 room Jamaica Grande complex, listen to piped Bond themes from 7am to 11pm and attend events such as the View to a Thrill Reception and The Shaken Not Stirred World Of Bond Dinner. You get the picture. Or rather, you don't. Incredibly, no provision has been made for the screening of any Bond film, not even *On Her Majesty's Secret Service*, the star of which, George Lazenby, is supposed to be attending the convention.

That he actually does surprises most people. That Desmond Llewelyn (Q) and Christopher Lee (Scaramanga in *The Man With The Golden Gun*) don't, is entirely consistent with an event that eclipses the existing definition of the word fiasco. It is, in fact, a gloriously mismanaged rollercoaster of a PR nightmare, rumbling on from under-attended conferences to set-piece events, remarkable only in the fact that they are thoroughly, sensationally and breathtakingly woeful and awful in almost every regard. Hallucinogens are far from necessary.

The James Bond convention is in Jamaica because Ian Fleming wrote all his Bond novels at Goldeneye, his idyllic retreat on the north shore of the island, and several of the films were shot there. It is also a useful means of encouraging the press to attend. Convention attendees and journalists are given a guided tour of the one-storey white-washed building and estate by a pugnacious American from the Ian Fleming Foundation.

"Please keep to the footpaths and do not touch anything. There will be no photographs taken here," he instructs, his smug grin fighting a losing battle to push his puffy cheeks into near-symmetry. The idea he has managed to get across to himself (but is failing to get across to the British press) is that, because he's read the Bond novels as well as seen the films, he qualifies for an MA from an ancient British University. He plainly considers our less than encyclopedic knowledge of Fleming and Bond to be indicative of some kind of ill-breeding.

The next day he is one of four event organisers and Foundation types on stage in the Portland Ballroom for something called 'Stump the Experts'. The experts sit in wicker chairs and field questions like, "How many *Avengers* people have appeared in Bond films?" The answer is four, apparently: "Patrick McNee, Joanna Lumley, Honor Blackman and, of course, Diana Rigg."

This is the natural habitat for those who gather with like-minded obsessives; the currency is minutiae and a scattering of contrite self-deprecating comments within the general competition to know more, or have a superior collection. It is, unfortunately, an almost entirely male trait. The Bond Memorabilia Exhibition in the Trelawney Room is a magnet for these people. For most, a ceremonial clapboard from *The Living Daylights*, some rubber maggots used in *Licence To Kill* and three different 007 beach towels comprise a 20-second round-trip. For some of the Bond fans it is an afternoon-long salivating session. Americans, in particular, seem to take to this kind of thing. A dentist from Indiana has brought his son to Jamaica for the convention, and is immediately singled out for media attention on the grounds that he is dressed identically to his offspring.

He talks freely at first until, sometime around four o'clock on the second day, it occurs to him that he is receiving more press than any of the celebrities and he becomes suspicious. Not

The two Bond girls present are old en of President Kennedy. In fact, one is

"Or will you go for number two, who'll bare more than his teeth for you..."

suspicious enough, it transpires, to raid his wardrobe for something other than a larger-size version of the outfit worn by his pre-pubescent son. "He is really the big Bond fan," the dentist half-apologises later on. "He's seen all the films at least twice." "So have you, Dad," says dentist junior. "Hmm," says dentist senior.

Alongside the paying guests, there are about 40 journalists and a few contestants from American quiz shows, including the aforementioned blonde women, who won first prize on *Wheel Of Fortune*. And then there are the internationally respected academics from the Ian Fleming Foundation, the organisers and their spokesman Don 'Dream' Topping who, MCing every catastrophic celebrity Q&A session with unerring incompetence, is vital to the momentum of the unfolding disaster.

The handful of paying punters who attend the non-celebrity events are the hardcore Bond fans. The others, sensibly, are out by the two-tiered pool, although they turn up for the Topping-meets-celebrity interviews in huge numbers. Like a smooth-throated, resonant Orson Welles, his voice conveys an impression of authority which his words constantly seek to undermine. He can be relied upon to pause in exactly the wrong place. A question and answer session is exactly that. Topping asks a question, the celebrity answers it. He pauses, then moves directly onto the next, unrelated question.

At one point, he preambles an interview with *Dr No* bond girl Ursula Andress with the observation that her character, Honey Ryder, had been "sexually aggressive". Somebody, flirting with the concept of feminist positivism and the role of the Bond girl in a modern cultural context, had obviously written Don's cue cards. A cruel practical joke perhaps. "I was what?!" screams Andress. "Rubbish!" Don pauses. And then, "So, were you expecting the fame which came from being in *Dr No*?"

AS THE HELICOPTER LANDED AT THE END OF THE jetty, having self-consciously circled the hotel a couple of times, and Andress emerged, the organisers must have exhaled mightily. Here was a star with star attitude. George Lazenby had already arrived but, brief photo-call aside, conducted while he wore a white tux and an unorthodox pair of shorts, had confined himself to his luxuriously appointed suite. Richard Kiel, meanwhile, had miraculously made himself inconspicuous although, once encountered, needed no prompting to spout forth on his born-again Christian convictions.

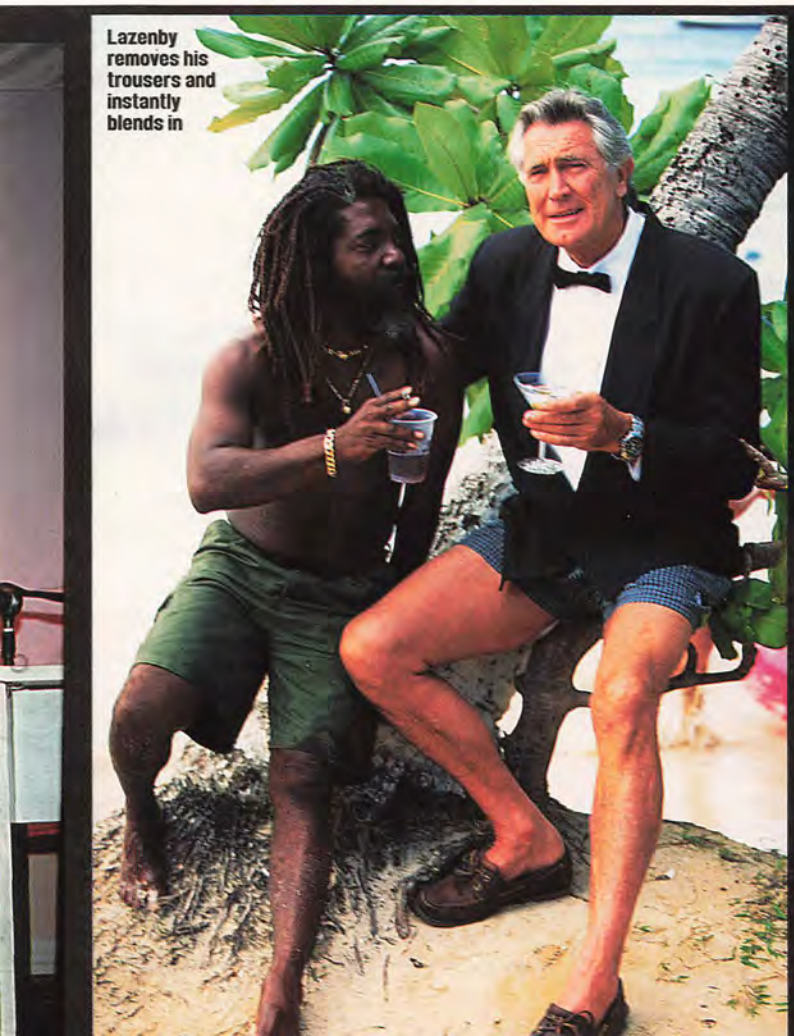
So, Scaramanga and Q have failed to show, Miss Moneypenny has brought her grandchildren with her, Bond has gone to bed in his 14th floor suite and the only villain in the house is espousing world peace and talking about being nice to flowers. Alright, the two Bond girls present (Maud Adams from *Octopussy* has also put in an appearance) might be old enough to remember the assassination of President Kennedy, and in fact one of them is old enough to have pulled the trigger, but the arrival of Sharon Stone could not have created more genuine photographer adrenaline than the exquisitely executed entrance of Ursula Andress. Something, at last, has gone according to plan. She sashays up and down the jetty like she owns it, which, for now, she does.

Grace Jones, Mayday in *A View To A Kill*, is to be the final celebrity to check in, but her arrival has been choreographed by the organisers to steal the show at the Villains' Beach Party on the penultimate night.

This event has been billed as "A magical evening à la *Live And Let Die*". It is nothing of the sort, although I have no hesitation in declaring it one of the most memorable nights I have ever spent in a professional capacity.

Scent and smoke and sweat might well hit the taste buds with an acid thwack at three o'clock in the morning, but that is nothing like the belt of dodgy drugs bought from a teenage yardie ✈

ough to remember the assassination
old enough to have pulled the trigger



Lazenby removes his trousers and instantly blends in

Actually, loaded sent a dwarf along for a laugh

Ursula still goes for a big chopper

"My wife's gone to a Bond convention"
"Jamaica?"
"No, she's just quite sad"

"Burn her! She looks like a fish!"

Grace under pressure from Ursula's cleavage

loaded man gives Miss Moneypenny the coldfinger

The only villain present is espousing world peace and talking about being nice to flowers

on James Bond Beach. At that location is a square bar, a stage which looks as though a couple of Japanese PoWs might have knocked it up while they were waiting to get on bridge-building detail, and a PA system less effective than two cans and a piece of string during a transatlantic conference call.

Nobody seems to know what to expect. The itinerary promised "live music, drumming and dance troupes". All that seems to be happening is that a number of clueless white convention-goers are drinking Red Stripe in a sea of clueless Jamaican revellers. Inexplicably, a laser is spelling out 0-0-0 in the cloudless sky (it could be 0-0-7 misspelt but then it could be something else all together). Then the Bond theme tune starts up, obviously a prelude to something. A tube of spotlights arc into life. People rush towards the shoreline. The Bond theme comes to an end and then starts again. Three times. I am stood on one of those integral two-seat picnic benches so common in corporation parks and, not only that, I am dancing with a couple of large Jamaican women from the St John Ambulance. And I thought they only got to cover football matches. The Bond theme starts again and everybody seems to be looking at the jetty at the end of the beach. A helicopter buzzes the crowd. A quarter of an hour later most of us are still looking at the jetty, although some on-lookers have lost interest and begun drifting back to the bar.

As the Bond theme is halfway through, a speedboat cuts through the surf. A graceful black woman climbs out and runs down the jetty whilst, with remarkable consistency, the spotlight avoids framing her. This will be Grace Jones, then. It is. Later, it transpires that her vessel had been caught in lobster pots (that's the official version at least. Christ only knows what was going on if they're prepared to concede that). Grace Jones is, despite years of recording inactivity, a bona fide star. This could be something of a coup for the convention. She might not have made the most spectacular entrance, but at least she is here and as full-on as you would expect.

The laser is still 0-0-0 but the backdrop on the stage is 0-0-7. Grace begins to perform. For some reason, which I must confess I miss because I am trying to lose a man with braided hair who has begun talking to me, the audience start shouting names at Ms Jones. I work my way to the front. She is looking about 2ft to my left and I find myself utterly compelled to yell "Russell Harty" at the top of my voice. This does not go down well with Grace.

In all fairness, she's not having a great day. At least an hour late for a spectacular entrance, probably unable to retire on the appearance money, aware she is party to a fiasco that makes Watergate look like an exercise in successful political subterfuge, she now has to endure a smart-arse in a crowd of people on a beach in Jamaica who can remember when she attacked a chat show host on BBC2 16 years ago. It's all too much. She shrugs. "Shit happens." It certainly does.

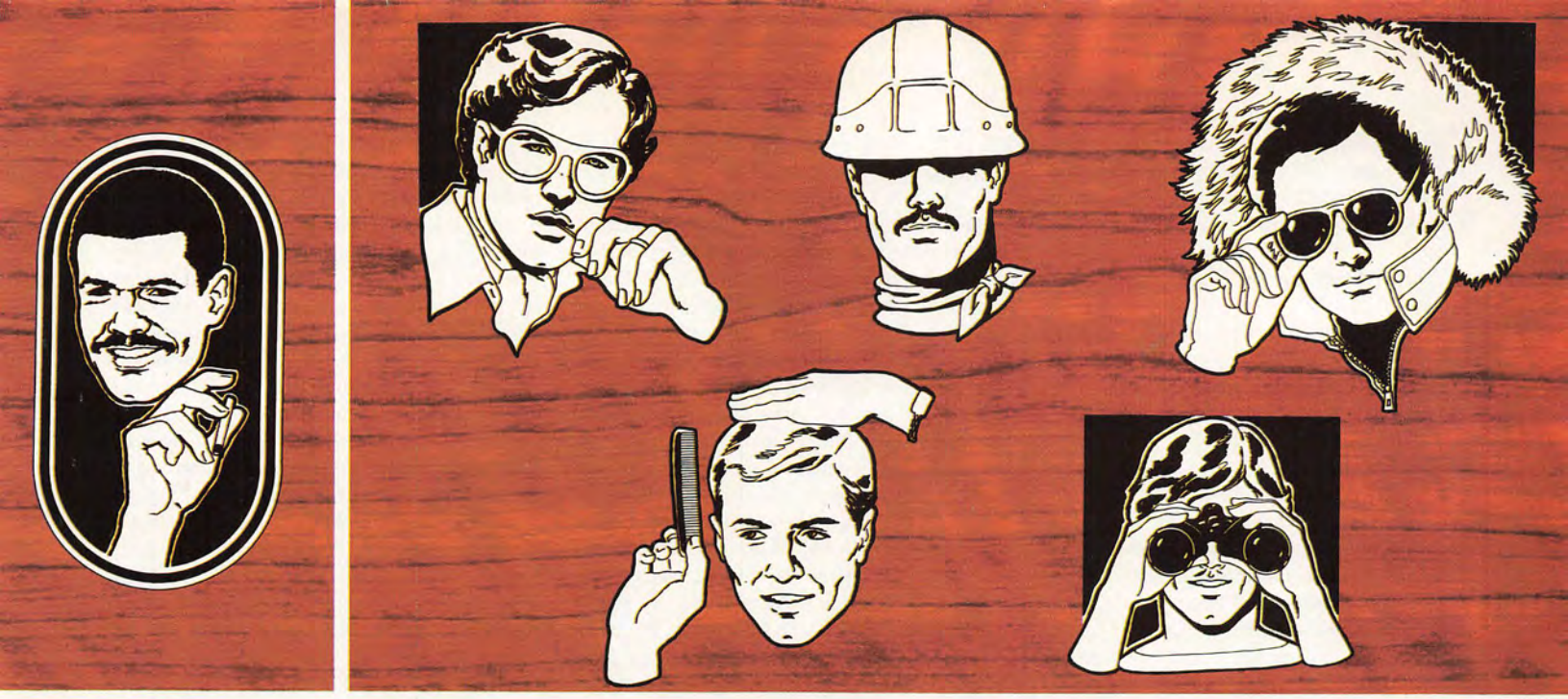
Richard Kiel then appears on stage and makes a heart-felt and almost surreal plea for understanding of those with HIV. Which makes everyone instantly alarmed. And that is supposed to be the climax. Revellers with particularly keen ears later claimed to have heard the late Cubby Broccoli, producer of all 17 Bond films to date, spinning in his grave.

On the way back to the Jamaica Grande and the in-house Jamaican Me Crazy night-club, ✈

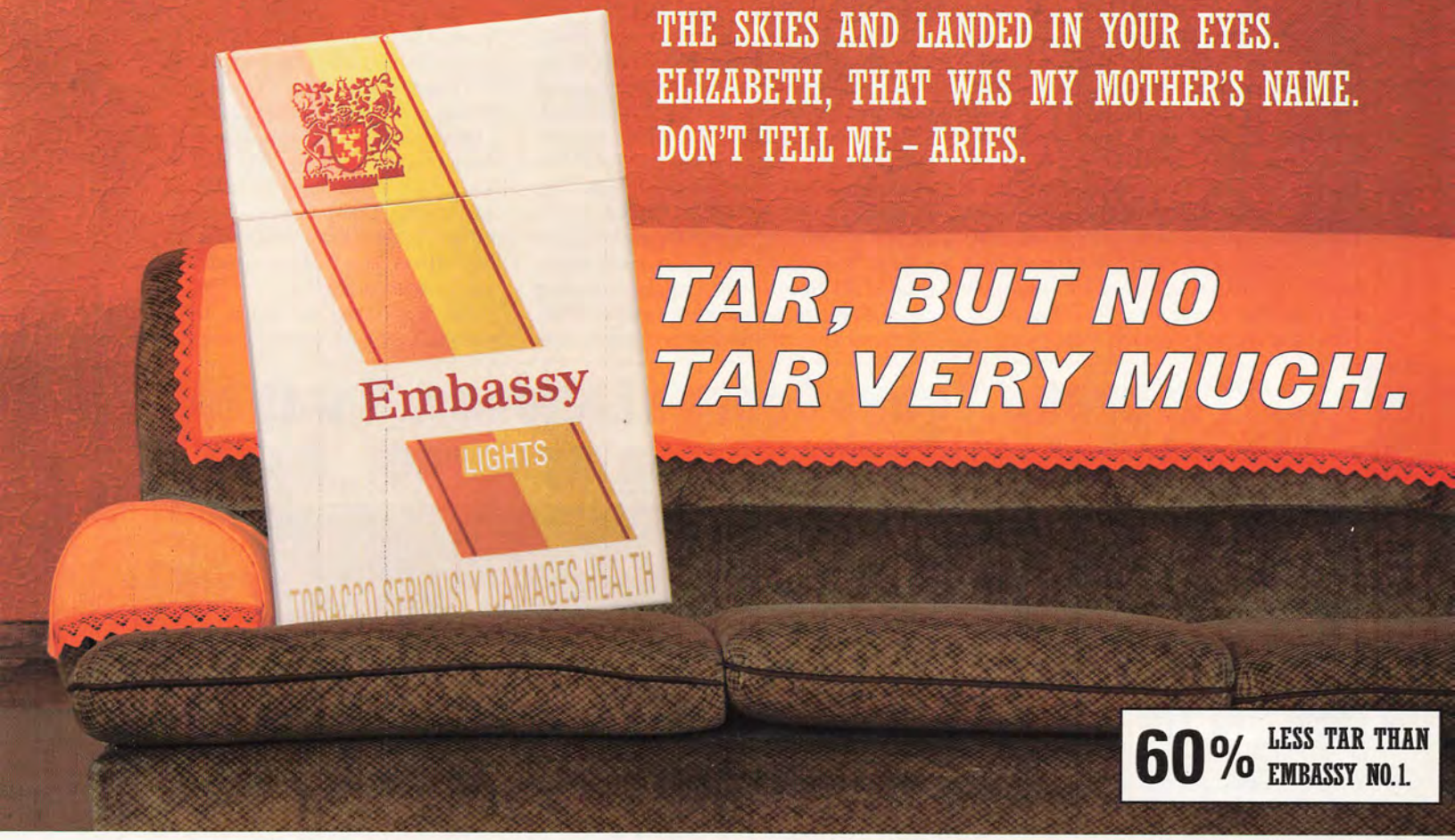
THIS NEVER HAPPENED TO THE OTHER FELLA

George Lazenby made £22,000 for *On Her Majesty's Secret Service* but fell out with his leading lady, Diana Rigg (who he later accused of eating garlic before an important love scene), and then set about destroying his relationship with producers Cubby Broccoli and Harry Saltzman. In that film at least, he was no great shakes as an actor. The delivery is wooden. If you draw a line across his face, you can see that the bottom half expresses no emotion. The accent change from Australian to public school English robs him of all inflexion, and the dubbing is awful. Words are spoken without the reciprocal lip-movement.

Nevertheless, from the moment he rescues Diana Rigg on the beach and then vanquishes two mystery assailants before picking up her slippers, from the moment he looks to the camera and says, "This never happened to the other fella" (post-modern irony in 1969), he qualified as Bond.



THE STARS MUST HAVE FALLEN OUT OF
THE SKIES AND LANDED IN YOUR EYES.
ELIZABETH, THAT WAS MY MOTHER'S NAME.
DON'T TELL ME – ARIES.



TAR, BUT NO TAR VERY MUCH.

60% LESS TAR THAN EMBASSY NO.1.

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Chief Medical Officers' Warning
5mg Tar 0.5mg Nicotine

I sit behind two Chicagoans. By this stage even base tolerance levels have been eroded. "Are you related to Jeffrey Dahmer?" I ask one of them, with minimal provocation. He huffs.

"No!"

"What did that guy say?" asks the guy next to him.

"He asked me if I was related to Jeffrey Dahmer."

"Who's that?" asks his friend.

"One of the Bond villains, I think."

"AND YOU ARE?"

"Judy Spiers, BBC Radio Two… I would just like to ask Ursula…" The inquest. A couple of press conferences attended by all the main protagonists. The tourist board are there, some of the sponsors, the PRs, a few celebrities and Raymond Benson (the writer commissioned to pen the next Bond novel, a nervous little man with a tall, willowy young woman in tow.) Don Topping is in the audience, a demeaning relegation for a man of his stature. Unusually, he has no questions.

Ursula Andress is happy to talk about 'Cha-Maica'. Miss Moneypenny – actress Lois Maxwell, an absolute star – reckons that *On Her Majesty's Secret Service* is her favourite film: "For me, it was the only Bond film which could actually stand on its own without the Bond character in it. It was just a great film." She also reveals that she actually had a secret love-child with Bond. The Jamaican tourist official announces, for no reason in particular, that he calls his wife 'Pussy', and Benson tells the five or six (maybe even seven) interested parties that the new Bond thriller is called *Zero Minus Ten* and will be set in Hong Kong on the eve of the transition from British to Chinese rule.

A journalist suggests that the celebrity interviews might have been conducted with a degree more professionalism, and Topping spins round like he is ready to extract the upstart's teeth with pliers. And this is all before the *You Only Live Twice* Reception, Dinner And Charity Ball. The press, whilst enjoying the hospitality of their hosts, are glorying in the slaughter of an event which has been a case study in how not to organize one. More than just discreetly criticising the neighbours' curtains at a dinner party, it is more like questioning the choice of coffin at a family funeral. And all the more satisfying for it. And then George Lazenby, impossibly handsome and relaxed, takes to the stage to present the successful bidders in the memorabilia auction with their prizes. He starts reading a script obviously prepared by Don Topping's people but rips it up mid-sentence with a cursory, "I can't read this shit."

A cynic might say he was a bitter man; a cynic would be wrong. As he hands out memorabilia to people who have submitted sealed bids, he suffers the indignity of shaking the hands of a bidder who has paid less for his signed photograph than the previous recipient paid for a signed picture of Richard Kiel. Lazenby could not give a shit. This is, after all, the man who was so determined to follow his own agenda that he turned up for post-film promotional work for *On Her Majesty's Secret Service* in the United States with an earring and a beard. The situation in the Jamaica Grande Presidential Suite is that Lazenby is holding court, all perma-tan and smart casual clothes. Surrounded by celebrity managers (people with no personality who are paid to laugh too loud at celebrity jokes), he seems relaxed but would probably be somewhere else if he was not broke. He is open about that. "I'm broke," he says, "but you know it's a funny thing, whenever I need money it turns up. If I think about it then it doesn't but if I don't it just turns up." This is not what most bank managers would recognize as sensible financial planning.

"I was told that taking Bond would ruin my career, and it did. The thing is I only did one because I didn't want to be typecast." Backstage, **loaded** rush Jamaican security who are as stringent as you might expect ("Just go through mon, no problem"). Lazenby's handshake is firm. He asks, "Where you guys from?" We tell him. "Hey, my old man was from Leicester," he smiles, any trace of an Australian accent lost and replaced by the Esperanto LA accent which is de rigueur in the film industry.

We ask him if he wants to go for a drink. "I got a girl with me," he apologises. "I'd love to go drinking with you boys but she is a new one and you know how it is." Sean Connery, Roger Moore, Timothy Dalton, Pierce Brosnan… will the real James Bond please step forward? As Don Topping might put it, "Laaayddeeezzz an' gennnlemen, Geeooooorrrrge Lazenbyyyyyy."

The woman from *The Observer* stole my line about Lazenby being the Pete Best of James Bonds, but I'm stealing it back. He is also the closest thing Cubby Broccoli ever got to the real 007. In the midst of all this, the self-styled Bond afficionados fail to recognize the genuine essence of James Bond.

That is probably, and this is really saying something, the biggest mistake they made. ■

"I'm broke," says George Lazenby. "I was told that taking Bond would ruin my career. It did"

Auditions for the next Bond were in full swing

Bond swaps: "There's a Q for Pussy!"

Careful missus, he'll have your rings

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Only Football

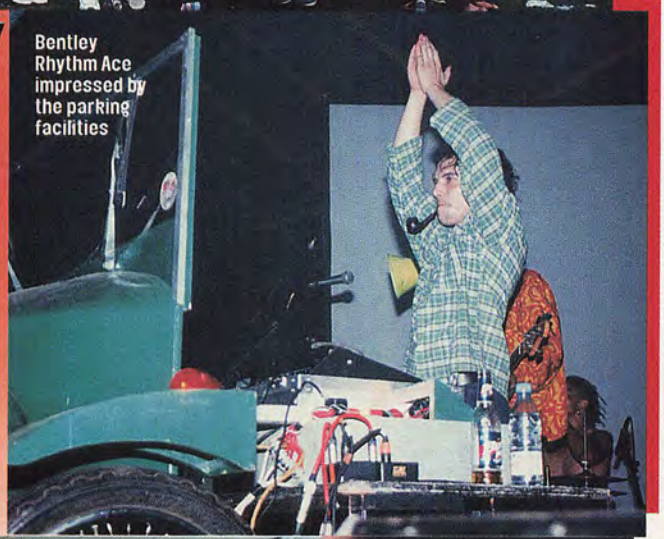
Look, I can whistle 'Common People' on this

Don't reckon much to the fountain

loaded promotion

HAZY SUNDAY AFTERNOON

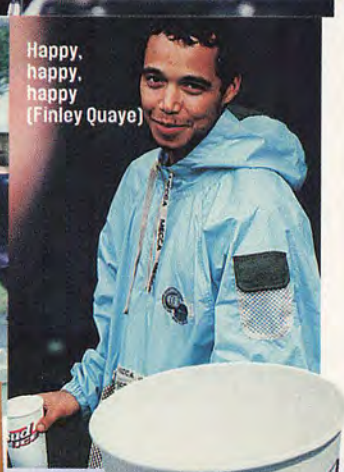
Can't remember much about London's Essential Festival? Nor can these people



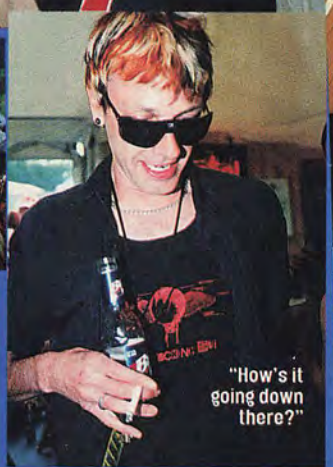
Bentley Rhythm Ace impressed by the parking facilities

"I've got an extra bottle in here for emergencies" (Fluke)

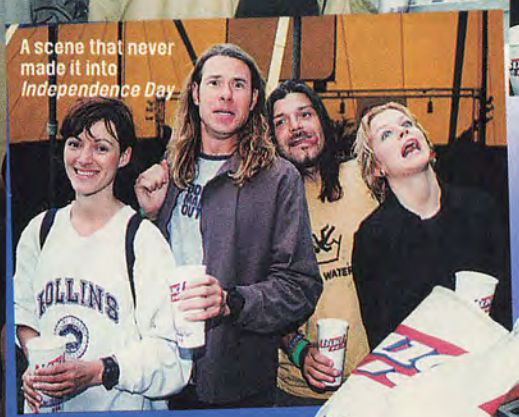
"Two more over here, ta" (Jungle Bros)



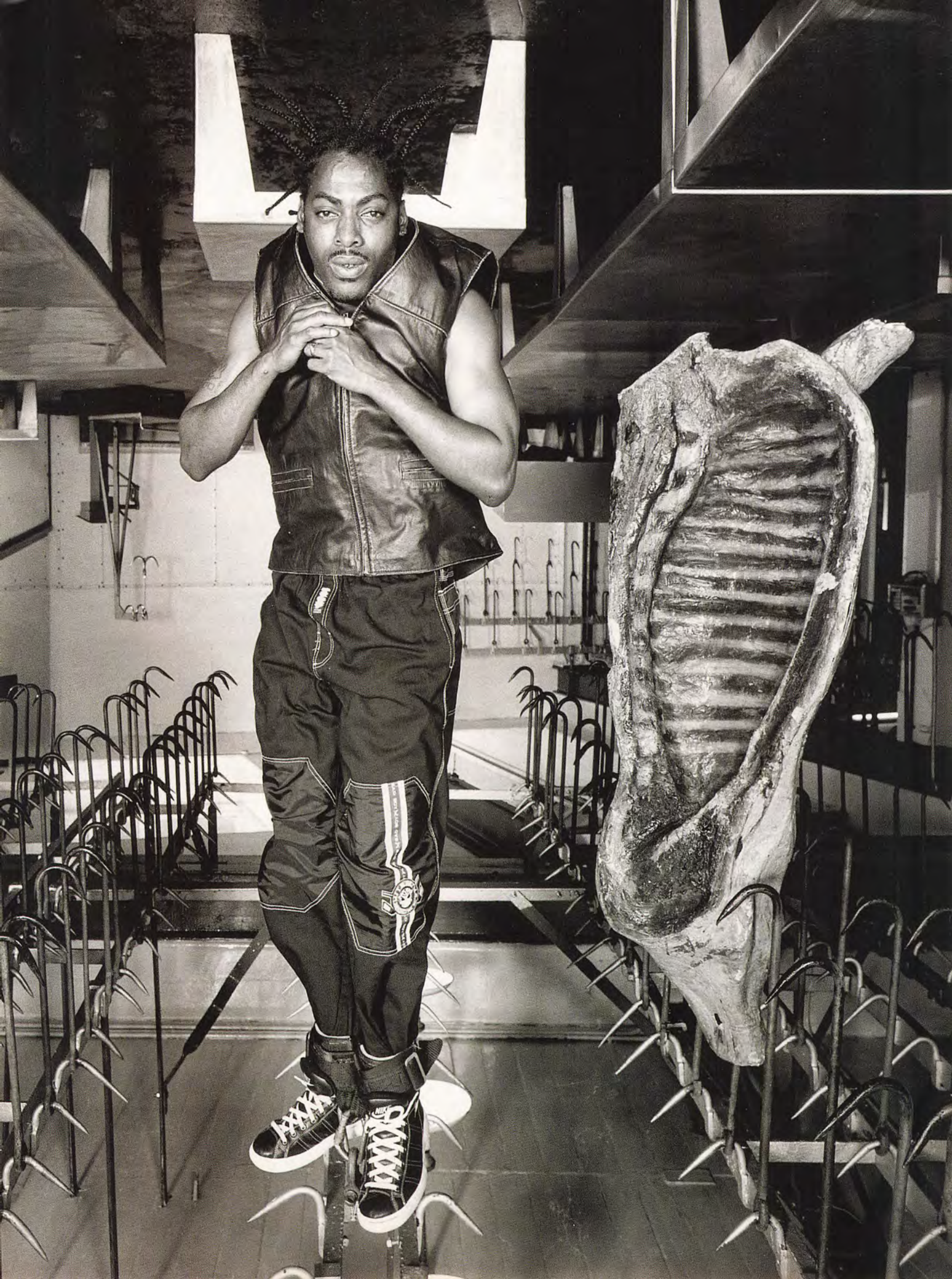
Happy, happy, happy (Finley Quaye)



"How's it going down there?"



A scene that never made it into *Independence Day*



hangin' with the homies

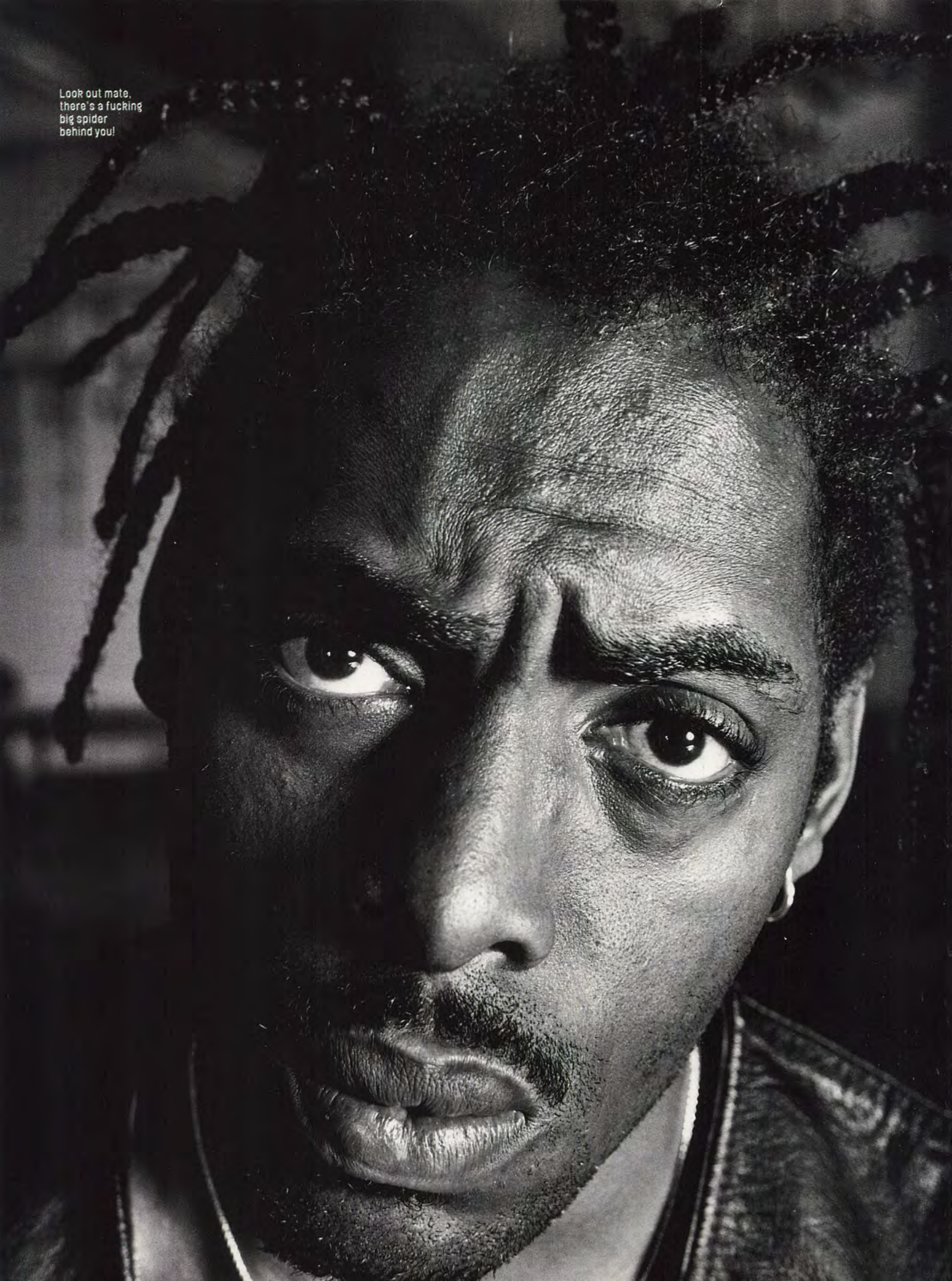
"We bought your records, even when you was out of order!" Coolio gets strung up, strung out and interrogated by the loaded mob

story by JOHN PERRY photos MICHAEL BIRT

THE FIRST THING YOU NOTICE IS THE OVERPOWERING stench of death. The second is the way you leave little pink footprints of blood as you walk. Smithfield Meat Market is no place for a picnic. Especially if you're a cow. And certainly, cucumber sandwiches, cherryade and 'things on sticks' are the last thing on Coolio's mind. The LA gangsta rapper, ex-con, ex-crack addict and millionaire hairdressing magnate is strangely preoccupied about being hung upside down from a meat hook.

"Upside-down, huh?" he growls, eyeing the hunks of bloody beef dangling from the roof. "Why *upside down*? You sayin' a nigga be like a piece of MEAT?"

Heavens no, I assure him. It's a homage to the classic British gangster flick *The Long Good Friday*. And, as long as his brain doesn't haemorrhage from the pressure of swinging from his ankles, he'll look *great*. At the very least, I quip, digging him boisterously in his ribs, he'll leave a great-looking corpse. Coolio doesn't even crack a smile. Miserable bugger. ✈


Look out mate, there's a fucking big spider behind you!

"I'm not scared of anyone. God is my bodyguard. You can't kick God's ass"

Perhaps gangster films are a little too close to home for Coolio. Coming straight outta Compton, LA's gang-bangin' drive-by heartland, Coolio misspent his youth starring in a real-life gang movie complete with clichéed scenes inside prison and long vivid sequences sucking on a crack-pipe. But that was then. Now, in his mid-30s, Coolio smokes nothing stronger than Silk Cut, he's the father of seven children (by four different mothers, naturally), he owns a hairdressing salon called 'Whoop-Dee-Doo', he's talking of opening a restaurant and has now become addicted to golf. Yes, that's *golf*. Oh, and he's sold 17 million records, including the worldwide number one hit 'Gangsta's Paradise'. All those nights watching Jimmy Cagney seem to have paid off. In fact, the night before our meeting in a meat locker, Coolio watched *The Warriors*, the gang movie he samples on his third super-funky album, *My Soul*. Could the *Warriors* reference be nostalgia for the time when gangs were gangs?

"Nah, gangs back then were fake-assed!" he finally laughs. "Guys with baseball bats, that was bullshit, man! I tell you who the real gangsters are; the Mafia, man! Al Capone and them? They was doing drive-bys in the '30s! They had the big-assed machine-guns, hanging off the running-boards, gunning mo'fuckers down!"

In spite of the recent drive-by murder of Tupac Shakur, and the shooting of Biggie Smalls, Coolio still has no army of Giant Haystack-sized minders to protect him, none of the gun-totin' security that surrounds the likes of Snoop Doggy Dogg.

"That's 'cos I'm not scared of anyone," he barks. "See, God is my bodyguard. Who can defeat God? Nobody! You can't kick God's ass! I'm not worried, 'cos the only thing somebody can do to me is kill me. And I've lived, so I'm not afraid to die."

And, with the Big Guy on his side, Coolio remains unimpressed by the hoo-hah surrounding the East coast/West coast feud.

"Tupac and Biggie?" shrugs Coolio. "That was never really nothing serious; it was just a couple of people having problems with each other. I mean, if you take Tupac and Biggie as examples of some West coast/East coast feud, that's just like saying if I had a problem with you, then all of a sudden London and Compton got a beef. Y'know what I'm saying? That's *bullshit*."

AND COOLIO KNOWS WHAT HE'S TALKING ABOUT. When he was just starting out in rap, he conducted his own East/West feud with NY-based Tim Dog, the rapper who released a record sensitively titled 'Fuck Compton'. Coolio smirks at the memory.

"At that time, I was mad at the world, mad at any nigga who tried to diss me; I was acting like a gang-banger, man! I was like, anybody say anything to me, we gonna be hurtin' each other. I took that record personally. One time I went to a club and some DJ was playing 'Fuck Compton'. I went up to the DJ booth, I snatched the record off the turntable, broke it in half and said 'Don't be playing that shit around me'. Hahaha!"

Not satisfied with mere vinyl destruction, Coolio turned up at a Tim Dog show in a shirt that bore the legend 'Fuck Tim Dog', and after some argy-bargy in front of the stage, suggested to Tim Dog they settle this like men. Outside. In the car park. Gloves off. Curry sauce down the shirt.

"I'm outside in the parking lot and these five dudes roll up on me. Real big-ass dudes, man! Anyway, I had a knife. I had TWO knives. So, I pull my knives out and it's ON; I thought I was gonna have to stab somebody 'cos they were all bigger than me and I wasn't taking no ass-whippin'.

"It was like a cowboy film, man! All his boys rolled up, and all my homies. It was like a face-off, man! Tim Dog's six inches taller than me and outweighs me by 100lb. But he seen my knife and he's scared. So later, when he's on stage, he starts apologising to me and my homies." Coolio shakes his head. "Man, I was one crazy mo'fucker back then! "

Still, despite all this real-life carnage, Coolio's music, particularly on tracks like recent chart-topper 'CU When U Get There', is characteristically packed with positive, uplifting sounds. But under all the hand-waving party grooves there is an undercurrent of paranoia, especially on new song 'Knight Fall', where Coolio raps "Some nights I sleep/With a gun/By my bed".

"Ye-ah," he sighs, pulling at his twiglet plaits, "I get paranoid, sure, but lemme tell you – somebody IS out to get me, to get YOU, somebody IS out there. Where I live, man, it's *dangerous*; not only did Tupac and Biggie get killed, but they robbed Ice Cube's studio, tied everybody up, took everything they could carry; jewellery, money and guns. There ain't no escapin'. I said that on the album: 'A million dollars in the bank and you still can't escape'." Suddenly Coolio leaps to his feet and starts pacing, evidently overwhelmed with paranoia.

"Day-am!" he yells. "I'm gonna have to call home and tell them where the PISTOL at! I gotta tell my wife to bring the RIFLE to the office just in case. 'Cos I'm tellin' you! It's like that! I be *worried*! I mean, I don't carry a gun every day, but I carry a gun a lot of days. It's not that I want to shoot anybody, I just don't want nobody to shoot me! I want to be able to defend myself! If somebody has a gun and you don't have one, it ain't like you can be goin'... [*bounces on the balls of his feet, shadow-boxing*] 'WASSUP?' You know what I'm sayin'?" he laughs, "If you don't have a gun, you ain't got no protection. I'm gonna have to start packin' on the golf course, man!"

Erm, perhaps you should calm down a bit, mate. That's a good walk more than ruined.

"GOLF! I'm the MAY-AAN!" he squawks, undeterred. "I be kickin' your ass like you *stole* somethin'! I only started six months ago, but last week, I shot 48 on the front nine. If you shoot under 50 as a beginner, you're doin' good!" He smirks, "I saw that on the golf channel!"

So, like most of America and Britain, its 51st State, do you get all your information from shit American TV?

"I tell you, you can learn anything from TV, man, ANYTHING! That's why our kids are so violent. They show so much violence on television, they're programming the children to *be* violent. I know that for a fact. TV is the biggest, most well-paid babysitter in America."

Are you blaming *Sesame Street* for your ✈

Stevie Wonder stands in as 'fat sweaty bloke' on 'Gangsta's Paradise'

COOLIO'S GUIDE TO RAP

HOW TO IDENTIFY A RAPPER JUST BY THEIR SUBJECT MATTER

Wu-tang Clan
"Wu-Tang Clan, they talk about beatin' mo'fuckers up, dope and violence and destroying MC's with their dope-assed rhymes."

LL Cool J
"LL talks about love all the time, man. Tha nigga used to walk with a panther! He's on some comedy show now. Really."

Mobb Deep
"Mobb Deep, they talk about killin', shootin', fightin', dope. They're *real* deep, y'know what I'm sayin'?"

Nas
"Nas, he talks about street science, the darkness of the streets, man. Sometimes it's positive, but most times just straight to the dome."

Ice Cube
"'Cube, straight gangsta rapper. He talks about beatin' mo' fuckers up, bitches, ho's and cocaine. You don't fuck wi' Cube."

crack addiction, your spell in jail and your gang membership?

"I was definitely influenced by the things I saw on television," he says. "When a child looks at the TV, what does he see? He sees that the good-lookin' guy with the nice car gets the beautiful woman with the great body. And what do they learn from that? If you don't look a certain way, then you can never have any of these things. And if you're some fat dumpy guy about 5ft 4in and 200lb, then you fucked UP, man!"

So, presumably, people turn to crime to get these beautiful things?

"Hell, YEAH!" he yells, thumping the table. "And rappers don't help, either. That's why you'll never see me in a video with a bunch of gold jewellery, rollin' in a Benz and shit, 'cos I honestly don't believe people want to see you flauntin' shit they don't got. TV programmes make people jealous of each other, and want things they know they can't have. And TV makes people want things *easy*."

Without warning, Coolio has turned into my dad and the interview spirals into a hip-hop version of *The Cosby Show*.

"Even my own kids, they lazy as hell!" he shouts. "They fuckin' LAZY, man! I gotta get on 'em to pick up shit in their rooms. I'm like: 'Pick up that shit, man! This is a HOUSE! It's not a trash skip! Pick that

"I get paranoid, sure, but lemme tell you – somebody

SHIT UP!' My older son, man, he's eight, he don't wanna listen for shit 'cos he thinks his Daddy is a rich man and he don't have to do nothin'! One day, I'd just got off the plane and he says to me, 'What happens if the plane crashes?' I said, 'Well son, I'll probably be dead.' He said: 'If you was dead, I'll get all your money, won't I?' THAT'S TELEVISION, MAN! I know! My kids are always telling me about something they saw on TV and it's always BULLSHIT!"

Eyes popping out of his head, Coolio's deranged anti-TV rant gathers speed. "See, you're always more influenced by what you *see* than what you *hear*. Especially with hip-hop, 'cos most people don't understand

"I took out four of them loaded mo'fuckers"

what the hell we're sayin' anyway! I look at it like this; if you tell my kids some fucked-up bullshit, I'm gonna kick yo' ass! I might even want to kill you! I understand why people get upset by rappers, 'cos kids imitate these people they see on TV, man!"

So if you're so keen to set a good example, how do you feel about your kids finding out that you were a crack-addled gang-banger?

"They already know," he shrugs, evidently unconcerned. But they probably don't know what 'crackhead' means…

"They know. They seen crackheads before; they used to live in the ghetto. They see 'em walking past their school with their basketful of cans and shit. People don't give kids enough credit. They're incredible thinkers, they just don't have the same moral values we grew up with. Shee-it, man. When we wuz kids, we wanted to get a job! But there was no jobs, man! We wuz poor! For five years I lived in a house that was full of fuckin' mice, man! You'd be eatin' a bag of chips and shit, you'd set your chips on the floor and you'd hear… [*does impression of tiny rodent munching Quavers*]. I'm like, 'GET OUT OF MY CHIPS, MAN!' Fuckin' mice, man."

IS out to get me, to get YOU, somebody IS out there."

Coolio has a steady perspective on his mouse-ridden misery, however.

"Looking back, I thought my life was so bad, but at least I lived in a house. I been places where they ain't got shit. Here! IN ENGLAND! I seen some poor-assed people! I seen some [*pounds the table in emphasis*] POOR [*whack!*] ASSED [*crash!*] PEOPLE! And I'm talking about white people now, they livin' BAD! They wasn't on drugs or nothin', they was just poor."

But you evidently think drugs are a huge problem. You even dedicate a song to the topic on the new album entitled 'The Devil Is Dope'.

"Yeah, Dope IS the Devil. I hear a lot of young kids over here are doing heroin. That was trippin' me out, heroin is a '60s drug, man! Drugs basically turn you into a demon. If you are prepared to kill someone just for a high, then you are a demon. You have been possessed. But I think the lyrics I wrote on 'The Devil Is Dope' are the best I ever wrote. I could be a poet, man!" he laughs. "Hey, maybe that's what I'll do when I retire. Or maybe I'll run for office. Or be a preacher! 'Reverend Cool's Church Of Divine Truth'! I'll be the neighbourhood ghetto witchdoctor and cast a few spells. Eye of frog, leg of newt and shit."

Umm, I'm not sure I'd want to eat at your new restaurant if that's the sort of service you'd get.

"Whatchootalkinbout, man?" gasps Coolio, mock-offended. "When I come to England I can *never* find anything good to eat! Scones? Blood pudding? Shee-it, man! Fish and chips is cool, but you can only eat so much of that. Burger King? McDonald's? There's no tasty food in restaurants here. If I opened a restaurant over here, it'd be a big hit, 'cos I got some good-assed recipes."

So, what's the Coolio speciality?

"Enchiladas! *Cool*-adas. And home-made pizza! I ever go to Italy with my pizza, I'll put all them Italian pizza mo'fuckers out of business!"

And, brightened by the thought of food, Coolio finally agrees to be strung up like a dead-hard, upside-down, golf-playing, pistol-packing kebab. Coolio – he's a bit tasty. ◼

Coolio's new album, My Soul, *is out now on Tommy Boy. A single, 'Ooh La La', is out on 15 September. Coolio tours the UK in October.*

We don't care what you come in,

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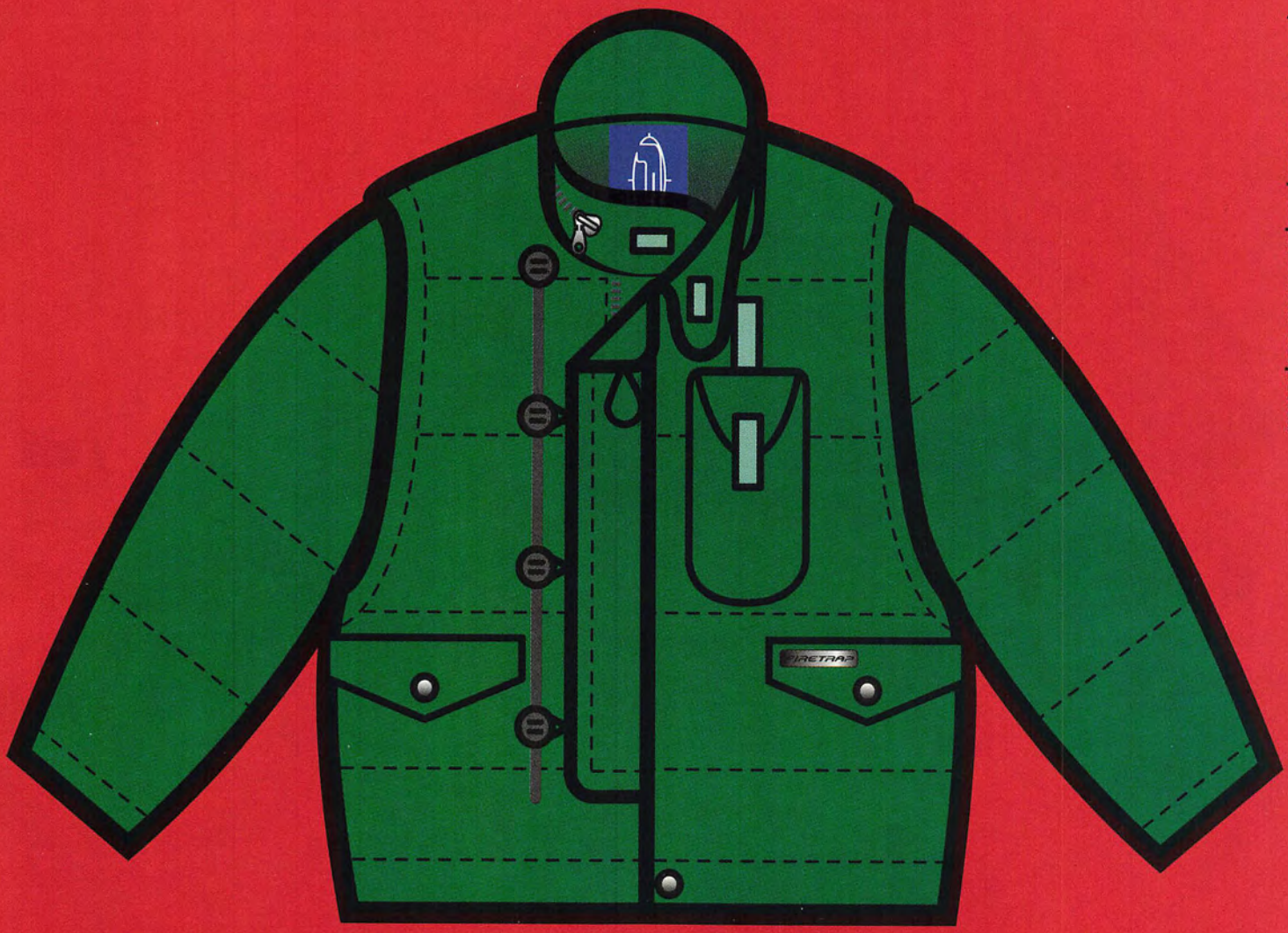

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ZIPPED FRONT POCKETS
STREAK FREE NYLON

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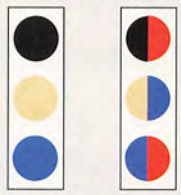
PLAIN TWO-TONE



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loaded fashion contents

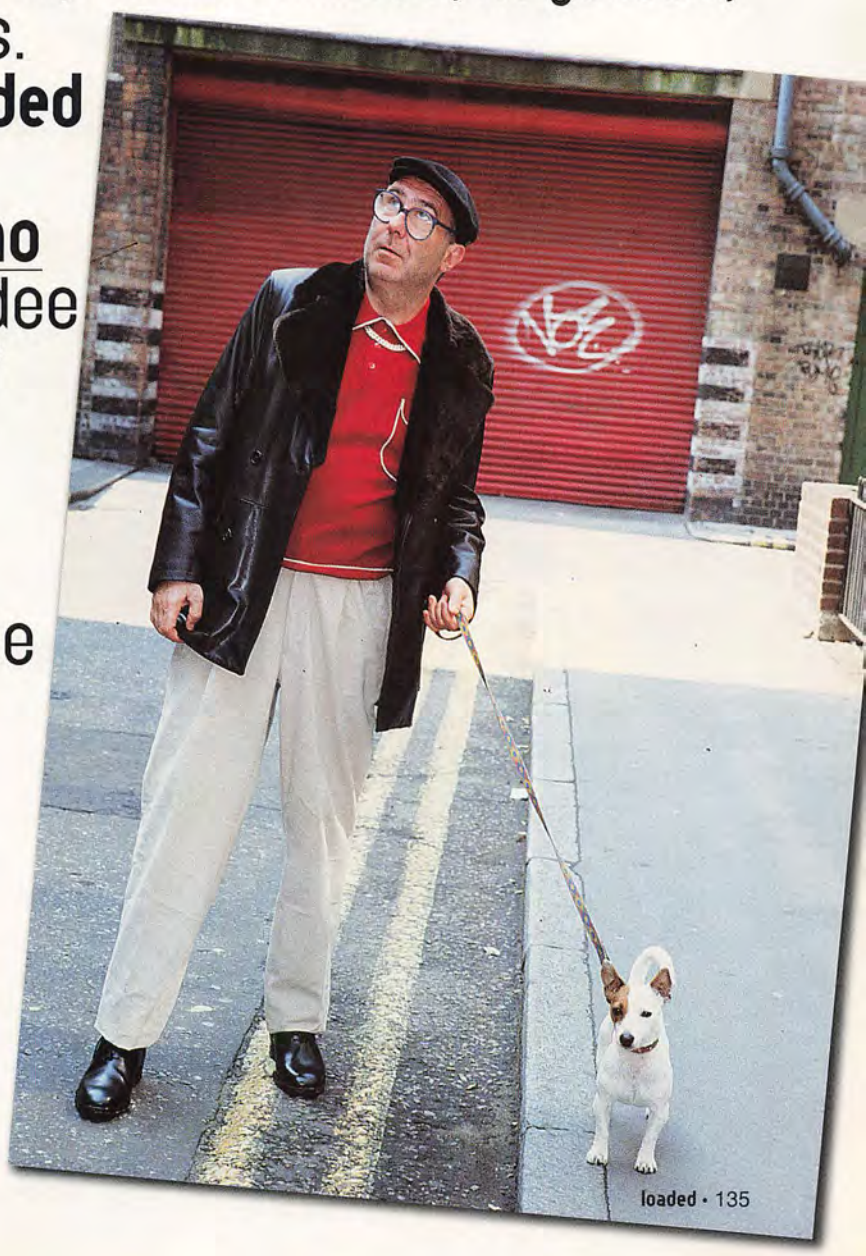
edited by BETH SUMMERS

p137-149 **Autumn shorts:** new season – new choices. **loaded** gets its tips out. Featuring: the ginger fightback; three tailors under the spotlight, and what labels to wear: eddie bauer, vespa, burberry, aquascutum, phat farm, mooks; and the clobber: corduroy, trainers, winter whites, kagoules, fleeces, fur coats, hoods. Plus: introducing the **loaded** style sextant™

p154-159 **Yes, we have no bandanas:** Malcolm Hardee stars alongside some of the finest cucumbers you've ever seen

p160-164 **Designs for strife:** clothes that'll take the roughest toughest punishment you can mete out

p167 **stockists enquiries:** enabling you to actually purchase said items



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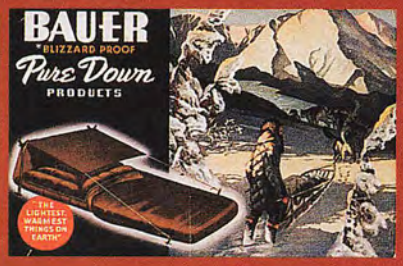
FASHION SHORTS

New season – new choices. Hi, Viceroy of Suave here, casting my monocled fashion eye over the fastest gear on offer this autumn. Hold tight!

COMPILED BY BETH SUMMERS
ASSISTED BY TOM STUBBS AND SARAH PEEL
MAIN PHOTOS BY DAVE BURTON

Eddie Bauer

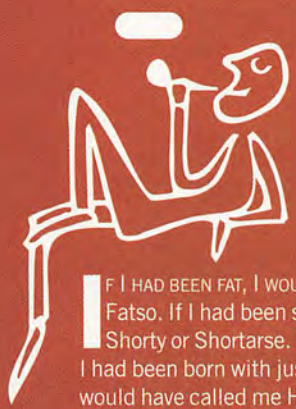
So. Eddie Bauer. Great guy. Met him once at a party. Crazy. Mad Eddie has been turning out high-quality specialist outdoor and performance based clobber and equipment since I, The Viceroy, wore his hat on my pirate radio show *Ready Steady Stop It* all the way back in the past. His autumn/winter collection freaks out on the sportswear side with simple, classic American-style casualwear – chinos, cargo pants, cords and moleskins as well as fishermen sweaters shirt/jackets, polo shirts and sweats. Wow!
The EB Tek label eplodes with rocking outerwear and activewear with all the benefits of lightweight waterproofs, fleece vests, polotech ski wear, and all with interlocking pieces. Oh yes! , you'll dig Ed's gear with gusto because of its long-term exterior durability-plus factor. Stop the car, I wanna get in!



Eddie Bauer Facts
The goose down jacket was patented by our man Eddie.
1937 Eddie secures US patents on the Bauer shuttlecock.
1947 After nearly freezing to death Eddie develops the famous Eddie Bauer blizzard-proof parka.
1957 Eddie develops the three- man sleeping bag!!
1977 Eddie is named Retriever Breeder of the year.
The first Eddie Bauer shop is opening in The Glades, Bromley, to be followed by three more in the Autumn. For stockists enquiries and mail order catalogue ring 0345 24 24 44.

Ginger

Ginger: 1997's most essential fashion accessory



IF I HAD BEEN FAT, I WOULD HAVE BEEN KNOWN AS Fatso. If I had been short I would have been Shorty or Shortarse. If, like my friend Andy, I had been born with just one testicle then they would have called me Half Chance, and if, like Steve I'd had a dick smaller than Andy's single bollock then I would have been known as No Chance. But I was Ginger. I was a gingernut, a ginner, a Duracell, a Robinson, a cake-head and a carrot top. But mostly I was just Ginger Wanker. Ginner, by the way, is almost an anagram of nigger. And that makes a funny kind of sense.

Gingers are the whitest of white people. If Hitler had ever established his Thousand Year Reich you can guarantee that even he would have found gingers too white to work with. The whole origin of anti-ginger prejudice or gingerism dates back to Julius Ceasar's conquest of Britain. Ceasar, whom Hitler considered to be his spiritual forebear, and all subsequent Roman governors shoved the mostly redheaded Celts northwards and westwards where, despite a decent transport infrastructure, they have mostly remained ever since. This literal marginalisation has been steadily followed through by spiritual marginalisation. A teacher once told me that I would never understand poetry because I had a ginger soul.

Being ginger at school meant one of three things. You could either be a ginger bully (all shapes and sizes can qualify) or a ginger fat kid (if you're sufficiently ginger, even being marginally overweight makes you a fatso) or a ginger nerd (a ginger bloke that's clever). The last of these is infinitely the worst. Being studious in a large comprehensive is bad enough, but to compound the sin with reckless gingerness riles people to distraction. Ginger nerds, of course, do get their revenge. They turn into Chris Evans or Cilla Black and become multimedia irritants. Being a ginger bully is the best. Since I never fitted into any one of these categories, I decided to become a ginger bully's ginger friend.

As gingerness is generally associated with a foul temper, ginger bully and I became more than the sum of our parts. We consolidated our entirely fictitious reputation for senseless violence with a bit of judicious vandalism. This worked fine until I hit puberty and grew ginger pubes. Overnight I went from being Duracell to Daffodil Dick, which is much worse.

After that, I did everything to disguise my pigment. The problem is that ginger pigment is more resilient than any other. Ginger people don't simply have ginger hair and ginger pubes. After a few years under the sun they have freckled ginger skin. I know one bloke, Tom Stubbs, who actually has ginger lips and claims to have a ginger tongue. I have been told that other blokes have freckled ginger dicks, but this is to assume that a ginger dick would ever see the light of day.

Actually I was pretty lucky. Before I became an alcoholic my skin was a pleasant milky white (it's now a fairly unpleasant pig pink, and with my head shaved I look like a baked bean). All I had to do was dye my hair. This is not as easy as it sounds, because the ginger hair pigment is resistant to all but the most corrosive of dyes. Not that pain stopped me. I have been blonde and whatever you call someone with green hair. With this pretence I managed to circumvent most people's prejudices. However, I felt guilty, ashamed of my colouring and desperate to fit in. I began to think of myself as a Solero – orange on the outside, white on the inside. I was a kind of a ginger Uncle Tom, a Ginger Tom in fact.

A few years ago, just around the time *NYPD Blue*'s David Caruso was becoming the biggest star in America and Gillian Anderson was beginning to appear on the covers of style bibles, I began to realise that there were bigger problems than being ginger. I remembered Steve and his Lilliputian dick and thought that, while it was actually becoming hip to be ginger it would never be chic to have a small dick. Tough luck, Steve, I thought.

Of course, why ginger hair has now become fashionable is something still baffling social anthropologists. My preferred theory is that there is and always has been something cute and sexy and stylish about ginger hair. After all, it's closer to the colour gold than any blond could ever get and there have been plenty of gingers, like Michael Caine and Steve McQueen, who people would rather think of as blond simply because they like them too much to think of them as ginger.

The reality of ginger's new found chicness, though, probably has less to do with some suddenly recognised innate cool and more with the '90s cultural malaise known as postmodernism. This, after all, is the decade that has successfully revived and rehabilitated loon pants, platform shoes, Curly Wurlies and Cecil Parkinson. Maybe ginger cool is just the decade scraping the bottom of the millennial barrel. I'd like to think not; for the first time in my life I can say it loud. I'm orange and proud.

BEN MARSHALL

Some blokes have freckled ginger dicks, but this is to assume a ginger dick would ever see the light of day

GINGERS

Michael Caine
Eric Stoltz
Steve Collins
Bono
David Caruso
Gillian Anderson
Steve Davies
Neil Kinnock
Nicole Kidman
Shaggy out of *Scooby Doo*
Malcolm McLaren
Fergie
James Fox
Dave Stewart
Chris Evans
Baked Beans
Lucozade
Patsy Palmer
Nicholas Witchell
Martin McGuinness
Bonnie Langford
Mick Hucknall
Shredded Marmalade
Jesus

WINGERS

(Wannabe gingers)
Dennis Pennis
Denis Rodman
Cilla Black
Ginger Beer
Toyah Wilcox
Geri Halliwell – Ginger Spice
Rita Fairclough (Corrie)
Orange Men
Ginger Ale
Gingerbread men
Bowie

the loaded style sextant

For every force in one direction there is an equal force in exactly the opposite direction. That's basic physics. Can't dispute it. The Forward-Thrust is cancelled out by the Retro-Backlash . This applies as much to the world of style and fashion as it does to anything else. The minute something comes in through the front door it goes straight out through the back door. Like a stupid cat.
What we at loaded are interested in is the eye of the storm. The mad calm at the centre of the vortex – around which the shit of In and Out flows circular like filthy water round a plughole. The perpetual perennial: The stuff you just can't shift. No matter what.

We consulted the **loaded** Style Sextant. And it told us this...

IN	EYE OF THE STORM	OUT
plastic sunglasses	porno bins, tobacco tint	wraparounds
fleeces	lamb	beef
geek chic (obviously)	gardening gear (kneeling boards, gloves, etc)	snowboarding gear
brown suede pimp style (outside out cow)	leather (shiny *Donnie Brasco* - style jackets)	leather (sexy) (inside-out cow)
Dodi Fayed	Patrick Troughton (Dr Who No2, *Omen* priest kebab)	Neil Morrissey
plums	bananas	tomatoes
hoods	shit hair*	hats
football	football	football
clean shaving	'taches – *Magnum*, The Scousers	'taches (narks and grasses wear moustaches), and sideys, and extra bits of hair crap, that look like bits of food stuck on your face with hair coming out
instinct	sheer luck	opinions
Barnsley	St Ives	Clerkenwell/ Old Street
cocaine (stealing,blagging)	cocaine (dealing)	cocaine (buying)
Sonic Mook Experiment (Old Street)	Mr Peggoty's Nightclub (St Ives)	Blue Note (Clerkenwell)
beer	fags	skittles

***SHIT HAIR.** Fact of life for most people a lot of the time. Starts off alright, then turns to wire in the manner of a syrup. Got to work with the dry old stuff though, mate.

SEXTANT DEVISED BY TOM STUBBS

Vespa

Don't touch that style! Honk! Honk! Vespa clothing skids into the season with a dozen technical jackets (pinch me I'm dreaming), with the full spring launch featuring up to 90 separate items, though you'll be hard-pushed to find a pair of trousers. It's aimed primarily at the European sportswear/casual market (who isn't?) and has already been spotted on the backs of those Gallagher brothers, whoever they are. Enough said, youngsters. I'm in the sandpit of style, bring me the leather spade! Sayonara.

The bike shown here is the Piaggio Vespa ET4 (£2,560 on the road). For enquiries (clothes) Tel: 0171 354 8588. For enquiries about the bikes, Tel: 0800 20 30 10. Black hooded jacket £195

FASHION Q&A

Mark Powell Bespoke tailor

How would you describe your current collection?
Sort of *Get Carter* [*'70s movie*] meets Jason King [*the bloke out of TV series Department S*]

What inspires you?
Booze and charlie and birds.

Who's your favourite clothes horse?
Fred Astaire

Who would you refuse to design clothes for?
Ozwald Boateng

Who else's designs do you wear?
Duffers, 6876

What's the worst design mistake you've ever committed?
Alexander McQueen

What's the most expensive item you have in your wardrobe?
Difficult one!!

What's your favourite make of jeans?
Lee Rider

When was the last time you sewed a button on?
1972 – I remember it well because I stuck the needle in my dick and sewed the button on upside down.

Whose pants are you wearing?
Peter Wyngard, they smell gre-e-a-a-t!

Do you iron your own shirts/do your own laundry?
Leave it out!!! My mum wouldn't hear of it.

What's your favourite colour?
Jamaican Women/English Rose.

Can you tie a proper bow tie?
Of course I can – stupid question.

What's the best T-shirt slogan you've ever seen ?
Jaws/Pink Pussy circa 1974. The first original cap sleeve.

What football team do you support?
West Ham United

What do you think of British dress sense?
Uninspiring – leaning on labelism too much instead of creative.

What single piece of fashion advice would you give to them?
Try to have more individual style.

If our readers had to go and buy one item this season, what should it be?
A bespoke suit at Mark Powell & Co, 17 Newburgh St, open mon-sat 10-7, call 0171 287 5498 for an appointment or just call in for a consultation!!

What are your other skills – can you change a plug, roast a joint, use a computer, get by in France, understand algebra...?
My wife and girlfriend(s) do the lot

Tell us a joke...
My bank manager

And how did you come to be working in fashion by the way?
My destiny.

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KINGSTON · LEEDS · LEICESTER · LIVERPOOL · LUTON · MANCHESTER · MEADOWHALL · MILTON KEYNES · METRO CENTRE
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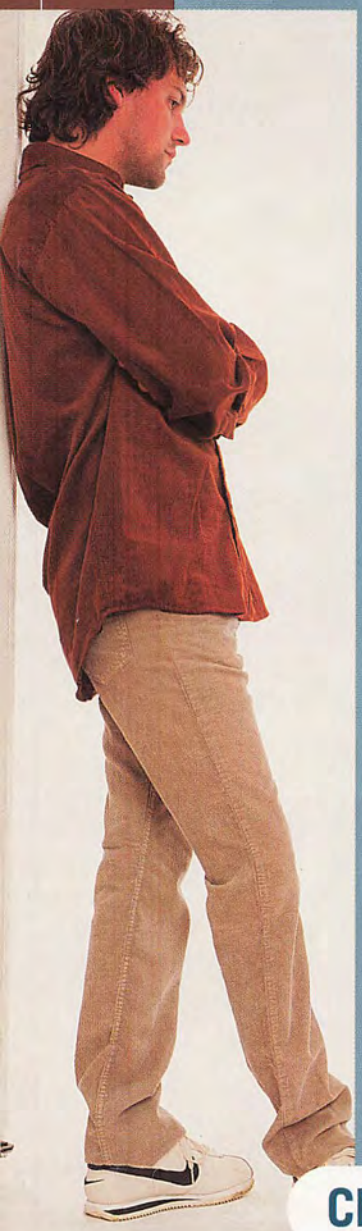
CIRO CITTERIO

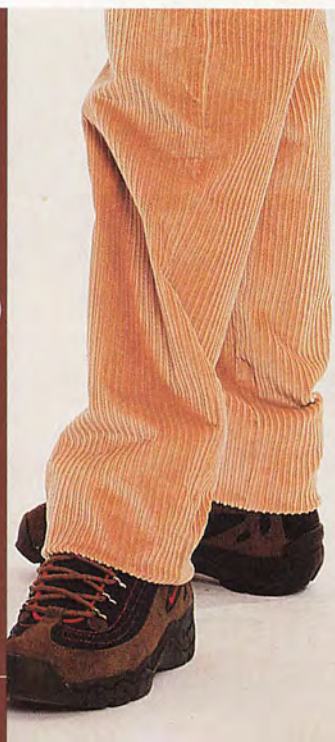
corduroy

If it's cord, it's in. Hark now to the sound of jackets, trousers, shoes, shirts and matching ties. Sounds good, doesn't it? Wait till you feel it. Sensational! Ribbed fabric magic ahoy! But why no corduroy pants? Jon, I'm hardly dancing



Christ ! Even Geography teachers get a look in this season!

left to right:
Rust needle cord button down shirt £96 by Lacoste, jeans £52 by Levi's and cream leather Nike Cortez £49.99.
Gold jumbo cord jeans £100 and jacket £140 both by Jasper Conran, and Nike Air 'Tumac' boot £59.99.
Purple three-button suit, jacket £295 and trousers £125 by Aquascutum, blue shirt £75 by Replay and black cord boots £75 by Red Or Dead.

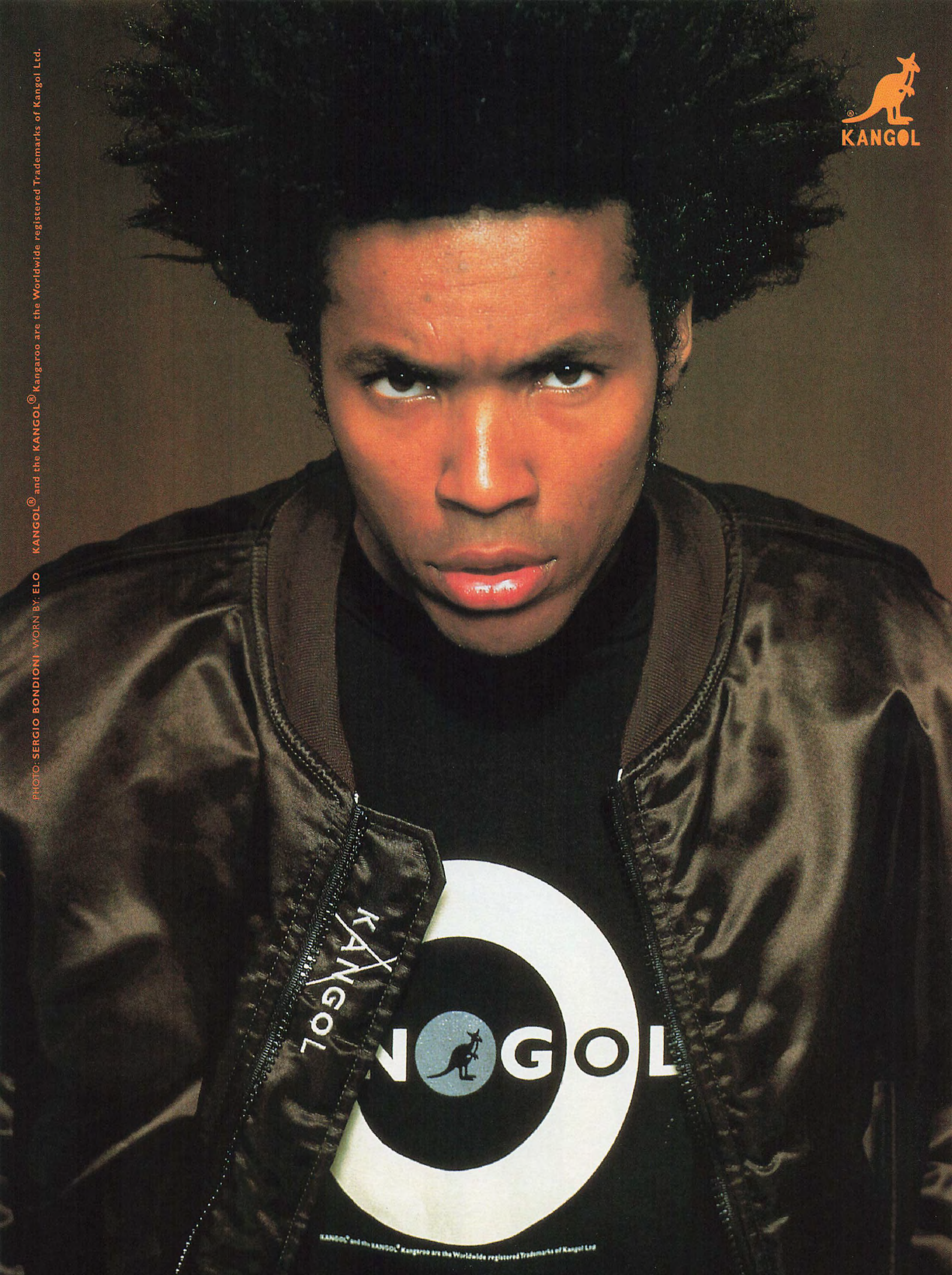


Beige single-breasted suit £195 by Jigsaw, black shirt with check collar £90 by YSL and black cord 'George' boot £75 by Red Or Dead.

Navy jumbo cord jacket £112 by Sharpeye, turquoise jeans £59.99 by Diesel and brown cord buckle shoe £75 by Red Or Dead.

Black frock coat £379 and black trousers £129 both by Hugo, striped shirt £90 by YSL, black 'S' belt £37 by Sally Gissling and boots model's own.

Green three-button jacket £169 by Guess, flower print shirt £100 and tie £40 by Jasper Conran, dark green trousers £165 by Ermenegildo Zegna, and George boots £55 by Next.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nice fit

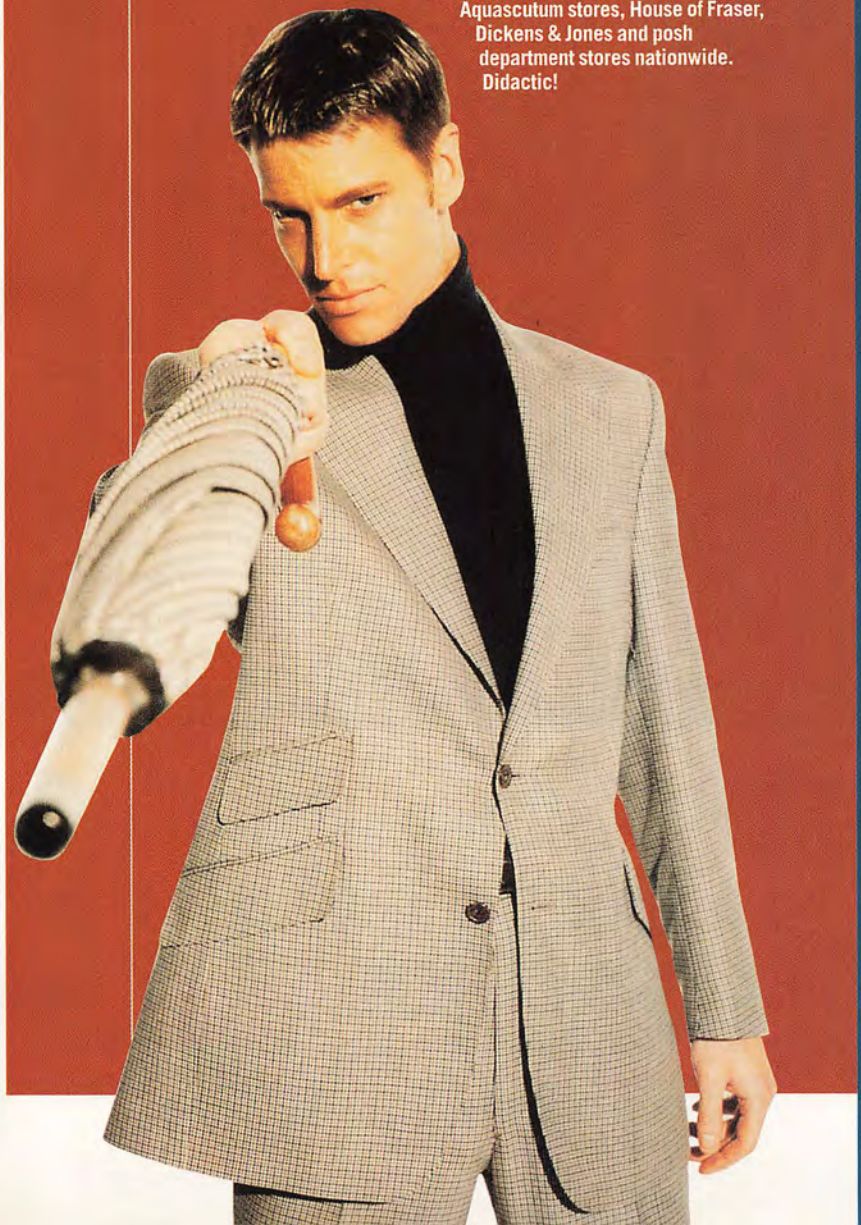
Attention! watch me now. Fresh this season is the Thomas Burberry Sports label. I sense a move away from their classic "worrying small animals" range sidestepping into a more urban casual style (aren't we all?) featuring fleeces, puffas, sweats and a selection of slicker jackets, complete with Union Jack-style Burberry logos. Patri-fab gear! I salute the attention to detail. Streamlined ultra cool. Yeah.

Jacket (pictured) £156. Stockists enquiries, Tel: 0171 734 5929.

Burberry

Aquascutum

This second classic English label has come up trumps with a reworking of clean and lean tailoring featuring narrow shoulders, high waists, slim legs, long vents and slanted pocket flaps. Fabrics? Oh yes! Imagine cavalry twill, corduroy, flannel, moleskin and thermostatic elf-cotton (my fave!). Aquascutum are also introducing a personal tailoring service in-store that can extend to your home or office. Prices start at £495 for a two-piece suit, including advice on styling. This service is available from Aquascutum stores, House of Fraser, Dickens & Jones and posh department stores nationwide. Didactic!



Top to bottom) Grey/green kagoul with velcro fastening £80 by Felix Blow. Dark green waxed kagoul £295 by Katharine Hamnett. Navy blue kagoul with silver lining and white detailing £125 by DKNY. White kagoul with black stripes and fleece lining £295 by Trussardi Sport. Black kagoul with bright orange lining £120 by Kangol.

Kagoules

You can't move this season for Kagoules, and that's gotta be good news for everyone, except Mr Rain. Sense the justice!

hoods

Hold it, style news extra coming through the telex. What does it say? Hush, I'll tell all (particularly after some wine!). Hoods are back, literally. Check this: Green fleece-lined parka with fur hood trim £200 by Diesel. Is it Christmas? I'd better check. Hold tight!

FASHION Q&A

Ozwald Boateng Bespoke tailor

How would you describe your current collection?
The collection is based on the concept of bespoke couture, which has slowly become a stronger theme in my work. There are three levels of bespoke: the first is fully-handmade, the second is the semi-bespoke and the last is ready to wear. I try to incorporate them all in my collection.

What inspires you?
My biggest inspiration has to be film, and the two films that have inspired me the most are *The Thomas Crown Affair* and *The Italian Job*. People with great character also inspire me.

Who's your favourite clothes horse?
James Bond.

Who would you refuse to design clothes for?
No one.

Who else's designs do you wear?
I wear Kirk Original and Cutler & Gross glasses as well as Bertulli shoes.

What's the worst design crime you've ever committed?
Making a pair of lightweight trousers with pockets that turned out to be so see-through that you could see the pockets as well as the model's bottom.

What's the most expensive item you have in your wardrobe?
A pair of Bertulli shoes I bought for £2,000 and an Ozwald Boateng suit worth £2,500.

What are your favourite jeans?
Levi's.

When was the last time you sewed a button on?
I can't remember.

Whose pants are you wearing?
Calvin Klein or Georgio Armani.

Do you iron your own shirts/do your own laundry?
No.

What's your favourite colour?
Purple.

Can you tie a proper bow tie?
Well, I know the theory behind it.

What's the best T-shirt slogan you've ever seen?
It was a design by Joe Casely Hayford, but I can't actually remember the slogan!

Which football team do you support?
Manchester United.

What do you think of British dress sense?
I think the British are very creative in the way that they dress.

What single piece of fashion advice would you give to them?
Go back to your traditional roots.

If our readers had to go and buy one item this sesaon, what should it be?
A suit.

What are your other skills – can you change a plug, roast a joint, use a computer, get by in France, understand algebra...?
I can get around quite well on a computer and I have a good knowledge of film production.

Tell us a joke...
Why is the rabbit always the first one in bed? Because he only has two teeth to brush.

And how did you come to be working in fashion by the way?
A girlfriend introduced me to the world of fashion.

white

It's all white now and it was all white then! Everybody's all white this winter, and that's all white by me. Igneous!

Top to bottom:

Hooded parka with black quilted lining £180 by Carhartt

Biker style jacket with zip fastening £295 by Armand Basi

Hooded puffa style jacket £295 by Trussardi Sport

Hooded cape with fur collar £310 by Griffin

Coat with fur collar and zip fastening £360 by John Richmond

trainers

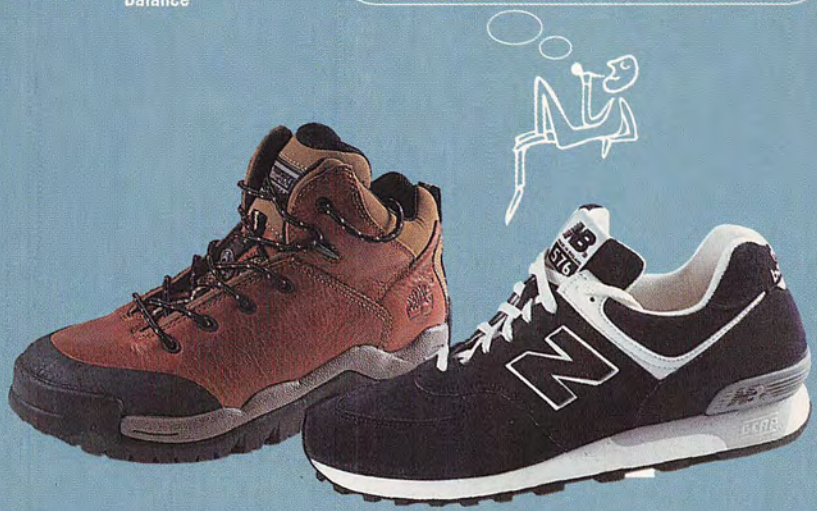
The boot's on the other foot now and that foot's shaped like a trainer! Here's some. Orkney on up!

Orange 'Hydrosports' £69.95 by Rockport

Black/purple DMX 2000 £110 by Reebok

Walking boot/trainer £80 by Timberland

Navy pig skin '576' £49.95 by New Balance



fur coats

who *are* these people? Nice

Left to right: Grey 'lunar surface' fake fur coat £750 by Max Johnston. Camel and cream fake fur coat with union jack emblem £625 by Fake. Grey fake fur double-breasted coat £455 by Catherine Byrne. Camouflage fake fur parka £610 by Paul Smith.

top
Orange and navy fleece with detachable hood £85 by Karrimor

Dark green fleece £130 by Helly Hansen

Navy and yellow fleece £85 by Duffer of St George

bottom
Mottled grey fleece £62.50 by Dexter Wong

Chunky purple fleece £85 by Mambo

Orange fleece £70 by Sonneti

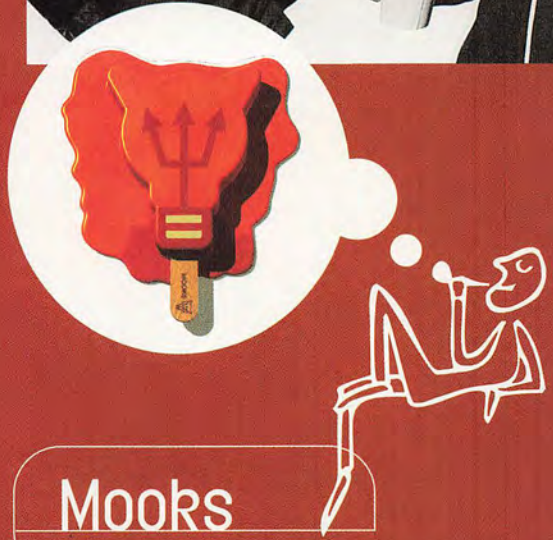
fleeces

These look a bit more like it

Phat Farm

Easy now. This US 'cult' clothing label is the baby of music impresario and Def Jam (no relation to Hartley's) person Russell Simmons who started it in '92, and has since been worn by the likes of Warren G and Michael Tyson. It's classic, that's a style fact. Now gimme functional urban-inspired streetgear with design roots in high-quality sportswear. And keep an eye out for their 'Bubble Jacket'; a puffa style jacket that turns into a bag! Whatever next?

(Stockists enquiries, Tel: 0171 409 3351)



Mooks

G'day! Oz-born outfit Mooks is the brainchild of skate cats Pete and Stevie Hill and – get this – graphic designer Richard "Mambo" Allan. Mooks dare to offer refined, cleanly styled, very wearable gear. And I like it. This winter the Mooks give us the basics – thanks guys – with colours you'll still be wearing next year. Stay with me – there's also Bond-inspired ski jackets, cargo pants, button-through polos (about time) and simple crewnecks. Ciao Chianti!

FASHION Q&A

Roger Saul founder of Mulberry

How would you describe your current collection?
For evening Mulberry draws its inspiration from the opulence of 1920s Russia. Rich velvets, herringbone tweeds, suede and leather.

What inspires you?
People roaming the streets, antiques fairs, art galleries, the theatre, an English tourist abroad.

Who else's designs do you wear?
Mulberry supplies all my RTW needs, formal wear, casualwear, outdoorwear and sportswear, so I don't need to turn anywhere else.

What's the worst design mistake ever committed?
Shell suits and stone cladding.

Thanks, I've got both.

WE SHAPE THE THINGS WE BUILD, THEREAFTER THEY SHAPE US.℠

Molly Hall, Student and Cara Jones, Waitress. Brooklyn, NYC.

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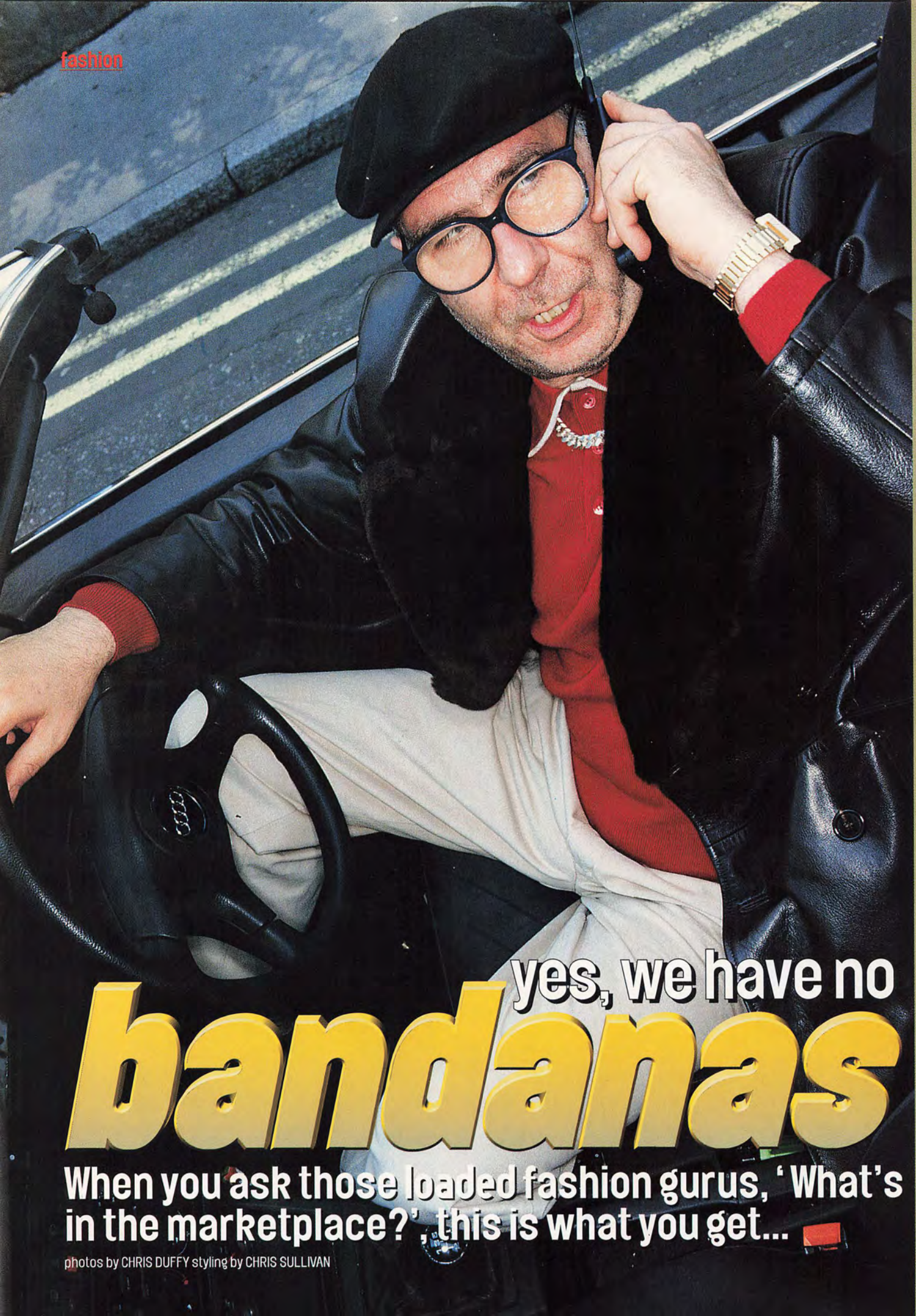
Steel Toe: Logger Boot. Style No: WC73333

CAT Footwear

CAT



yes, we have no bandanas

When you ask those loaded fashion gurus, 'What's in the marketplace?', this is what you get...

photos by CHRIS DUFFY styling by CHRIS SULLIVAN

(Opposite page) **Brown leather jacket with fur collar** to order by Jasper Conran **Red polo top with white edging** £100 by YSL **Beige chinos** £72.50 by Pringle **Black leather lace-up boots** £180 by Tim Little **Black flat cap** £21 by Kangol **Gold drivers watch** £350 by Bulova **Silver chain** £204 from Crazy Pig **Glasses** model's own

(This page) **Green waxed raincoat with hood and fleece lining** £399 by Mulberry **Classic check button-down shirt** from £65 by Burberry **Navy blue roll neck** £35 by Pringle **Wine corduroy trousers** £125 by Aquascutum **Black leather lace-up boots** £95 by Sam Walker **Black felt hat with feather** stylist's own **Jewellery** as before **Glasses** model's own

ASSISTED BY MATT GILL. MODEL: MALCOLM HARDY (CO-STARRING VERY SMALL DOG, EFFIE). FILMED ENTIRELY ON LOCATION AT TERRY'S FRUIT AND VEG STALL AT BERWICK STREET, W1.

CLASS

(Opposite page) **Dark sand sports jacket with classic lining** £325 by Burberry **Navy blue roll neck** £35 by Pringle **Blue, red and green double cashmere argyle v-neck sweater** £297.50 by Pringle **Navy blue moleskin trousers** £69 by Sam Walker **Black leather lace-up brogues** £185 by Tim Little **Watch** £270 by Bulova **silver chain** as before **Celtic cross & chain** £186 from Crazy Pig **Silver bracelet with T-bar clasp** £210 from Crazy Pig **Glasses** model's own ***(Girl)*** **Dark green double breasted coat with herringbone cloth pattern** £310 from Indivi by Atsuro Tayama **Black sunglasses with KHN silver logo** £142 by Katherine Hamnett

(This page) **Original '70s fake fur double-breasted brown jacket** £45 from Emporium **Black and red polo top** £71 by Helmut Lang **Beige Chinos** £40 from Dickies **Brown silk socks** £22.50 by Pantherella **Brown leather shoes** £89 by Sam Walker **Black flat cap** as before **Jewellery** as before **Glasses** model's own

(Opposite page) **Navy blue duffel coat with checkered lining** £625 by Mulberry **Blue polo top with brown and light blue line detail** £58 by Gabicci for Red or Dead **Light blue flat-fronted trousers** £45 by Farah **Black leather shoes with silver snaffle style detail** £125 by Jeffery West **Checkered hat** stylist's own **Jewellery** as before **Glasses** model's own

(This page) **Suede honey coloured single-breasted jacket with fur collar** £1,629 from Mulberry **Brown sea island cotton polo top** £58 by John Smedley **Black flat-fronted trousers** £45 by Farah **Black leather loafers with silver snaffle style detail** as before **Black flat cap** as before **Glasses** model's own

Red waxed cotton jacket with detachable inner fleece £380 by Boneville
Cream military-style jumper with shoulder patches and epaulettes £84 by Duffer of St George
Grey flat front trousers £115 by Superga
Original style desert boots £60 by Ben Sherman

Green black and purple 3 in 1 jacket £335 by Nautica
Black rip-stop US army combats £30 by Silvermans
Pale green, black & brown snowboard boots £129 by Vans

Designs

Falling down outside the pub? Manhandled by bouncers? Mugged by a loon? These clothes are indestructible. Unlike your bollocks

Blue rubberised rip-stop jacket *£250 by Nigel Cabourn*
Light green heavy duty work pants *£60 by Carhartt*

Yellow rubber jacket *£100 by Teddy smith*
Rip-stop desert fatigues *£30 by Silvermans*
British army desert boots *£35 by Silvermans*

for strife

photos by DAVE BURTON styling by REECE SANDELL

Yellow and black mix nylon multi-function hooded jacket *£170 by Schott*
Black rip-stop cotton combat trousers *£30 by Silvermans*

Grey/silver ski trousers with fleece lining *£135 by Sharp Eye*
Navy blue military-style pea coat *£295 by Superga*
Sand suede lace up ankle boots *£125 by Alberto Guardiani*

Brown sponge patch pocket hooded jacket *£295 by Massimo Osti*
Beige moleskin work pants *£110 by Sharp Eye*

Navy blue rip-stop cotton combat trousers *£30 by Silvermans*
Red and black nylon puffa jacket with 'HH' logo *£175 by Helly Hansen*

Black hooded puffa jacket with blue fleece *£120 by Vans*
Rip-stop US desert fatigues *£30 by Silvermans*

Dark blue chunky fleece jacket with waterproof nylon body *£130 by Penfield*
Grey/green heavy duty work pants *£60 by Carhartt*

Ben Sherman
FOOTWEAR

BOOTS & COLLECTION

Stockist Information: Camel Boots - 01604 603757. Camel Collection - 0171 731 8045

stockists

Acupuncture Office and Schuh nationwide, M2 Bournemouth, Portsmouth and Southampton , Sasha Oxford St London W1. Stock Enq 0171 221 9014 **Alberto Guardiani** Russell & Bromley and Kurt Geiger nationwide. Stock Enq 0171 437 4140 **Alpha Industries** Interstate Endell st London WC2, Other Clothing 19 Albion Place Leeds, Army & General 42 Carrington st Nottingham, Trans Atlantic Trading Mail order Tel 0171 923-0208. Stock Enq 0181 450 8777 **Aquascutum** 100 Regent Street, London W1; 24 St Ann's Square, Manchester M2; 38 park Lane, Meadow Hall Centre, Sheffield; and Frasers, 21-32 Buchanan Street, Glasgow. Stock Enq 0800 282 922 **Armand Basi ('Winter White' coat)** To order exclusively from Armand Basi, 12 Floral Street, London WC2. To order: 0171 379 3843 **Ben Sherman Footwear** Cobra sports nationwide & branches of Raw in Nottingham and Birmingham. Stock Enq 0171 221 9014 **Boneville** American Classics, 398-400 Kings Road, London SW9, Autograph 15 Ethel Street, Birmingham, Wade Smith Matthew Street, Liverpool; and Jenners, 48, Princes Street, Edinburgh. Stock Enq 0171 287 6767 **Bulova (watches)** Duffer of St. George, 29 Shorts Gardens, London WC2. Mail order and Stock Enq 0171 267 7450 **Burberry** 165 Regent Street, W1. Porters, The Royal Exchange, Manchester, Burberry, 39-41 Princes Street, Edinburgh and Hanningtons, North Street, Brighton. Stock Enq 0171 734 5929 **Cape Heights** Stock Enq 0171 436-0986 (see Schott) **Carhartt** Interstate, 17 Endell Street WC2, West World, Park Street Bristol. Exit, Afflecks Arcade Oldham Street Manchester and Union, 69 Grey Street Newcastle. Silvermans 2 Harford st , London E. 1. Tel 0171 790-5257. Stock Enq 0171 379-4165 **Catherine Byrne** 28a Floral Street, London WC2, Kendalls, PO Box 60, Deansgate Manchester M60, Rackhams, Corporation Street, Birmingham B2, Pure Man Shop, 1 Huntly Street Aberdeen AB1 and House of Fraser Stores nationwide. Stock Enq 0171 240 7220 **Cobles** Nick Nack 33 Oxford st London W1, Army, Navy & Camping 129 Hays st, Somerset. H.M. Supplies 157-159 London rd Camberley Surrey.Stock Enq 0171 481 1503 **Crazy Pig Jewellery** 38 Shorts Gardens, WC2. Stockist Enquires 0171240 4305 **Dexter Wong** 17 Monmouth Street, London, WC2, Deranged, 29 Goosegate, Hockley, Nottingham, Escape, Burlington Court, Unit C, Lower Temple Street, Birmingham. Keep Your Pants On, 34 Park Street, Bristol. Stock Enq 0171 284 0752 **Dickies** Home, 39 Beak Street, Soho W1 only. Stock Enq 0171 287 3708 **Diesel** 43 Earlham Street, WC2, 8-9 Lower Temple Street, Birmingham B2, The Spires, Fisherwick Place, Belfast, and selected House of Fraser stores nationwide. Stock Enq 0171 833 2255 **DKNY** 27 Old Bond Street W1 and 76-80 king Street Manchester M2. Stock Enq

0171 499 8089 **Duffer of St George** 29 Shorts Garden London, Cruise 39 Renfield Street Glasgow, Aspecto, 87 Bridge Road, Manchester and Psyche, 201 -203 Linthorpe Road, Middlesborough. Stock Enq 0171 379 4660 **Ermenegildo Zegna** 42 Shelton Street, London WC2, The Field, 8 Castle Street, Reading, Berks and Robert Old, 20-21 Westover Road, Portsmouth, Dorset. Stock Enq 0171 629 7088 **Fake** Browns Focus, 38-39 South Molton Street, London W1 and Geese, 12 Barton Arcade, Deansgate Manchester M3. Stock Enq 0171 488 3203 **Farah** Way In, Harrods Brompton Road, Knightsbridge, SW3, Gorgeous, Church Street, Manchester and Hip 9 barton Arcade, Leeds and Red or Dead Stores Nationwide. Stock Enq 01376 502345 **Felix Blow** Browns Focus, 38-39 South Molton Street, London W1. Ape, The Palace, Liverpool. Nautica, 5 Jarvis Street, Bathgate, West Lothiam and Arc, 59 Oldham Street, Manchester. Stock Enq 0151 709 7798 **Gabicci for Red or Dead** Red or Dead stores nationwide. Stock Enq 0161 831 7550 **Griffin** Harvey Nichols, London, SW1. Autograph, 15 Ethel Street Birmingham, Brother to Brother 202 West Street, Sheffield and Willy's 24 Ganton Street Exeter. Stock Enq 0171 221 6418 **Guess** 171 Brompton Road, London SW3, Kendalls, Deansgate, Manchester, Tessuti, 31-41 Watergate Row, Chester and MC Menswear City Plaza, Cannon Street, Birmingham. Stock Enq 0171 823 8008 **Hein Gericke** 60 Queens St Edinburgh., Castlefield House Liverpool Rd Liverpool. 67 Commercial Rd Southhampton and 320 Clapham Rd Stockwell London. Stock Enq 01423 873070 **Helly Hansen** Hurley 83 Picadilly Manchester , Dirty Sports ,St Johns Centre Liverpool. Fire & Ice Bridlesmith Gate Birmingham and Cottswold, 42 Uxbridge Rd, London W12 and stores nationwide. Stock Enq 0115 9509508 **Helmut Lang** John Anthony, 54-56 Shaftesbury Avenue, London W1 and 11 New Broadmead, Bristol, Avon. Stock enq 0171 629 0666 **Hugo by Hugo Boss** Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge SW1, Flannels, 4 St. Ann's Place, Manchester, Limey's 58 Bridlesmith Gate, Nottingham and Nichols 26 great Western Arcade, Birmingham. Stock Enq 0171 589 5522. **Indivi by Atsuro Tayama** Browns Focus, 38-39 South Molton Street, London W1 only Stock Enq 0171 734 0123 **Jasper Conran** Selfridges, 400 Oxford Street, London W1, Accents, 11-13 Queens Arvade, Leeds, Kafka, 15 Rosemount Viaduct, Aberdeen and Limeys, 58 Bridlesmith Gate, Nottingham Eric 0171 637 9891. Stock Enq 0171 580 6002 **Jeffery West** Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, London SW1, Flannels, 3 Brazil Street, Manchester, Psyche 201-203 Linthorpe Road, Middlesborough and Wade Smith, Matthew Street, Cavern Quarter Liverpool Stock Enq 01604 602075 **Jigsaw** branches nationwide. Stock Enq 0171 240 5651 **John Richmond** Selfridges, 400 Oxford Street London, Flannels, 3 Brazil Street, Manchester, Cruise, 39, Renfield Street, Glasgow and Psyche, 201-203 Linthorpe Avenue Middlesborough, Cleveland. Stock Enq 0171 978 5278 **John Rocha** Selfridges, 400 Oxford Street, London, W1, Brother to Brother, 202 West Street, Sheffield, Autograph, 15 Ethel Street, Birmingham and Strand, 20 Queen Victoria Street, Leeds. Stock Enq 0171 734 0133 **John Smedley** Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, London SW1, Ardi, 27 Little Clarendon Street, Oxford, Cruise-Flannels, 39-45 Renfield Street, Glasgow and Limehaus, Bolsover Street, Hucknall, Nottingham Stock Enq 0171 734 1519 **Kangol** Debanhams and River Island branches nationwide. Stock Enq 0171 487 4888. **Karrimor** 'North by North West', 3 Southampton Street, Covent Garden, London and 202 High Street, Guildford, Scout Shop, 21 Elmbank Stret, Glasgow and Open Air, 11 Green Street, Cambridge. Stock Enq 01254 385911 **Katharine Hamnett (Clothing)** 20 Sloane Street, London SW1, Autograph, 15 Ethel Street, Birmingham, Flannels, 4 St. Ann's Place, Manchester and Cruise 39 Renfield Street, Glasgow. Stock Enq 0171 823 1002. **Katharine Hamnett (Kagoul)** To order from Katharine Hamnett, 20 Sloane Street, Sw1 , 38 Princes Square Glasgow. Order enquiries 01171 823 1002 **Katharine Hamnett (Sunglasses)** Stock Enq 0171 978 1888. **Lacoste** 20 Brompton Road, London, SW1, Hurleys, 83

Piccadilly, Manchester. 33 Duke Street, Brighton and 34 Princes Square, Glasgow. Stock Enq 0171 439 2214. **Left Hand** Selfridges, 400 Oxford Street, London, Scotts, 86 Foregate Street, Chester, Strand, 22 Queen Victoria Street, Leeds and Zagger, 20 Baddow Road, Chelmsford Essex. Stock Enq 0171 491 4955 **Levi's** Original Levi stores nationwide. Stock Enq 01604 790436. **Mambo** Thomas Neal Centre, Earlham Street, Covent Garden, London, Riding High, Smithfield Building, 67 Oldham Street, Manchester, mambo, 37 West Street, Brighton and ArK Clothing, 42 Cal I Lane, Leeds. Stock Enq 0181 7412444. **Massimo Osti** Selfridges, 400 Oxford Street, London, Scotts, 86 Foregate Street, Chester, Strand, 22 Queen Victoria Street, Leeds and Zagger 20 Baddow Road, Chelmesford, Essex. Stock Enq 0171 491 4955. **Max Johnston** Selfridges, 400 Oxford Street, London W1 and V2 4, Simmons Street, Suddel Cross, Balckburn BD2. Stock Enq 01254 690354. **Mooks** Browns Focus, 38-39 South Molton Street, London W1, Dr Jives, 113 Candleriggs, Glasgow, Ape, Liverpool Palace, 6-10 Slater Street, Liverpool and Exit Unit 1 Afflecks Arcade, 35 Oldham Street, Manchester. Stock Enq 0181 692 5700 **Mulberry** 41-42 New Bond Street, London W1, Hoopers for men, Mount Pleasant, Tunbridge Wells, and Drakes, 37 High Street, Old Amersham Bucks. Mail Order and Stock Enq 0171 491 3900 **Natural Bleu** Selfridges, 400 Oxford Street, London W1, Celcius, 21-63 Church Street, Liverpool, L1, Marco, 2 New Buildings, Hinckley, Leicestershire and Roberts, 15, Hill Avenue, Amersham, Bucks. Stock Enq 0171 261 9888 **Nautica** Selfridges 400 Oxford Street London W1 and Active Venture stores nationwide. Stock Enq 0191 417 0414 **New Balance** JD Sports nationwide, Offspring, Neal Street, Covent Garden, Wc2, Wade Smith, Matthew Street, Liverpool and Schuh, 28 Commercial Street, Leeds. Stock Enq 01706 628000 **Next** Next stores nationwide. Sockist Enquiries 01162 849424 **Nigel Cabourn** 65 Long Acre, Covent Garden London WC2, Wade Smith, Matthew Street, Cavern Quarter, Liverpool, Hurleys, 69 Deansgate, Manchester, M3 and Spiral , 5 Gardener Street Brighton BN1 Stock Enq 0191 232-3772 **Nike** Branches of JD SPorts nationwide. Stcokist Enquiries 01706 628000 **Pantherella** Harrods, Brompton Road, knightsbridge SW3, Beatties Victoria Street, Wolverhampton, West Midlands, Jenners, 48 Princes Street Edinburgh and Beale 36 Old Christchurch Road, Bournemouth Dorset. Stock Enq 0116 283 1111 **Paul Smith** Paul Smith Jeans, 9-11 Langley Court, Covent garden WC2, Paul Smith 10 Byard Lane, Nottingham NG2, Paul Smith Jeans 66-68 Bridge Street Manchester M3 and Autograph 15 Ethel Street Birmingham B2. Stock Enq 0171 379 7133 **Phat Farm** Browns Focus, 38-39 South Molton Street, London W1. Stock Enq 0171 409 3351 **Pringle** John Lewis and House of Fraser stores nationwide and Lillywhites, Piccadilly Circus, London. Stock Enq 01450 360259 **Quiksilver** Quiksliver Boardstore Thomas Neals Covent Garden London WC2, Snow & Rock 99 Fordwater Rd Chertsey Surrey, Legends surf shop 16 The Coarendon Centre Oxford, Ellis brigham Wellington Mill Duke St Castlefield Manchester Stock Enq 0171 837-5371 **Red or dead** Red or dead stores nationwide or Stock Enq 0114 273 7827 **Reebok** All leading sports stores. Stock Enq 01524 580100. **Replay** Replay Store, 52, Long Acre, London WC2, Psyche, 215 Linthorpe Road, Middlesborough, Replay Store, Unit 612 Royal Exchange, Manchester and Richmind Classics, 9 Richmond Hill, Bournemouth. Stock Enq 0171 505 2700 **Rockport** Capital Chandlers, Embankment, Putney, SW15, Woodies, 21 Duke Street, Brighton, Le Monde, 305 Tottenham Hall Road, Wolverhampton, Capolita Roma, City Plaza, Cannon Street, Birmingham. Stock Enq 01524 580238 **Sally Gissling** Limehouse, Bolsover Street, Hucknall, Nottingham, Cruise, 39-45 Renfield Street, Glasgow and Selfridges, 400 Oxford Street London W1. Stock Enq 0171 267 9303 **Sam Walker** 41 Neal Street, Covent Garden WC2, Blumax, 2 King Street, Cambridge CB1, Hardware, The Corn Exchange, Call Lane Leeds, LS1 and High Society 46 Cross Street, Islington NN1. Stock Enq 0181 642 2971. **Schott** American Classics, Kings Road London SW10, Aspecto, 87 Bridge Road, Manchester, Union, 60 Grey Street, Newcastle upon Tyne NE1 and Badger, 25 Bond Street, Brighton BN1 Stock Enq 0171 436 0986 **Sharp Eye** Jones, 13 Floral Street, Covent Garden, London, Autograph, 15 Ethel Street, Birmingham, Geese, 12 Barton Arcade, Manchester M3 and Going Dutch, 7 Rosemount Viaduct, Aberdeen AB25. Stock Enq 0171 228 8774. **Spiewak** American Retro 35 Old Compton st W1, Autograph 15 Ethel St Birmingham, Limeys 26-27 Saddlergate Derby, Street Threads 49 The Green Aberdeen American Classics, 398 - 400 Kings Road, London, Autograph, 15 Ethel Street Birmingham, Aspecto 87 Bridge Road, Manchester. Stock Enq 0171 581 0900 **ST95** Selfridges, 400 Oxford Street, London, Scotts, 86 Foregate Street, Chester, Woodhouse, St. Annes Street, Manchester and USC, 110-114 Argyle Street, Glasgow. Stock Enq 0171 491 4955 **Sonneti** Players, Oldham Street, Manchester, Republica, Stephensons Street, Birmingham and Lesley Gee, Renfield Street, Glasgow **Superga** Selfridges, 400 Oxford Street, London, Scotts 86 Foregate Street Chester, Strand, 22 Queen Victoria Street Leeds and Wade Smith Matthew Street, Liverpool. Stock Enq 0171 491 4955 **Teddy Smith** Nick Nack 3 Oxford st London W1, Wack 186 High St Middlesex, Issy crown 15-16 Dawson way Liverpool, Bilko's 10-11 Cross st Manchester. Stock Enq 0181 961 5111 **Timberland**, 72 New Bond Street, London W1, Jenners, 48 Princes Street, Edinburgh, Foul Trader, 69 Western Road, Brighton and Capolito Roma, City Plaza, Cannon Street, Birmingham. Stock Enq 0345 669988 **Tim Little**, 560 Kings Road, London SW6 only Stock Enq 0171 736 1999 **Trussardi Sport** Isetan, 98 Bruton Street, London W1, FX Kelly 48 Grafton Street, Dublin, Hurleys, 93-95 Piccadilly, Manchester and Limeys, 58 Bridle Smith Gate, Nottingham. Stock Enq 0171 491 4955 **Vans** Club Blueroom 141 Park lane Marble Arch London, Northshore 36-37 Fore St Newquay, Aspecto 85 Bridge St Manchester, SS-20 131 Cowley Rd Oxford. Stock Enq 0181 877-9907 **Vespa** Available only in London at Way In, Harrods, Brompton Road SW3, Jones, Floral Street WC2 and Selfridges 400 Oxford Street W1. Stock Enq 0171 354 8588 **Vintage Clothing** Emporium, 330-332 Creek Road, Greenwich SE10, Stock enquiries 0181 305 1670 **Worldwide Web** Woodhouse, 364, Oxford Street London, Flannels, 4 St. Annes Place Manchester, Cruise, 39 Renfield Street, Glasgow and Cruise, 94 George Street Edinburgh, EH2 Stock Enq 0171 287-6767 **YSL** YSL Shop, 36 Long Acre, Covent garden, London WC2, Limeys, 58 Bridlesmith Gate, Nottingham, Zee and co 35 Royal Star Arcade, High Street, Maidstone, Kent and House of Fraser stores nationwide. Stock Enq 0171 379 0061

Ben Sherman
FOOTWEAR

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phew!

windy!

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The film that blew the pants off unsuspecting cinema audiences last year is out now to buy on video from CIC and loaded has 25 copies to give away.

To win one just answer the following question. Which of the following items does the American Red Cross recommend you have in case of tornado attack?

a Umbrella and galoshes,
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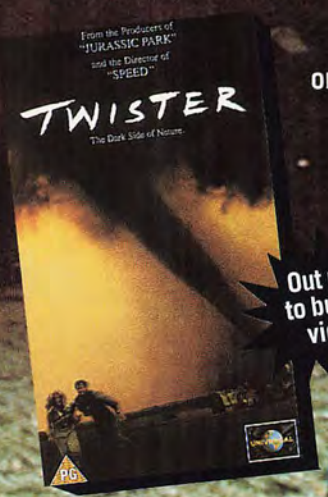
Send answers marked Twister comp to loaded, Room 2610, IPC, King's Reach Tower, Stamford St, London SE1 9LS.



Out now to buy on video

AMBLIN ENTERTAINMENT

UNIVERSAL

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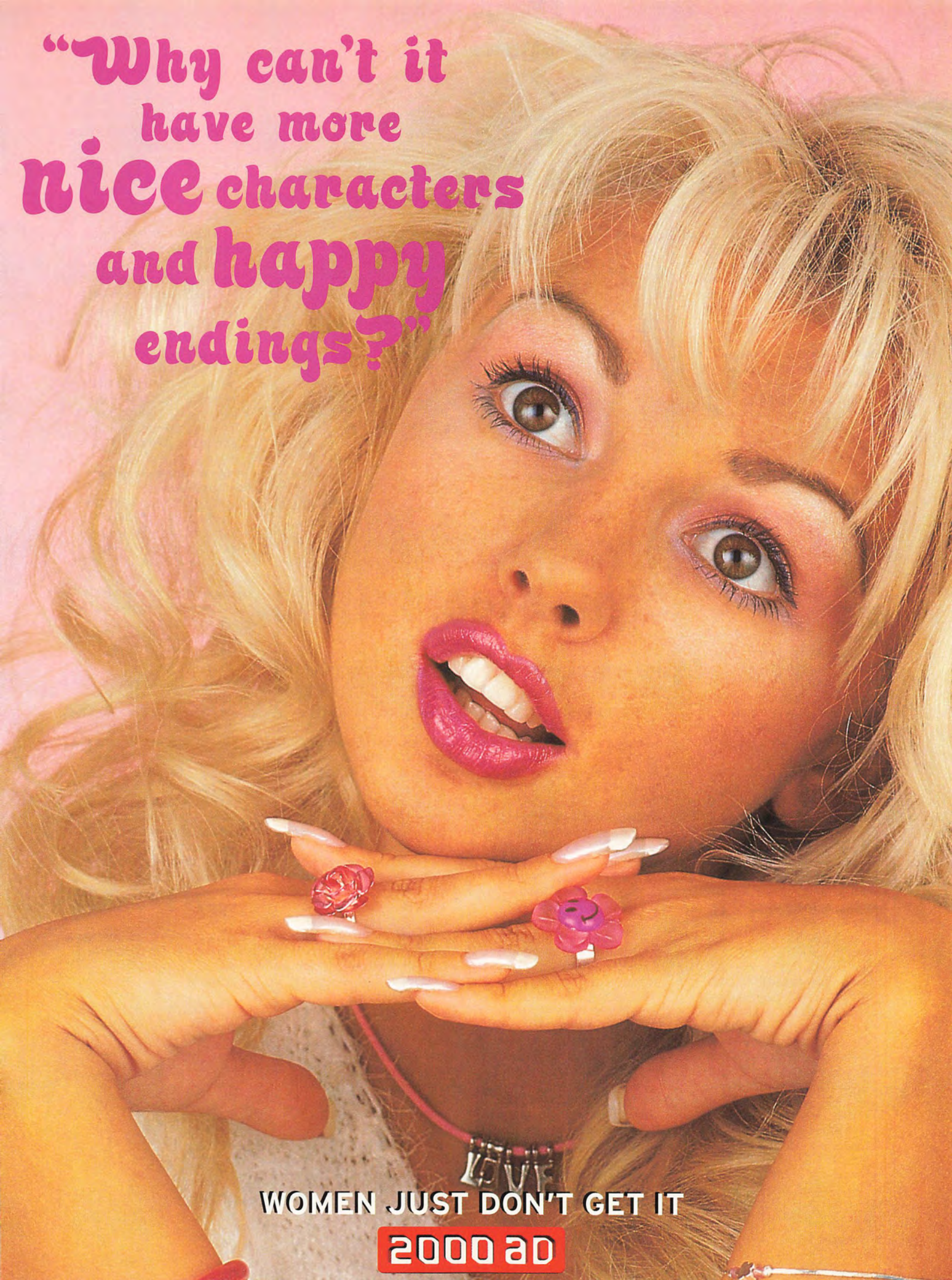

"Why can't it have more nice characters and happy endings?"
WOMEN JUST DON'T GET IT
2000 AD

Clyde Stubblefield

Funky Drummer

One-time panelbeater for James Brown and the man behind the breakbeat that's been sampled more times than cheap perfume at Boots

What was your first job?
Drumming, of course. I can't really remember when. Must have been the late '50s. But I was drumming from an early age and I played wherever I could. I did have a couple of jobs in a bakery, I think, but I always wanted to play music.

How much did you earn?
Nothing. At the start it was all for free. Playing at house parties and at friends' places. I would do it for free. I suppose when I got a few gigs at nightclubs I must have earned money, but it wasn't very much.

What's the worst job you ever had?
James Brown. Put it this way, when we were touring at the height of our success, grossing thousands of dollars a night in the '60s, he would make us pay for our own laundry, our own hotel rooms, everything. If a guy played a note out of tune he would signal to them onstage to tell him he had been sacked. Of course he wouldn't get rid of them until the end of the gig, but can you imagine?! It wasn't very good for morale, when you just get to know someone and then he plays a bum note and James chucks him off the tour.

Who has been your biggest influence?
Me, I guess. No, I don't know really. I loved Chuck Berry, Elvis Presley, Jerry Lee Lewis when I was young. I grew up listening to that and the guy with the guitar... er... BB King, too. Kind of rhythm and blues and rock'n'roll. Old stuff really.

Do you rate yourself?
I'm good at drumming, I guess. I turn up on time. I'm still in the music business after all this time so I must be doing something right. U2 and Garbage used my drumming recently – I recorded for them. So it's nice to be recognised.

What was it like drumming for them?
A guy called Butch Vig, their producer, called me up and asked me to come down. They wanted some extra stuff for the U2 album. I'll be honest, I don't know which one it was. They got me in the studio for a few days and I did some bits and pieces for them. Apparently the band knew who I was, which was cool. I'm also not sure if they ever used what I did for them. Of course I never met the band. They were on tour at the time somewhere in the Far East I think, so I couldn't tell you what they were like. The stuff for Garbage was a bit more exciting for me. I met the band, I think it was the band anyway – they were very nice people. I put down a load of breaks for them and then they did their stuff over the top of that and it was pretty successful. Again that was Butch Vig getting me down the studio to work with them. I can't say I'd really like to play that sort of stuff every day. I think it would drive me crazy man, it's so loud. But it was a great thing to do.

What do you do to excess?
Women. Playing gigs.

What are your biggest indulgences?
Women. I love them and I want them all but I just don't have enough time. I've been married three times, though, and I never managed to get that right. When we toured with James Brown it got pretty ridiculous because there were so many women at every town. At least that made up for our boss. James would never sit around with us after the gigs, though, so when he went off to his hotel we would be left with all the women. I guess you get more confident with them after experiences like that.

When did you realise you were destined for greatness?
Am I great? That's marvellous news. About now, I guess.

Do you get angry?
I used to have a pretty bad temper. When it had all got too much with James I just packed my bags and walked out of the hotel without telling anyone. So I didn't have an argument then. These days, some people want me to play and sing and I only do that when I want to do the gig. You know, if I do a wedding or something and they say "sing too" I just ignore them and do what I want. If you had a party I'd sing too. But I don't get so angry these days, I just walk out.

What's been your biggest mistake?
Getting married three times.

Do you have any tailor-made clothes?
No. In the old days we used to have all the Sta-prest made up for us. Of course we had to pay for it all. Now I don't have anything... I think I've got some Armani but that's straight from a shop. On stage I just wear a T-shirt and jeans these days. It gets real hot drumming – you don't want to be wearing a suit do you?

What is the most glamorous event you've ever been to?
I think it was 1970, I'm not sure. We played at the White House for President Nixon. There were so many famous people there. The next President, Gerald Ford, was there... loads of them. Everyone was really beautiful but I wasn't really sure who everyone was. We played a few numbers and then we were allowed out to do the party. It was all very polite with lots of waiters running around. I'm not sure if President Nixon wiped the tape or not!

What would you think if you met yourself at a party?
Hah! Cool dude. I don't know really. I'm a friendly kind of guy, looking at all the women in the joint, taking it easy. If I was playing at the party then I might think, "He ain't a bad drummer".

Have you got any ambitions left?
Not too many. It's just great to be still earning a living doing something I really love. I'd like to meet all the other women I ain't got to know yet, though.

When was the last time you laid down the law?
You know, doing gigs, sometimes people can be quite rude. They say, "You will wear this and sing these songs and do this and that..." Someone did this to me a couple of months ago and I put the phone down. I don't want to hear that sort of stuff. It's stupid.

How much do you get paid?
Depends on the gig. If I really want to do the gig then I might do it for a small fee, like I said before... if it's a wedding I need a thousand bucks, something like that.

How much money do you have on you?
Two hundred of your English pounds.

ADAM PORTER

MAIN PHOTO: RICHARD FAWCETT

The Hedonists' Handbook

MUSIC *PAGE 172* Lo-Fidelity Allstars, The Wannadies, Schooly D, Oasis & Verve LPs

CLUBS *PAGE 188* Newquay surf festival, Sonic Mook Experiment, chillout gambling

BOOKS *PAGE 196* Grisly comic *Spawn* creator Todd McFarlane, reviews of dodgy books

FILM *PAGE 198* *Contact, Air Force One, Volcano, Jackie Chan's First Strike*

VIDEO & TV *PAGE 200* *Bullitt* director talks about Steve McQueen, video reviews

SPORT *PAGE 206* Basketball in Moscow car parks, jet-skis, sports listings

MOTORS *PAGE 211* Go-karting in Dublin – cheaper than Formula One

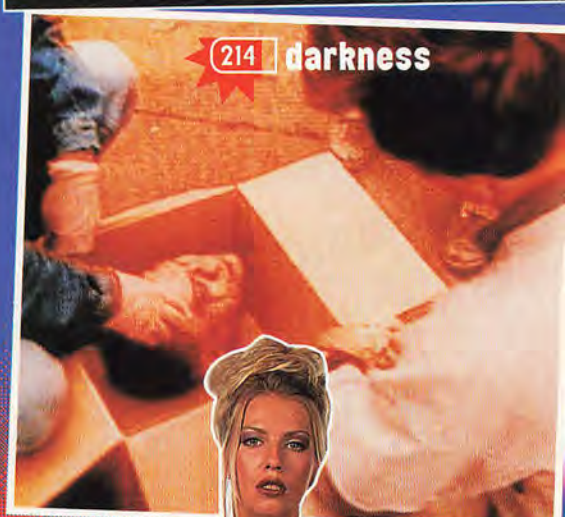
COMEDY *PAGE 212* Montreal Comedy Festival with Denis Leary, Roseanne, Phil Kay

DARKNESS *PAGE 214* Eat your neighbour Russian style

FOOD & DRINK *PAGE 216* Nantwich Cheese Festival, Bungee Bar, see also *DARKNESS*

TECHNOLOGY *PAGE 219* Cyber-blaxploitation, games reviews, net babes as per usual, gadgets

FASHION *PAGE 223* Posh watches galore, sports casual from Copperwheat Blundell



Metal house punk disco

Lo-Fidelity Allstars play instruments, not knobs

Screaming off their heads, the Lo-Fidelity Allstars are the latest offering in the world of disco carnage. An indie-rock star looking band, who play real instruments and perform live. Their sound is a bizarre earful of heavy metal punk disco. It builds up like house and explodes like a thousand Motörheads via the technology of fancy dance machines and booze. Layers of dirty funk reminiscent of the Happy Mondays psychcotically in-line with the so-called sounds of Big Beat. In just over a year of live shows they have equalled the great stage high of Jimi Hendrix's live Monterey performance, burning the decks to round off a gig. Wrecked Train Dave, Albino Priest Phil, Slammin Johnny Animal, Many Tentacles, Sheriff John Stone, One Man Crowd Called Gentile and Badger Bill are the crew behind the controls. The world of dance is a distorted one and we joined these professional distorters for a pint at London's 100 Club.

According to your record label, they reckon you sound like Christopher Walken dancing in a strobe-filled wind tunnel ripped to the tits on punk paste while a drooling Donald Sutherland hands out the cocktails. What the monkey's nuts is that all about?

Dave: "I don't know. We're very intense live and a lot of the lyrics come from a visual stimuli. It's easier to describe it like that rather than waffling on about how we sound like this band or that band."

Why Walken?

Dave: "He's one of the most scary and intense actors ever. If we had a chance to choose an actor to do a track with, it would be him or James Woods. I'd love to have Walken on stage throwing some moves."

Phil: "We've got our list of Disco Machine Guns for our next single. People like Prince Naseem, Donald Sutherland, Bill Murray, Alex Higgins, Fred the Steeplejack…

Hang on, what's a Disco Machine Gun?

Dave: "Someone who goes out and loses it really badly and doesn't care."

So what do you call your sound? One music paper described it as Baggy Big Beat.

Dave: "They need a slap for that."

Phil: "We got that baggy moniker because we're not hiding our love for the Stone Roses and Happy Mondays. We're sound nothing like them though, it's just the attitude. Trouble is, 'One Man Crowd Called Gentile', the bassist, has just bought a pair of flares.

Dave: "It's his bloody fault if people call us baggy."

So what do you call your sound?

Dave: "Punk Paste."

Tooth Paste?

Dave: "Punk Paste is the music we make. When we play live, it's intense, like a sort of punk gig with cut up lyrics. A cut and paste sound."

Phil: "Our tunes are mad Saturday night going-out music. Mad chant-along lyrics, Big Beats and a massive build-up at the end. Like five different beats all going off at once. We want to hear a DJ like Jeremy Healy play our stuff at 3am. We're not snobby. We'd love to be played at Cream with all the girls in fluffy bras and all the lads in suits dancing."

Phil: "It'd be nice to get a tune played there. Our remix of 'Disco Machine Gun' is just pure house disco, with Dave shouting in the background and our engineer playing a mad *Starsky & Hutch* style keyboard solo. It's head and shoulders better than all the stuff Healy plays."

Where did you get your name from?

Phil: "Me and Matt were sick of all these lo-fi bands. Bands proud of being under-achievers, who play in Camden pubs. Our equipment still is and always was really shit. I still use the same Casio sampler keyboard I've had for years. We do want flash equipment the moment we get some money…

Dave: "… we've always wanted to be Allstars too. The difference between us and the trip-hop and chemical beat acts is that people tell us we look like we want to be stars. We're not heads down on stage twiddling knobs."

"I'd love to have Christopher Walken on stage throwing some moves"

Are knob twiddlers the dance equivalent of the shoe-gazing indie bands?

Dave: "It's just knobs instead of shoes."

Phil: "We like playing club gigs. You do your gig then you've still got three hours left to sort of er… let your hair down."

Dave: "That was a very democratic way of putting it."

Phil: "I know. Me mum will be reading this.

Who writes the lyrics?

Phil: "Dave does. When I first met him he had written down all these mad lyrics. I left him in the room with some beer, a microphone, an echo unit and a four-track. When I came back from the pub and found what he'd done, it just sounded mad… like nothing else.

Apart from gigs and discos, what other strange places would you like to hear your records being played in ?

Phil: "Fairgrounds. Remember when you're sitting out of your head on a waltzer and the tune you always remember is 'Love Can't Turn Around'. We want our music to be played on waltzers – to hear our tune 'Kool Roc Bass' played on a waltzer would be amazing. That's the cherry on the cake for us."

ROWAN CHERNIN

Lo-Fidelity Allstars' new LP 'Disco Machine Gun' is out 22 September on Skint Records.

PHOTOS: CHRIS CLUNN

"I'm sure I dropped my Beatles CD here somewhere"

Mashed Swedes

With The Wannadies in Stockholm

God help us if there's a war. Picture the scene – Brigadier Albarn stumbling back to his quarters pissed as a rat after a night out with Colonel Cocker; the Gallagher Brothers slacking off sentry duty with Corporal Weller. Another kind of chemical warfare entirely.

It's different in Sweden. Even the country's pop stars have to undergo military training for a minimum of nine months, transforming the archetypal slack-jawed songwriter into a lethal killing machine. Take The Wannadies, for instance. Singer Pär joined the Swedish equivalent of the Marines, while scarlet-cheeked guitarist Stefan served in the artillery.

"It was horrible," grimaces Pär, with an impeccable English accent. "For some reason they put me in one of the best outfits in the army. I completed the course and they asked me to come straight back again."

"If you refuse, they put you in jail for three months," adds Stefan, "then they make you do the service after that."

"I ended up having to write them a letter saying I really couldn't do this any more," reflects Pär. "They wrote back saying, 'OK, we'll let you off', which was very reasonable of them."

That's the Swedes for you. Reasonable to a fault – boring even. Or that's what you'd think. But in the course of a frantic 24 hours in Stockholm you'll find a lot more going on than the manufacture of cars, a tolerance of hardcore pornography and an enviable history of catchy disco pop.

We're here for the Water Festival, a seven-day marathon attracting the likes of Blur and Dinosaur Jr, playing in front of a million people – 10 times the size of Glastonbury. There's so much going on that nobody seems to notice the bomb attack on the city's athletics stadium the previous day. "Oh, that's the anarchists," says one punter casually. "They've done that six or seven times now."

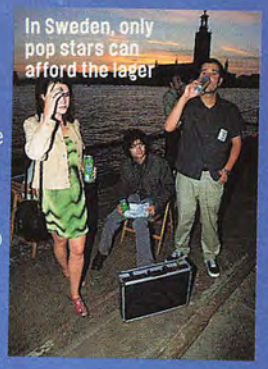
"When we go out drinking, we only stop when we fall over"

Then there's the booze. Or the lack of it, to be precise. Unless you're **loaded** and get it for free, or just plain loaded, drinking in pubs and clubs is likely to be a short-lived affair. Supermarkets don't sell booze and you have to be 20 to buy alcohol from the System Bolaget, the state-run off-licences, of which there are maybe two at the most in each town.

"We have very strict traditions," says loping bassist Freddie. "You've got Friday and Saturday for drinking and then you don't really drink at any other time in the week, except maybe what we call little Saturday, which is Wednesday."

"Hence 'Hit'," explains Pär of the band's tuneful punk stomp from their second album, *Bagsy Me*. "'Monday's no fun, Tuesday's the same, Wednesdays I go out'. Swedes in general are not very good at drinking

PHOTOS: ANTHONY CULLEN


In Sweden, only pop stars can afford the lager

in moderation. When we go out drinking we only stop when we fall over."

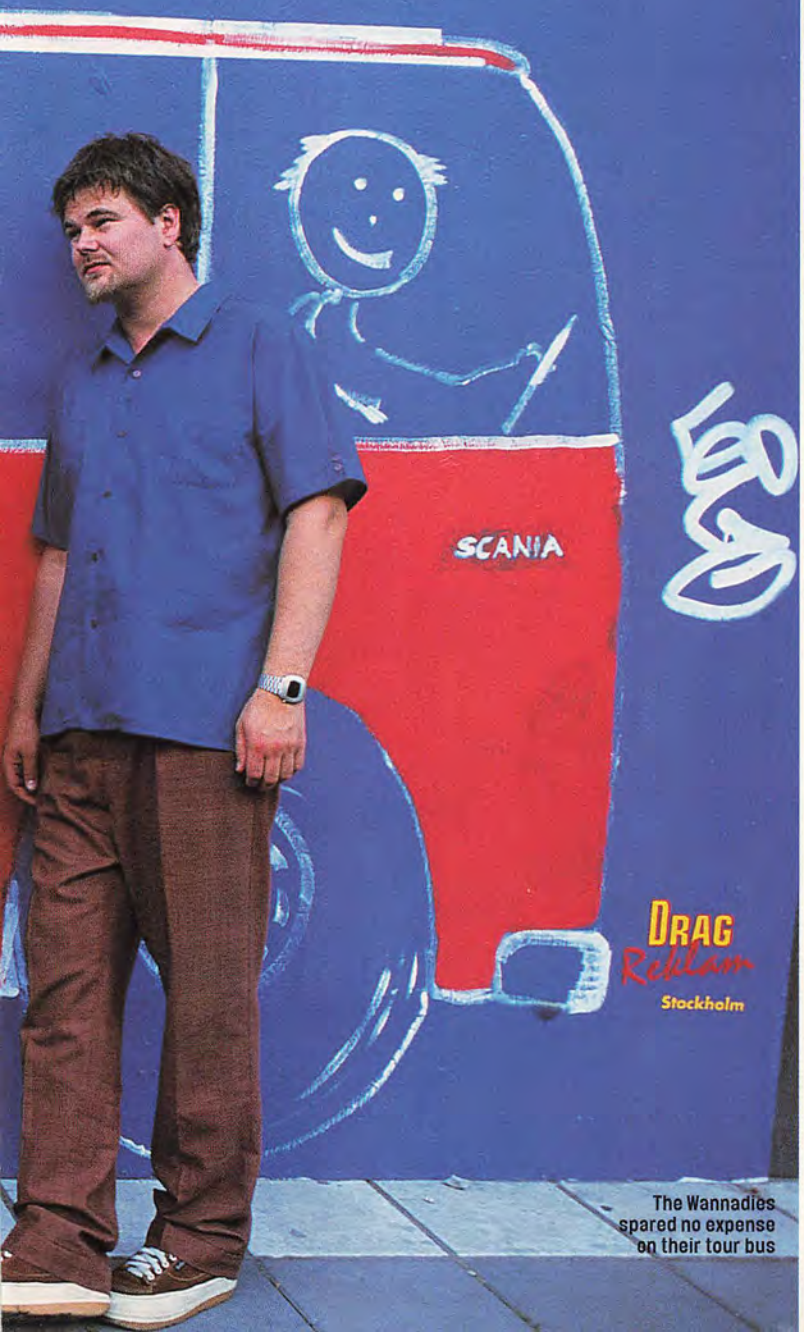
"The government put a heavy tax on alcohol to make it as difficult as they can for you to drink," chips in Christina, keyboard player, random woodwind expert and provider of those magnificent Wannadies harmonies. "So you go round somebody's house before you go out and drink at their home because it's cheaper. Instead of crashing somebody's house after the pub, we have our parties before we go out."

It's their rabidly melodic songs, though, that help The Wannadies to slay an audience bigger than the population of Camden from a stage floating on the Stockholm seashore. None the worse for hitching a lift to the stage on a naval landing craft, they follow the sumo-sized BB King, twisting the tunes of Prefab Sprout with the molten energy of the Pixies on 'Hit', and stopping traffic with the magical 'You And Me Song'.

Afterwards, the serious drinking starts, with Eddie and Pär leading the way. Amazingly, they manage to discover a bar where the ugliest people in Sweden leap about like frenzied goats to U2's 'Sunday Bloody Sunday', proof that Sweden's devotion to military training hasn't paid off. A day older and drunker, and a lifetime wiser, suddenly everything about Sweden and The Wannadies makes perfect sense.

IESTYN GEORGE

'You And Me Song' is out now on Soap records.



The Wannadies spared no expense on their tour bus

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Rag time band

Jammin' good with Tampasm

They were 16 when they started, and Tampasm wanted to be heavy metal, not another girl punk band. Only they didn't know how. Try as they might to produce a tidal wave of screaming viscous noise, they still sounded like a bucketful of cats rolling around the floor of a guitar shop. They'd yowl their way through songs with names like 'Glorified Vibrator', dressed like the cartoon teenage sluts they clearly yearned to be – bad, wicked, filthy, evil. They were nice girls.

They still are, and two years on their gigs are as intentionally funny as ever, plus they're now closer to the hellhound sound they always wanted. Their new EP, 'Carnage', is bloody awful, thanks to a sub-Republica production job inflicted on them by a record label which, if it has any sense, will let them get on with reproducing the fiendish noise they make on stage, where you can see them this month. They may even recreate the sex-aid show they performed in the pit during Alice Cooper's set, when they were supporting the hoary old snake-fancier.

"There's a lot of barely contained violence," promises horned howler Charlotte. "And you can buy us a drink afterwards." Tampasm like to involve the audience, to the extent of inviting the whole of Eastleigh outside, after the crowd had been particularly unresponsive.

The band have made-up names – Charlotte Avengaline Honey, Cat Black, bass player Jennifer Lando – all except guitar monster Oli, who hadn't thought of one by the end of the interview. An interview they're well pleased about.

"My brother said, 'You can't be in **loaded** with Jo Guest'," gloats drummer Cat. "But I'm gonna be."

"I've been in *Men's World*," reveals Charlotte. On the music page, though. My dad went to buy it from the newsagent where he usually gets his *Independent On Sunday*, and told them, 'It's alright, my daughter's in it.' They haven't spoken to him since."

Oy veh. You get daughters, heartache you get.

DAVID BENNUN

Tampasm are on tour 'til 15 Sept, when the 'Carnage' EP is released.

NOW THAT'S WHAT / CALL MUSIC

a monthly catalogue of filth from the world of rock'n'roll

GINGER

It seems that the mainman of British rockers The Wildhearts has a strange obsession with Hilary Clinton. He once told an interviewer that, if he had his way, the First Lady would be laying on her back screaming, "Have a nice day." Presumably he has plans for the sax-playing President, who might assess this liaison as taking UK/US special relations a bonk too far. For Ginger has claimed that, if he was ever to move from the Wildies, he'd join the Lee Harvey Oswald Band! To date, Hilary has declined to comment, while both Chelsea and the White House cat, Socks, are rumoured to have left the country.

REDFERNS/ IN-FOCUS

JACKIE WILSON

A prodigious performer both onstage and in the bedroom, Jackie Wilson died in 1984 after spending eight years in a coma following an onstage heart-attack. Producing over 50 hits, his tally of bonkings was far more impressive, his first wife falling pregnant 15 times. Jackie also sired numerous other children during his career, sleeping with hundreds of women of all ages and races, usually informing them of all the erotic pleasures he was about to supply. One of them, Juanita Jones, became so infatuated with him that when she saw him with another female, she pulled a gun and shot him twice, one bullet remaining in his body to the end of his abbreviated but sexually overactive life.

SONYA MADAN

A thousand fantasies were fulfilled when the Echobelly singer appeared at Reading in a schoolgirls' uniform, resurrecting an era when St Trinian's ruled OK. But, the petite one later explained, she had shorts on underneath and the shirt was buttoned up in best Roedean fashion. However, she later hinted to *Melody Maker*: "Next time, I'll wear no knickers and take my top off onstage and see what reaction I'll cause then." Presumably this'll be during a reprise of 'Everybody's Got One'.

FRED DELLAR

Scratch'n'sniff

Hip-hop's sick puppies Bloodhound Gang

Marty Feldman tried to get in on the photo shoot

"I remember the first time the bassist ate a live mouse onstage..."

Philadelphia's honky rap-funk-punkers Bloodhound Gang aren't like other bands. They have songs called things like 'Kiss Me Where It Smells Funny'. Their new album, *One Fierce Beer Coaster,* features a "retarded creature with a penis" on the cover, their debut single, 'Why Is Everybody Always Picking On Me' is packed with references to *Hong Kong Phooey* and *Star Wars*, and they even have a press release that labels band members Lupus, DJ Q-Ball, Spanky G and Evil Jared as "The seediest, most sordid collection of fucked-up '80s TV fanatics and ass-munches on the planet."

"Yeeeaaahh..." sighs singer-songwriter-producer Jimmy Pop Ali wearily. "Actually, that rumour has spread all over the world, so when I'm doing Mexican interviews, it's like (crap Spaghetti Western voice): 'Sooo, Gringo, I hear you're reeel fucked up?' I'm like, 'That's all I need! Angry Mexican DJs!'"

Suddenly a lightbulb pings on above Jimmy Pop's head. "That's a great name for a band!" he laughs, "Angry Mexican DJs! Cool!"

'Why Is Everybody Always Picking On Me' is great slab of laid-back, funky hip-hop with brilliantly stupid lyrics like, "You run like a girl and you sit down to pee/Your only school chum was the lunch lady/Took your mom to the prom and got lucky", not to mention the legendary chorus, "The drummer from Def Leppard's only got one arm!"

"That was basically me trying to think up the stupidest thing you could possibly repeat over and over again in a song," explains Jimmy Pop. "Apparently, Def Leppard heard the song and the drummer thought it was really funny, but the guitarist was like [*pompous British voice*] 'I guess The Bloodhound Gang have never experienced tragedy in their lives!'"

At this point, I tell Jimmy Pop the rather stomach-churning news that the Def Leppard drummer still has a full mobile stump hidden under his floppy sleeve. Predictably, Jimmy is delighted.

"Ah now *that*, that's something they really should have in porno. He could go far with that stump. (*Light bulb number two*) Hey! 'Fiddling With His Stump' should be the Angry Mexican DJs' first single. "Hello Cleveland!..." (*Cheering*) "THIS IS!... FIDDLES! WITH! HIS STUMP!" Yaaaayyy!!"

"The seediest, most sordid collection of ass-munches on the planet"

Erm, isn't all this a bit sick?

"Yeah, I love that shit man! I love sick shit like... The Charlatans, man! That shit's too spooky, too eerie. We may only know four chords between us, but at least all the people playing on our records are alive. Hey! Charlatans! Your record sounds great, but unfortunately all people ever remember about you is that you guys are creepy! Lose the creepiness, guys!"

Talking of sick shit, it's one thing for bassist Evil Jared to eat live mice onstage, but Jimmy Pop claims that the Evil one has been known to eat *finches*. Now they must be really hard to come by.

"Weellll, he's only ever eaten a finch twice," admits Jim. "Because when you get to birdies, it starts to get a little bit too real. But with mice, you see them squeaking in the corner all the time, they're almost asking to be eaten, so it's not too bad. But finches are as far as we go."

So no fully grown shire horses?

"No, but he has eaten big rats and a 12in garden snake. I remember the first time he tried to eat a mouse, he swallowed it whole and about three minutes later it started to claw its way back out again. We thought he was choking, but it was this mouse climbing back out of his mouth! Now what he does is he puts it in his mouth first, then fills his mouth with water and drowns it before he swallows it. See? The Charlatans don't do that, do they?"

JOHN PERRY

'Why Is Everybody Always Picking On Me' is out now on Universal. One Fierce Beer Coaster *is released this month. Bloodhound Gang tour the UK during October.*

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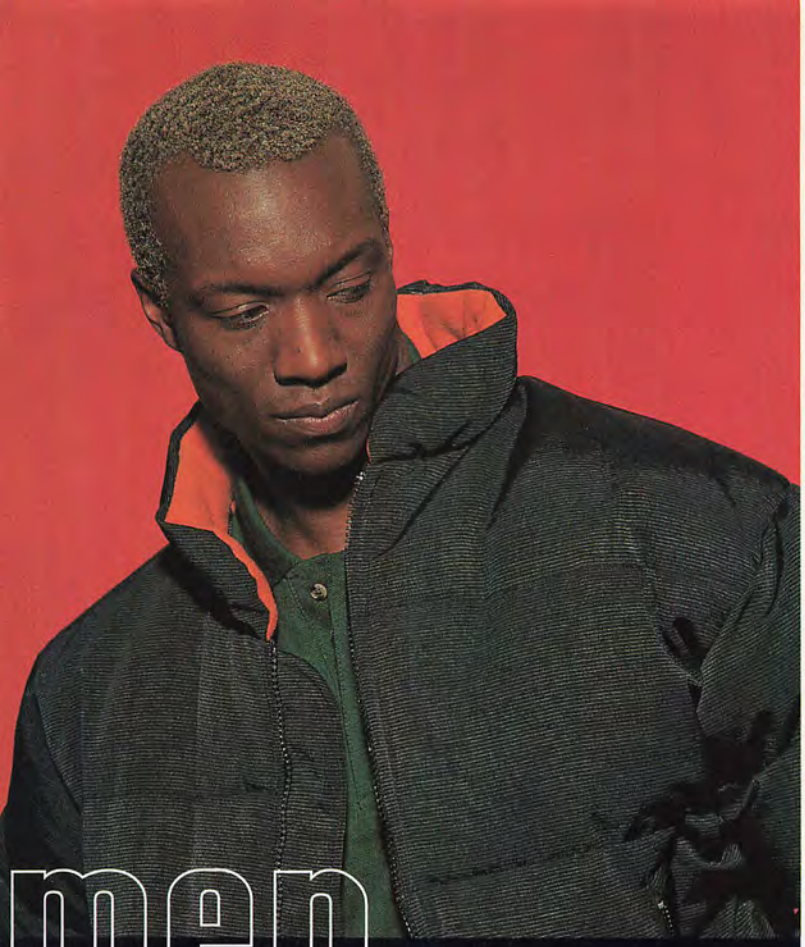

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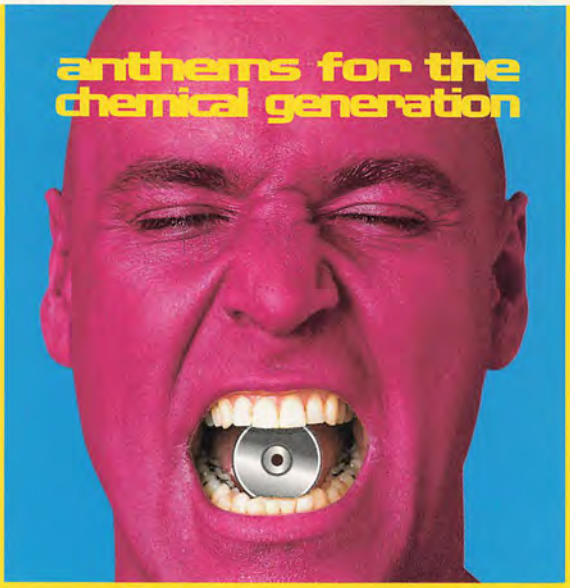

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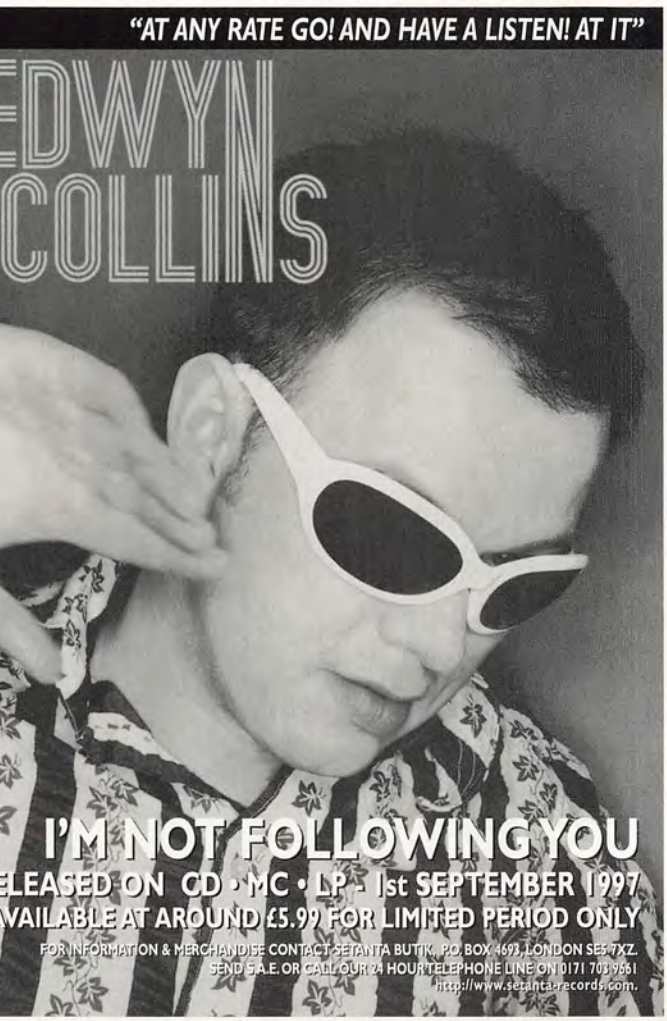
PROPELLERHEADS/Spybreak! · THE SABRES OF PARADISE/Smokebelch I
UNDERWORLD/Born Slippy (Nuxx) · FLUKE/Absurd (whitewash edit)
THE FUTURE SOUND OF LONDON We Have Explosive (part 1) · GOLDIE/Inner City Life
ALEX REECE featuring DEBORAH ANDERSON Feel The Sunshine
CRAIG SMITH/Back Tee The Auld Skool

Music is the best drug. Music is the ecstacy and the rapture. Always. Now we have the best, most diverse and exciting music ever, and in my view a good smattering of it is represented on this album' Irvine Welsh

Ecstacy by Irvine Welsh available now in Vintage paperback

"AT ANY RATE GO! AND HAVE A LISTEN! AT IT"



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Strapping Jocks

Scots band Arab Strap belt it out in France

"Put the shotguns away, guys, they've got security cameras!"

PHOTO: ANDY WILLSHER

Arab Strap singer Aidan meanders around the tiny stage, occasionally swigging from a bottle of cheap red wine with the unlikely name of La Derrière Des Fagots, or poof's arse wine to you and me. Very Arab Strap and, conveniently enough, given that we are in France, very Serge Gainsbourg. He's clearly had one bottle short of a crate, and as he circumnavigates the buckled microphone to the sparse accompaniment of splintered guitar and funereal rhythm section, he pauses, sucks nicotine, then announces, "She said it was the biggest cock she'd ever seen, and I thought, 'she doesn't even know where it's been'." Judging by the massed arched eyebrows of the young Frenchies, they clearly know it's a bit naughty. The French always were suckers for a spot of ooh-la-la.

Those fine purveyors of Guinness, however, for whose TV ad the Strap gave over their cracking new single, 'The First Big Weekend', decided that Aidan's broad Scots brogue was virtually indecipherable and brought in a voice-over actor. C'est la vie. The royalty cheque was promptly transformed into liquid refreshment and enjoyed while it lasted.

Arab Strap like a drink, as anyone who's witnessed any of their live shows will know. Guitars have been destroyed, drumkits trashed, bottles of amyl nitrate dispatched into the crowd and large amounts of alcohol consumed. They're wilfully continuing the tradition mapped out by the likes of The Jesus And Mary Chain and Teenage Fanclub, whose earlier gigs became something of a 'will they/won't they self-destruct in front of our very eyes' type scenario.

Arab Strap's debut album, the much over-looked *The Week Never Starts Around Here*, was a soundtrack for small-time misfits who don't subscribe to the 'work, drink, sleep and knock up the girlfriend by the time she's 20' ethos. Christ, I mean how small-time incestuous is it when both the singer and the guitarist used to be shagging the same girl? Add to this countless other failed relationships, a heady concoction of bad drug experiences, teenage pregnancies and nothing more appealing than a constant supply of "fickle little disco tarts" and you've got a pretty fucked up design for life. Fortunately, Aidan and Malcolm were magnanimous enough to put these experiences to a musical backbeat, and share their dodgy fumblings and drug-fucked existence with the world at large.

It's a bit naughty, but the French always were suckers for a spot of ooh-la-la

The French gig itself was both ugly and awesome. Some bloke called Jocky Rotten was shouting, "Better than the Pistols in '76!" This was the same bloke who earlier stole a bike, and then crashed it into a wall, shouting "Bonjour Mademoiselles!" at some of the local talent. He may be rubbish on two wheels, but he can spot a great band.

INNES REEKIE

The Girls Of Summer *EP is out now on Chemikal Underground. Arab Strap are also on the soundtrack to Film On Four's version of Irvine Welsh's* The Acid House.

The original paper

RIZLA The firzt and still the bezt.

Life Thru a Lens // Robbie Williams

29 09 97

Music lessons

An examination of Schooly D

There are not a lot of performers these days who really go out on a limb. Keith Moon is dead, the Sex Pistols should be playing Vegas, and gangsta rap is manufactured by big corporations to sell to little boys. It wasn't always like that, though.

Schooly D was the first and greatest nihilist rapper. His message was a personal one, a fucked-up one but always true to his self, which is a pretty good place to start from.

"All my stuff was fucking personal. I didn't write all that fucked-up entertainment shit like the guys who came after me. Those guys [*gangsta rappers*] did what I did but they just made it mass market. I wrote about my relationship with my mother: I didn't live in no fucking mansion on a hill with no limo, I lived with my mother in Philly. You just have to listen to my stuff to see the relationship I had with my mum."

"If I smoke kill now it has got to be the shit. I don't drink beer no more, either"

Saturday Night documents Schooly returning home pissed-up after "kicking the ass of some little punk", only to be threatened by his mother brandishing a gun. She then takes him upstairs in some weird pseudo-sexual threat. Next Saturday, Schooly accidentally fucks a bloke – one of those weeks, eh? Disturbing though these images were, they also managed to be entertaining. One EP, 'Smoke Some Kill', had a song on it which involved Schooly getting up in the morning, feeling bored out of his mind. He drinks a load of 'Forties' (beer) and smokes a lot of 'kill' (dope) and watches the *Brady Bunch*. At this point the whole scenario melts into a nightmare mess, with Schooly fantasising about everyone on the show fucking each other.

"Well, you do man. Don't you ever think that? Like you're watching a TV show and you think, 'Fuck this, they're all actors. I wonder if they fuck in real life?' You know, everyone does. They ain't real people. Who didn't want to fuck Ginger in *Fantasy Island*, man? I did." Personally, I had a big problem with Larry Hagman not asking Genie to make 10 of herself so he could fuck them all day and night but, hey, I was 28 then.

Schooly didn't hide behind the USA's undoubted social mess, he stood there with his own mess and showed it to everyone.

"In the end, I ran off. I had the usual nightmare scenario. I was ripped off left, right and centre. Managers, women, everything went wrong. People had stolen my own songs from me. I moved to Atlanta to get away from everyone, I was there two years. I drank beer, smoked weed and went up to about 220lbs [*nearly 16st*]. I didn't do no records, nothing – just sat there being unhappy.

"Eventually I just got so bored that I moved back to Philly and started to get things together. I bought back my own fucking songs – that really pissed me off. Spending the money I earned from the fucking songs to buy them back. I realised all that shit that you get from making songs, like money, women and people pretending to like you, is shit. What made me happy was making music, or drawing, sculpting, writing lyrics, or seeing my son. He's nine now and I ain't with his mother, but I see him a lot."

He even gave up smoking, sort of.

"If I smoke kill now it has got to be the shit. I need a fucking disclaimer to smoke, man. When I came back to Philly I got a deal with Sony, bought all my stuff back, started to DJ a bit and got real busy. Then I started to remember my songs – I always used to perform with a piece of paper. People thought I'd just written the stuff, but in truth, I could never remember my own lyrics. But suddenly it all started coming back to me. I don't drink beer no more, either. I do drink, though – wine, brandy – stuff that *means* shit."

But by then, he had been contacted by "some old white guy" who had been bothering Schooly for some time, since before his defection to Atlanta even.

Do you know 'Memories'?

"But I was too out of it to give a shit. I just said, 'Who the fuck are you, man?' This guy was Abel Ferrara and I... I just didn't care about nothing, I was running from life. But eventually I got to meet him on the set of *King Of New York* and it was cool. We were into the same things, sort of, and I'd stopped being so unhappy. I did some stuff on *Bad Lieutenant* and I've done a load of stuff on his new film, *The Blackout*."

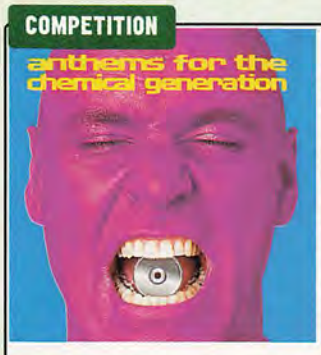
He has also been doing a new album, working live with our very own Mekon of 'Phatty's Lunchbox' fame, and getting back his drawing skills.

"I used to draw all my own covers, man. Some of them are real shit, but it was all me, everything was me."

ADAM PORTER

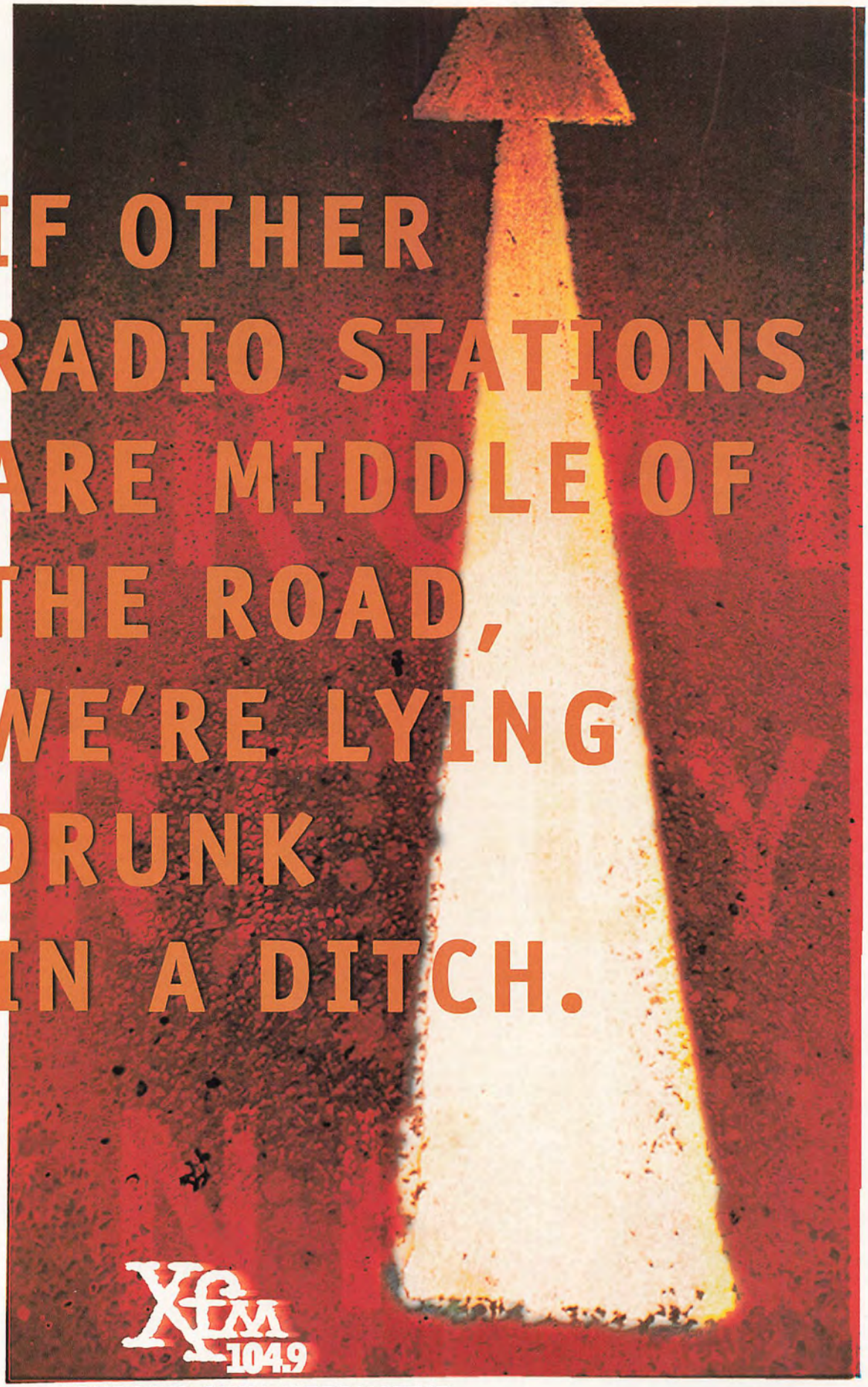
Mekon's LP Welcome to Tackletown *is out now on Wall of Sound*

COMPETITION



The bloke with the big purple head is trying to swallow a CD. Perhaps he thinks that by swallowing a disc called *Anthems For The Chemical Generation* he can get off his trolley and forget all about his head being the wrong colour. Unfortunately, he's wrong. This CD does not contain drugs but tracks by Underworld, Goldie, Stone Roses, Primal Scream and loads of others. It's been released to coincide with the paperback publication of Irvine Welsh's *Ecstasy*. But old bluebrain's loss is your gain.

loaded has 25 copies of the album and 25 copies of *Ecstasy* to give away. Just answer the following question. Is Irvine Welsh a Welsh, or b Scottish? Answers on postcards marked Ecstasy Competition, **loaded**, King's Reach Tower, Stamford St, London SE1 9LS.



LONDON'S ONLY ALTERNATIVE

OASIS

Punch Power	Haymakers	7
Kick Rating	Hush Puppies	4
Weapons	TVs out of hotel windows	5
Special Holds	Monkey grip	6
Resemblance to Girls	Bonehead	8
Criminal Record	Liam pushed a cyclist	2
Fear Factor	Lightweights, dirty in a clinch	7
Total		39

THE VERVE

Punch Power	Jabs	6
Kick Rating	Nasty pointy boots	7
Weapons	Bottles, knives, drugs	8
Special Holds	Boston crab	7
Resemblance to Girls	A lot of hair	2
Criminal Record	Nick broke hand fighting bouncer	9
Fear Factor	Deeply sinister	10
Total		49

Oasis V The Verve

Be Here Now (Creation) V *Urban Hymns* (Hut)

"Gerrim! Gawann Noel, punch that skinny get! Oof! Gawd, right in the crown jewels! Look out Liam! Croftie's behind you! Mind that two-be-four! Oh no, leg eet! The rozzers!"

Weird, eh? When *Definitely Maybe* was released, this matching of hairy knuckled rock'n'roll big-hitters would have seemed impossible. Back then, The Verve wouldn't even have bothered turning up to a free-for-all behind the science block. It would have been the usual embarrassing scene of two trout-faced scallies in Paddington coats pretending to fight each other while Damon Albarn grizzled in a corner.

But then suddenly, bizarrely, after just one fantastic, head-spinningly beautiful single – 'Bitter Sweet Symphony' – The Verve and their extremely tight trousers have become the new Great Very White Hope, and right here, right now, those grumpy Manc buggers have some competition for all tomorrow's chip papers. Even if it is from a bunch of weedy pipecleaner men in crap shades. It's the new Blur V Oasis, the new Toyah V Hazel O'Connor. Let's lower them into the **loaded** bear pit and poke them with sharp sticks.

Of course, by the time you read this, you'll have already played *Be Here Now* to a wafer and hummed 'The Girl In the Dirty Shirt' in the bath while vigorously soaping the old chap. And, of course, you'll have already read a zillion sycophantic Sunday supplement reviews describing how Oasis, with their trophy wives and out-sized rainwear, are speeding us down the white rabbit-hole towards New Lad Hell.

Every week, Oasis are the new punk, the new Speed Garage, the *New Avengers*. Whatever-ah, the message is clear: you can now safely wheel all your other albums down to Honest Dave's Vinyl, Betamax and Rubic's Cube Emporium in the sure knowledge that you'll never need another record as long as you live.

All bollocks of course. But it is irritating just how *bloody good* Oasis' effortless third album really is. The whirling helicopter blades of 'D'You Know What I Mean?', the dried pea-shakers and kaleidoscope guitars of 'Magic Pie'. The way 'Stand By Me' is sweet like a sherbet dib-dab, and 'I Hope, I Think, I Know' explodes against the inside of your skull. And the way Liam sings, "I got things caught in my mind" on the heart-stopping 'Don't Go Away' – wet shrimps, teabags and congealed lumps of parsley sauce, if his mind is anything like my sink.

On 'Be Here Now' Oasis sound epic, eloquent, touchingly stupid and, yes, even beautiful. And then they end on 'It's Gettin' Better (Man!)' a return to the cocky gibbon-swagger of 'Supersonic' and 'Shakermaker'. Only far, far richer.

So, on paper, it already looks like a walkover. The Verve, however, have the advantage of the underdog: even with the cunning horseshoe of their acclaimed *A Northern Soul* album stuffed in their glove, The Verve have the element of surprise.

Oh, and slightly better drugs.

The Verve are Oasis's dark flip-side, the ugly cousins kept in a dusty cupboard at the top of the stairs, who finally escape after befriending a mouse who leads them out through the air conditioning. To look at their bag o' chisels faces and their nobbly smackhead jumpers, you'd never believe they fly first class.

But, Jesus, they do, oozing class from every trembling nicotine-soaked patch. Whereas Oasis still thrive on the way you can strum their tunes around a burning milk crate, The Verve's third is played in full technicolour complete with 3D shark and a naked Sandra Bullock cameo. In terms of pure impact, The Verve's 'The Rolling People' makes Oasis' 'Magic Pie' sound like you've been listening to the support band and now the headliners have come on with their flame-throwing guitars and the flying drumkit.

The difference is this: Richard Ashcroft sounds like he's lying on the beach, painfully sunburnt, sullenly sipping an elaborate pina colada and screaming about his fucked-up life through a faulty megaphone. Liam sounds like he's off his head on Sangria and is wandering about telling everyone how rich he is while kicking sand into The Verve's weedy faces.

But in the end, they're both on the same beach (man). The Verve's 'Come On' is big, anthemic, fruity and fresh, like jumping off the swings in the park. Oasis' 'It's Getting Better (Man)' is a blast that pushes your hair back and squishes your freckles into your ears. And the magnificently cheesy reprise of 'All Around The World', where Oasis shamelessly re-do the end of 'All You need Is Love' is fantastically inspired, rather than horribly retro. If anyone is in touch with the times it's Oasis, because they are ghost-writing the book in column inches.

The bottom line is that, while 'Urban Hymns' may be more dazzlingly sophisticated, more righteously stoned, 'Be Here Now' is the album that 1997 will be remembered by. Even if the Spice Girls bring out their rumoured 0898 smutline album. With gatefold.

Oasis are a phenomenon, Bigger Than God. The Verve are musicians, stars in the gutter. But it's incredible, brilliant, utterly fantastic that both these albums are ours to cut out and keep, HERE, NOW. England in the darkening summer of '97 is hot, hazy and filled with magic. Weird, eh? As Liam says "These days are crazy but they make me shy-e-eye-ne". Mad fer 'em both.

JOHN PERRY

MUSICAL BUMS

reviewed by cheeky

Morrissey: Suedehead, The Best Of Morrissey (EMI)
Funny chap, Mozzer. The sort of bloke who lives with his mother, works in a milliner's and goes ballroom dancing. Probably enjoys rugged sports involving innocent yet prolonged contact with other men. Sadly, Stephen just hasn't been the same since Bet Lynch left the Street, as you can tell from the whiny Northern kitchen sink campery on this compilation. Buck up, lad.

Oh God, not again

Tony Hadley: Tony Hadley (Polygram)
Oh, he's still got it, has Tones. His kilt, that is. Takes it out of the mothballs every now and then and mimes along to Spandau Ballet's greatest hits, looking at his arse in the mirror. But not content with private kinkiness, he's started doing it with other people's songs: Duran's 'Save A Prayer', Rod's 'First Cut Is The Deepest'. Very unpleasant business. In fact, to cut a long story short, I lost my mind.

Various: Come Again (EMI)
Look, I like a cover as much as the next monkey, ask any upholsterer. But this is too much: another album of mediocre bands ruining perfectly decent songs: The Foo Fighters murdering 'Baker Street', Kenickie knobbing Hot Chocolate.

Tanya Donnelly, the Belly of the Underdogs

See what you've started with your bloody skirt, Tony? Eh? EH? Robbie Williams is good though. Lovely smile.

Tanya Donnelly: Lovesongs For Underdogs (4AD)
Don't talk to me about underdogs, love. Nasty hairy brutes. They'll chase you up a tree, but haven't got the brains to saw it down. That pooch comes anywhere near me, he'll get a punch up the bracket. Still, Tanya's come up trumps here with yet more super-jangly indie pop toons.

Travis: Good Feeling (Independiente)
Sprightly little fellas who sound a bit like the indie Bay City Rollers. Which is always good, But then you notice The Trav are from Scotland, where they deep-fry their Mars Bars. Is that strictly necessary, lads? Plus, track one is entitled 'All I Wanna Do Is Rock', another bloody cover! Still, no doubt Val Doonican could use the royalties.

The loaded playlist

1 **The Verve** – 'Bitter Sweet Symphony'
2 **Citizen's Utilities** – 'She Taught Me Everything There Is To Know About Poultry'
3 **Speed Garage** – 'What's Speedy About That?'
4 **Dust Junkys** – 'Living In the Pocket Of A Drug Queen'
5 **Bloodhound Gang** – 'That One About Def Leppard's Drummer'
6 **Bentley Rhythm Ace** – 'Technocarbootsale...'
7 **Beck** – 'Jackass'
8 **Ennio Morricone or someone** – 'The Magnificent Seven'
9 **RoboDave Bennun** – 'Turgid Country And Western Arse'
10 **AT** – 'Cheeky Monkey'

The Three Degrees: Let's Get It On (QED)
The very thought of 'getting it on' with pensionable incontinents may appeal to Prince Chas, but then look at his taste in birds. You wouldn't want your great Aunt Maud saucing it up on the sofa, licking your ear and crooning 'I Wanna Sex You Up' would you?' I blame Meals On Wheels.

Various: Café Mambo (VC)
Ah, takes you back to those heady days havin' it on the beach down Ibiza way. Knotted hanky, inflatable banana, love hearts by the crazy golf course. A Guy Called Gerald, Orbital and the splendidly named Boris Dlugosch meet up in the Aciiieeed Isle's coolest venue for a bracing Frappacino.

Adam Faith: Adam (EMI)
He's a saucy one Adam Faith, having it away with that bird off *The House Of Elliott* and being the new Paul Nicholas at the same time. This, however, is from way before *Budgie*'s vast collars, when Ads was still crooning shite ballads in a cardigan his mum knitted him and that bird out of *The House Of Elliott* wasn't even born.

Joe Cocker: Across From Midnight (Parlophone)
It's a good month for the oldies, as Elvis Costello used to say. Must be the unusually clement weather that spurs well-meaning community workers to herd the likes of Joe onto a charabanc and down to the Bridlington Cream Tea Shoppe and Recording Studio.

Cheeky recommends

Coolio: My Soul (Tommy Boy)
Twiglet-head does it again with loads of low-ridin' grooves about how big and shiny his lawnmower and dishwasher are and how his dad's bigger than your dad. Fly.

Springheel Jack: Busy, Curious, Thirsty (Island)
The bouncy-shoed ones give yer drum'n'bass knobs a tweaking they'll never forget. Squidgy chamois tunes and a gurgling bucket o'bass: The Stan Ogden of breakbeat. Ooh, me back.

Jimi Hendrix: Experience Hendrix (MCA)
Just one thing; how DO you go about kissing the sky? I keep falling off the ladder meself. You know, I reckon he was on drugs, little Jimi. But, enough about *Brookside*, this is a stonking digitally recombobulated compilation wherein the Jimster cranks out 'Purple Haze', 'Manic Depression' and all them. Magic.

AT: How Ace Are Buildings? (London)
Funny hair, big shorts, skate-punk guitars and a singer wot sounds like Lemmy. And knock me down with a rifftastic fire engine: they've got a song named after ME! I think I've overdone it on the glue and gone to heaven. And it's full of terracotta pots.

The Sundays: Static And Silence (Parlophone)
Ooh look, I've melted.

Fluke: Risotto (Circa)
A bit like Kraftwerk pedalling their Grifters like blue-assed gibbons through a carwash. One of those automatic ones with the big green bog brushes. Never got on with bicycles myself; your tail gets caught in the chain and it's a bugger getting that oil out of your fur. Risotto? More like a plate of whelks.

Psycho Realm: Psycho Realm (Ruff House)
The bald, goateed, tattooed one out of Cypress Hill (oh, rightchooare, that's all of them, isn't it?) goes solo with a nasty, chunky hip-hop nightmare futurescape where everyone sounds like *Top Cat* and where Officer Dibble has turned into *RoboCop*. I preferred 'Stop the Pigeon', myself.

key: GOOD RECORD BAD RECORD

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THE VIDEO

PHOTOS: RONALD GRANT

McCabe and Mrs Miller, directed by Robert Altman, Technicolor Tartan, £17.49

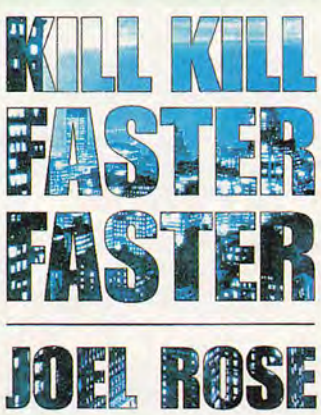
Robert Altman's *Prêt À Porter* and *Short Cuts* I hated (except for Chris Penn killing the chick while on the full tilt), but this is a right good shout, and Warren Beatty is surprisingly superb.

Altman pulled together an expansive crew of extras as townspeople, and plonked them in this knocked-up settlement right in the middle of winter. They even had to wear the clothes of their characters for some three months, having them suffer the exact vagaries of the time. What a nice man. Try having a pony outside in a force 10 blizzard. Not easy. The movie is filmed in a blunt, almost surreal way (that Michael Cimino used to great effect in the excellent *Heaven's Gate*). The cast is, of course, absolutely impeccable: the beautiful Julie Christie as the cockney madam, Mrs Miller, the toothy William Devane as a dodgy lawyer (what do you call three lawyers chained together at the bottom of the sea? – a result), a very young Keith Carradine is splendid as an "aw shucks" cowboy, Shelly Duvall is, as usual, spaced out, Rene Auberjonois (who must be Welsh with a name like that) is a scumbag and Hugh Millais is absolutely excellent as the head of a gang of paid killers (where is he now? He's totally fucking brilliant).

This movie was maybe one of the first attempts to deglamourise the wild west, and is full of shit, shovels and snide sorts. Beatty is excellent as a professional gambler-cum-gunslinger who is revealed upon facing the real killers to be a nice chap who's not killed a soul. He teams up with Julie Christie to run a brothel which, as an independent force, runs smack to the more organised criminal fraternity who try to take it over. Hence he lands in shit, being a stroppy, awkward bugger.

This is a film that has influenced many a fine movie: the excellent *Long Riders*, the brilliant *Culpepper Company* and, more recently, *The Unforgiven*. If you don't share my enthusiasm for the cowboy genre, as I say to my girlfriend, "Fuck off then." And there you have it.

THE BOOK



Faster, Faster, Kill, Kill, Kill by Joel Rose, Payback Press, £6.99

Another book from Jamie Bing's excellent Payback Press, who have had the bottle to publish excellent novels long out of print due to lack of interest or, for the most part, having been banned. Such books by Alexander Trocchi, Iceberg Slim and Charlie Mingus have already been delivered by Payback and now there's this, a book that completely fucks with the language, giving not a single nod to convention or protocol.

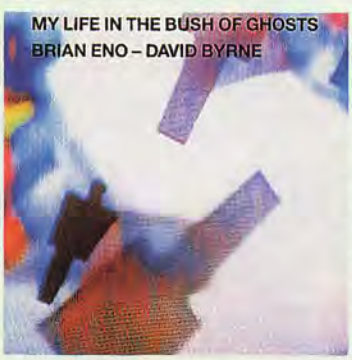
In the book, the hero of the piece is a certain Joey One Way, a name that, in itself, deems the novel totally essential. He is basically an ex-con who, while doing his porridge, has been buggered, beaten and bewildered, but while he's inside, knocks out a play that New York's Broadway receives with ecstatic reviews. Thrust in to the 'let's do lunch' world, he is a wildcat amongst turtledoves, always on the edge, forever on the boil, totally up for a ruck in whatever way it comes: razors, guns, fists, you name it. Some young hip-hop types front him out and he, of course, strips and slices them like well-cut joints of beef, mostly in the facial region.

The English or American is delivered big time street-style, and at times one has to re-read and try to suss what the hell he's saying, but once you get down with it, you're okay. Man.

This Joey is a street guy, the type we all know or are. Maître D's piss him off. In fact, so does the entire world, and this is where I relate because I dislike most of it myself.

I believe in the morality of the street and its justice, and so does Joey. Fuck with certain folk and you get fucked large, so just don't. Be polite and it's all cool. This is how Joey One Way is, and to me he's the top avocado on the block. His boss's bird gives him the come on so he shags her then drops her. An art fuck gets sarcastic so he bottles him. Big boy, big games, a fine maxim. You'll love this book because he's a top nutter, and I know you just love them.

THE CD



My Life In the Bush Of Ghosts, Brian Eno & David Byrne, EG Records Ltd, £9.99

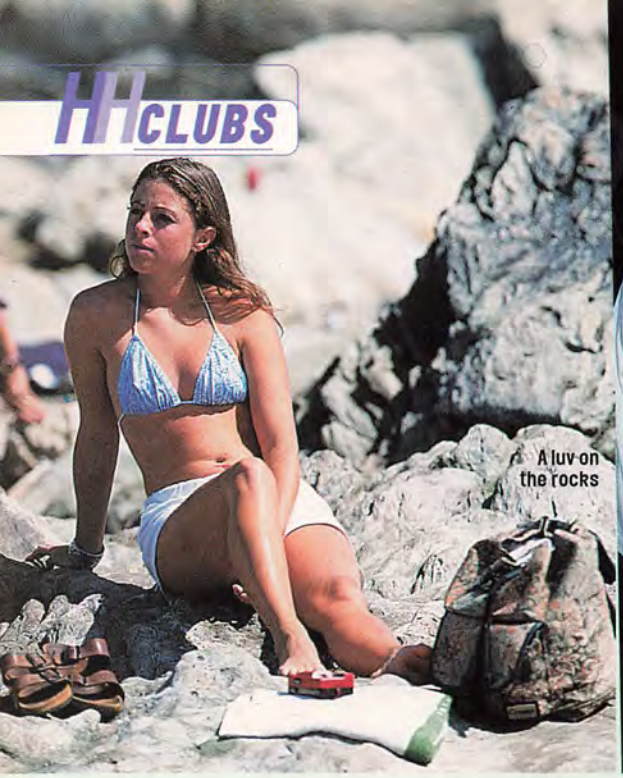
Unique, bloody years ahead of its time, a corker, a blinder, stonking and splendid; this was recorded during 1979 and 1980 and pre-empted much of the dance-orientated music of the last 20 years – drum'n'bass, trip-hop, world music. Featuring odd sound effects, tape-loops, miscellaneous percussion, vocals drawn from as far afield as the Lebanon and exorcists and preachers from the US, all in all, it's so terrifically tremendous, it's shocking.

The collaborative efforts of Brian Eno, the weird one from Roxy Music, and Talking Heads' David Byrne were bound to make news, but this is exceptional.

Normally I don't go into individual tracks, but in order that you can properly grasp the wobble-board, the album kicks off with 'America is Waiting', which uses a trip-hop backing over a tape of an indignant radio host. 'Mea Culpa' drops a tape of an irate radio caller and snide politician over a spaced-out percussion-led track, chocka with analogue synths (later used extensively by house music 'innovators'). Maybe the best known ditty, 'Regiment', employs Durya Yunsin, a superb Lebanese singer similar in style to Ofra Haza, who was sampled to great effect by Eric B & Rakim in '87's hip-hop milestone 'Paid In Full'. Are you getting my drift? – this record's well ahead of the game, even now. 'Jezebel Spirit' is a rocking, chugging monster of a tune which drops the voice of a real dyed-in-the-wool exorcist over a rhythm section that kicks large portions of parson's nose, replete with Byrne's totally swell funk guitar licks. It is out there and in there – classic gear. The whole album is on a bend, a few chilled tracks, such as 'Mountains Of Needles' are reminiscent of Eno's excellent *Before And After Science* album. Then there's the ominous 'Moonlight In Glory' and a quirky little track called 'Come With Us' featuring a radio evangelist.

Now you get some idea of this CD's amazing diversity. There's all sorts of stuff in there, it's a real groundbreaker and a great album. I had forgotten, but now I know.

CHRIS SULLIVAN


A luv on the rocks

Away with the Piskies

You should get out more, luv, you're looking a bit pasty

Are you being surfed?

Sun, sea and Satan at Newquay's Headworx festival

The Sonic Mook Experiment

"Let me take you to Newquay," said club promoter Sean McLusky. "I've hired a luxury van with a CD, video and card table. I'm hosting a Sonic Mook Experiment at one of the clubs on Tuesday night and I've got a couple of DJs playing at the Headworx Surf Festival during the day. I've got us a cottage all to ourselves."

Sun, surf and discos – sounds like heaven's gate is opening. It's an unusually hot Monday morning, a sun so out of control you could roast a chicken on a car aerial and boil spuds on your forehead. Only a madman in love with his office chair would pass up such an offer. So myself, Derek the Editor, Michael the Deputy Editor and Fashion geezer Reece join the charabanc.

No sympathy for the disco devil

Monday morning and Sean has managed to lure us into a piss yellow, humpbacked reject Telecom transit van. The video is tuned into another dimension, a land of snow and crackle, and the CD player will only play Wings. Jeff the driver, up front with two members of the band Speedway, likes 'Mull Of Kintyre'. He plays it over and over again. The card table is quality school-issue formica, creaking like the *Marie Celeste* for the entire six-hour trip. Bloody luxury van, that's clubs promoters' licence for you.

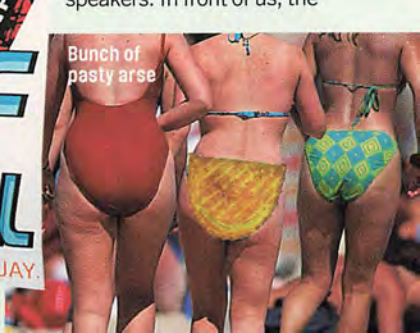
The dark side of the Mook

Outside the Red Lion in Newquay we behold two sonic elves, The Dub Pistols. Famed for their head-drilling breakbeats, Lee, the little fella with bloodshot hair, makes the music and Barry, with a crop circle shaved into his head, plays records and shouts a lot. We squeeze into the van to find a party. As we pass through Fraddon in convoy, the Lada in front catches fire. "We can't break down here," squeals a squashed local hiding beneath the card table, "they worship the Devil round these parts." This is the '90s, the devil is old-skool. The Lada's fucked. More disco plums pack into the van.

We can't find the bloody party. Jeff drives us around a disused airfield for a couple of hours. We decide to return home and, driving back through Fraddon, Jeff chases a little white cat. The feline stops and turns its head like a crazed Rutger Hauer at the end of *Bladerunner*. Jeff gets the evil eye. A giant skid saves idle hands from a night in a sacrificial hedgerow. No such thing as the Devil, eh?

Mad Radge McLusky

We spend the night in Sean's luxury cottage – nine men sharing a floor and five beds in a house run by a psycho. And, like in the film of the same name, the landlord's dead mother is probably lurking upstairs handing out the orders – he's barking mad. Next morning, hungover at the Headworx Surf Festival on Fistral beach, myself, Sean and Barry Crop Circle climb the scaffolding of the DJ tower to play records. We are the aural backdrop for this laid-back, international surfing contest. Sean blasts 'Ride Of The Valkyries' out of the speakers. In front of us, the


Bunch of pasty arse

PHOTOS: NEALE HAYNES

Not that kind of wave, you silly photographer!

Enough with the posing already

Wavey Davey wipes out

dance. "I'm taking notes," says Sean. "This is like the acid test without the acid. I'm compiling a dossier but I can't reveal who for." This is the real *X-Files*. The McLusky Files, where punters, jaws a-gurn, are Mooked.

Is there life on Newquay?

Teenage girls queue for abduction. The reject Telecom van takes the chosen few back to our holiday hovel. A party explodes and the next day arrives before the casualties can be counted.

"Need any bin bags?" Asks landlord-psycho.

"No thanks, cunt," replies Jeff.

Bin bags... this sounds familiar. When alien occultists Heaven's Gate decided to join the mothership following in the wake of the Halle Bop comet, they killed themselves with a cocktail of drugs and vodka, then suffocated one another. We've had the drugs, we've had the Spa home-brand vodka. Is this some kind of experimental club cult? Is Sean the next Marshall Herf Applewhite, leader of Heaven's Gate? They even removed their genitals in an attempt to become asexual alien beings. Right on cue with my disturbing thoughts, Jeff gets his ginger cock out; "I'll just pop next door and see if I can borrow a cup of sugar."

The door swings open. It looks like Lee Dub Pistol. Last night, teenage girls not only removed him with cunning from the party but have shaved and kept his eyebrows. Lee's lips are painted the blue of Chelsea's home kit. The remains of his face a glow of purple glitter. Barry, his crop circle finally at ease, takes Lee to the station.

"That's typical of young girls." says Michael. "It's like when they find a dead animal on the lawn. They took him off and trussed him like a dead sparrow in a special dress, carried him into the house and probably got an almighty wallop from their parents."

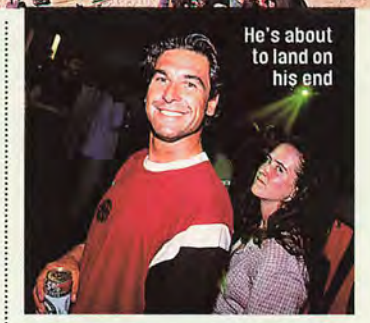
Sean laughs the howling cackle of a club promoter wallowing in the aftermath of party success.

"When does this Experiment end Sean?" asks Michael.

"It doesn't... ever."

"Mahanik Maak Heckariment." You have been warned.

ROWAN CHERNIN



He's about to land on his end

BMX stuntmen on the halfpipe wall of death carry on oblivious. A helicopter circles the beach, a Labrador parks it arse in front of the DJ Tower. "Mahanik Maak Heckariment" wails out across the beach like an obscure Islamic prayer. Sean is muttering into his headphones plugged into the microphone socket; "Mahanik Maak Heckariment," he belches. The helicopter circles again. Sean, his mouth still plugged loudly into the headphones, launches a carrier bag full of Sonic Mook flyers into the air. They land angled like bright red roof tiles and surround the dog. "Mahanik-Maak-Heckariment." The wind takes over and spreads the fire red paper message across the relaxing holidaymakers. Mad dogs and discoman out in the midday sun. Tonight will be fantastic.

Mahanik-Maak-Heckariment

After the pubs shut, Jesters nightclub packs solid. The Experiment is underway. Newquay is the capital of youth-filled holiday resorts. The G-spot paradise of the primal urge where young lovers experiment with the opposite sex. This Mook energy is primed for carnage. Clubs seriously damage your health, and right now, mixing it up behind the decks, Barry's crop circles appear to rotate in time to the Sonic groove. His mix of Big Beats, ragga and hip-hop make people lift up their arms in appreciation while they

Newquay clubs

Jesters/ The Lizzie, Pentire Road. Regular one-off dance nights. Tel: 01637872 334
Berties, East Street Tel: 01637 872255
Frizzbys, Cliff Road Tel: 01637 850 741
Talltrees, Tolcarne Road, Tel: 01637 873 894
Sailors Arms, Fore Street Tel: 01637 872 838
Fosters, Narrowcliffe Tel: 01637 874 037
Bowgee Inn, Crantock Tel: 01637 830 363
Steamers Club, Marcus Hill Tel: 01637 872 194
Newquay tourist office, Tel: 01637 871 345

Sonic Mook Experiment: last Friday of every month (26 Sept) 333 Old Street, London, with DJs Keiron Accelerator, Mimi Freestyle, and Olly Soft Rock plus big name jocks tbc. Tel: 0171 833 4900.
Thankyou to *Carve* Magazine, England's finest surfing mag. Headworx, Cherry Coke, Calvin Klein Eyewear, and Vicky & Sarah, Harlyn Bay Surf School, and the Mashie Niblick.

Surfers having a reflective moment

THE BRAHMS & PLAYLIST

Who's playing what you want and where...

The Next Level After surving the Heaven's Gate mass suicide, a group of British DJs will be sending out a new message. Expect to hear an eclectic mix from DJ disciples Ross Allen, Phil Mison and Jesus. The first Friday of the month, Bar Rumba, 35 Shaftsbury Avenue, London. Doors 9-4. £5 before 11pm, £8 thereafter. Tel: 0410 348 166

1 95 North 'Basement Culture Presents The Odyssey'
2 No Sont Wasis Feat 'Lena Fiagbe - Flytronix Mix'
3 Pressure Drop 'Sands Of Time'
4 Rakim 'It's Been A Long Time'
5 UFO 'The Planet Plan – Carl Craig Remix'

Love Junky Drugs are dead, the kids want love. Apparently this is: "the largest glam night in Manchester, the flagship for the dressed-up clubber into house and garage." Every Saturday, Applejacks, Manchester. Doors 10-3. £8. Tel: 0161 962 0935

1 The Alliance 'I'm Attracted To You'
2 M & S 'Saturday'
3 Donna Lewis 'Fools Paradise'
4 The Westbrook Project 'No Greater Love'
5 Joi Carewell 'Soul To Bare'

Klub Club The next one of these legendary deep house monthlies takes place with DJ giant Roger Sanchez squeezed into a tiny 250 capactiy venue. All drinks a £1. Costs £10 in advance from the Apartment, 23 Royal Exchange Square or from The Living Room, 5 Byres Road. £12 on door if not sold out. Tel: 0141 337 3777 for venue details.

1 Dubtribe 'We Used To Dance – Muzique Tropique Remix'
2 1BB 'Water Ride'
3 Mateo & Matos 'New York Rhythms'
4 Paper Music 'Issue 2'
5 Swag 'Primitive Urges Three Remix'

Drop The Bomb The Fuse Bar opens during the day as a cafe/bar with local DJs playing records at night. The adjoining club, The Bomb, kicks off at around 9.30pm from Wednesday to Saturdays. Saturdays is the hefty pumping deep house night, Drop The Bomb.The Bomb, 45 Bridlesmith Gate, Nottingham. Doors 9.30pm-3.30am. £8, £6 members. Tel: 0115 950 666.

1 Kanpe Jephte Guillane 'Billy Organ Dub'
2 Nu Yorican Soul 'I Am The Black Gold Of The Sun 4 Hero Mix'
3 The Plastic Avengers 'Back To The Boogie'
4 Glenn Underground 'Secrets Of CVO EP'
5 Fella KVTI 2000 'Black Got To Be Free'

THE BOMB

Come on DJ, spin that wheel

Gurner on the nose

The chips are down for clubbers

Clubs are weekend hives of insanity. People pull faces, sweat, dance and bomb their brains like Nagasaki 1945. According to Amar Natheer promoter of Harrogate club night Magic: "It's time to give clubs a different feel and create a space within clubs where clubbers can get away from the music for a bit." Traditional chill-out rooms are a con. The great Saturday night fraud, where frustrated Pete Tongs, unable to cut it on the main dancefloor, vent their record collections on a captive audience. The alternative torture is the loud as Concorde fluffy ambient crap – Rain Forest Techno tweeting out the speakers. Bastards.

Amar has got a new idea: "Our new Magic night has got three sections. The dancefloor playing disco, funk and garage; the quiet room exactly as it sounds with comfy leather sofas where people can chat; and the balcony has been converted into the Gaming Room."

Since its launch at the end of August, a full-size roulette wheel and blackjack table have been introduced in the Gaming Room. Professional croupiers keep the punters in order and strictly no money changes hands. It's only for fun, no cash at all. It's a different kind of entertainment for people who want to get away from the dancefloor. I reckon this night has got the best looking clientele in the country, a mature dressed up crowd. When we were in the Warehouse in Leeds most of the regulars were over 21. We had all sorts popping in, footballers like Brian Deane, Andy Gray and like, Fiona the hairdresser off *Coronation Street*. Christ, is this the future of discos, gambling with celebrities not money?

ROWAN CHERNIN

Magic happens every Saturday, Club Eleven, 11 Station Parade Harogate. Doors 10-4 . £8/£6 NUS. Tel: 0113 242 7845. Regular guest DJs include Hazzy, Greg, Everton, Liam, Umberto, Norman Jay, Femi, and Jazzy B.

We had all sorts popping in: Brian Deane, Andy Gray and Fiona off Corrie

MAGIC NUMBERS

1 **Cheryl Lynn** To Be Real
2 **Young MC** Know How
3 **Patrice Rusden** Forget Me Not
4 **Dee Fredrick** Live My Life
5 **Chaka Khan** Ain't Nobody

DJ pants

Load of old Disco Bollox

1 Badger Garage – Underground. Big in the home counties.
2 Rave – Latest thing to hit the streets. New Speed Garage. Check: Tony Blackburn.
3 Gastric Android – Unwell electronic wah wah noise in jungle records.
4 Tambourine House – Exclusive. Solid.
5 Speed Garage – RIP.
6 Tesko – The new Handbag. Popular in Japan.
7 Bag Bag – "It's just something. Very Handbaggy Handbag," says Adam Porter.
8 Rain Forest Techno – Budgies, toucans. Read *Cage & Aviary Bird* magazine for up-to-date info on latest releases.
9 Thrifty Cockney Techno – Original piano house.
10 Bum Crack – Claggy drug music.

OFF THE RADAR
Strange tales from clubworld

Competition

Fancy going to a top gig laid on by Fantazia at the Manchester G-Mex? How about flying there and staying in a top-notch hotel? Thought ya did. Well here it is. Top party promoters Fantazia and their sponsors, leading male grooming boys, Lynx, are offering five loaded readers plus a pal flights, accomodation and VIP passes, to Fantazia '97, a 12-hour all-nighter, on 31 October, featuring Carl Cox, Boy George, Jeremy Healy, Allister Whitehead, LuvDup, Brandon Block and loads of other top DJs, PAs and bands including Monkey Mafia and K-Klass. There's limited edition Fantazia bodysprays for runners up. Yess!

To win, all you have to do is be over 18 and answer the following question:
What got split in two by Mickey Mouse in Disney's *Fantasia*:
a Some brooms **b** Pluto **c** Uranus
Answers on a postcard to the magazine's address.

YOU DANCIN'?

records you're always too messed up to ask the name of

The Invisible Of Pair Hands Disparation (Cup Of Tea Records)
Invisible bagels often fly from the speakers of clubland while dancers eagerly try to catch them on pointed index fingers. This insane mix of beats range from the mellow to squeaky funk dog fight material.

Locked On Volume 2 – Sound Of The Underground (Virgin Records)
Speed Garage. Speed Garage. Nice picture of the DJ. Speed Garage.

Adam F Circles (F-Jams) Classic drumnbass track remixed by Roni Size etc
He double basses it up and gives it some fancy drums. Solid bass'n'drum.

The Essential Selection Mixed By Pete Tong (FFRR)
Tongy mixes up 27 dance tracks covering a mix of banging, cheese and pumping house. Not bad.

Spring Heel Jack Hale Bopp (Trade 2/Island)
Beyond human drumnbass taken from the their excellent new LP Busy, Curious Thirsty. Spanking.

Coldcut Let Us Play (Ninja Tune)
Best thing since garlic Butter. Like some of the tracks names on this double CD explain it all; a mix-up of Beats And Pieces for the Post Nuclear Afterlife Lounge-Core well into Noahs Toilet. Superb hydroponic madness.

Kathy Wood Give Me Joy Remixed by Tuff Jam (Phuture Trax Records)
Old hit from '95 returns to give happy remixed garage joy to the kids. Like revisiting an old shag from a different angle.

Modern Electronics Volume 4 (Subversive)
They call this: a musical expedition through the sonic universe. Reverse bass lines, roasting acid noise, banging machine drums, crispy electronics and the odd bit of banging sub-aquatic sounding beats. Heavy.

Bedlam Ago Go (Friendly Fire Communications)
Sounds like Sean Ryder ranting over screeching mid-tempo grooves. Remixes fit into the so-called Big Beat groove or twisted breakbeat malarkey or something like that. One for the dancefloors.

Serialement Votre LP (Concrete)
Someone has allowed classic themes from the '60s and '70s to be remixed by the jazzy French souls. The best of pumping kitsch.

Gilles Peterson & Norman Jay Present The Desert Island Mix (Journeys By DJ/V2)
This compilation covers the funked and jazzy side of clubs. A varied range of beats for trainspotting freaks. Jazz beard material.

4 Hero Earth Pioneers (Talkin Loud)
Soulful vocals for afterhours smokers and dance-crazed remixes for the clubbers. Very intelligent drum'n'bass. Needs a pat on the back.

The Crystal Method Vegas (S3 Sony)
The US electronic breakbeat dance gurus put out a quality LP. One for the dancefloors and heaphone bangers.

The Big Chill Pipedreams (Rumour Records)
Mesmerising mountain warrior rainbow dub of electronic stoner classics. The perfect bongscape.

alien happy moody mad techno blunted cool trainspotter

IS YOUR JOYSTICK FLOPPY?

THE MEGAGRIP VIII IS NOW AVAILABLE AT TANDY.

?

Tandy

YOU'VE GOT QUESTIONS. WE'VE GOT ANSWERS.

Got any Candy Flip?

Todd Terry describes his sound as, "Kinda Miami bass meets Kraftwerk." loaded kinda met up with the New York house DJ and producer when he came to the UK for the Budweiser NYCD tour

Where did you first DJ?
I just did local parties in the neighbourhood, around New York. My first proper gig was in North Moor, Manhattan in about 1984.

What was the first record you played?
No idea.

What made you want to be a DJ?
I was always into music when I was younger and always tried to get into DJing. I think I had a feel for it, so I just got into it.

What's your best DJing experience?
One time in Blackpool, I had to DJ with just a tape deck and a turntable. It was a weird experience because the other turntable was broken and you know, the party had to go on. It was quite a challenge really. It was both my best and worst DJing experience.

Have you ever owned those three traffic lights that flash in time to the beat?
No, I don't know what those are.

What's the strangest thing you've ever seen in a club?
Lots of strange things. People almost dying. In England once, on my manager's birthday, a girl stripped completely, but that was for his benefit.
(Todd's manager: Yeah, that was deep.)

Do you get many groupies?
Every now and then.

Do you indulge?
I don't know, you know, whatever.

How do DJing and girlfriends mix?
It always depends on who you're with. If the girl understands what's going on and can respect that, then that's cool, but you're definitely gonna run into some problems no matter what if your girlfriend's always around.

How do you find playing in the UK compared to New York?
The UK is more open to newer music and different styles. In New York, they're just into one thing. Whatever they think is really happening, that's all they're really gonna get into. It's much better out here for me – it's where my ears are at. It's never been so in New York. Things travel faster here and people are trying to learn more. My music fits in better over here.

Kinda Tommy Cooper meets man at C&A

"It's much better out here in England for me. It's where my ears are at"

What do you think about people calling you God?
It's definitely flattering and it makes me keep going, 'cos I gotta uphold the name or whatever. It makes a lot of sense to me to be better and better each time I come over here.

Got any Candy Flip?
No, but whatever moves the crowd, you know, I'll do. I'll always throw in different or weird records and do something new. I don't want to do the same thing all the time, 'cos then there's nothing to look forward to.

Do you get much bother off trainspotters?
Well, they're just showing respect to me and things like that, and I try to give the same thing back. I'm never one to push everybody away. I try to talk to the person as much as I can but, you know, if I'm working, I'm working.

10 TOP TODD TERRY TUNES

1 **'Something Feeling Good'** Todd Terry
2 **'A Day in the Life'** Black Riot
3 **'Jumpin'** Todd Terry Project
4 **'When You Hold Me'** Todd Terry Project
5 **'Get Funky'** Royal House
6 **'I Like You'** House Of Gypsies
7 **'You Make Me Happy'** Daryll James/David Anthony
8 **'Shine II Dawn'** Todd Terry Project
9 **'Weekend'** Todd Terry Project
10 **'Hear The Music'** Gypsymen

Do you prefer DJing or producing?
Definitely producing. DJing you just have to get a feel for the crowd, but producing is what really branches you out. With DJing, the travelling takes a lot away from you. It's like you've just got off of two planes and you're expected to drop into the middle of a room and make it happen. It's not always as easy as people think it is.

How would you describe the Todd Terry sound?
It's in between mixing a lot of rap beats and dance sounds together. I try to put everything in it: rap, dance, reggae. I always try to give it a party sound.

Do you think you're in danger of losing your crown to Armand Van Helden?
(Laughs) I still say we've got two different styles. He's the king of his field and I'm not going to take nothing away from nobody. It's not going to bother me.

What's the best record that you've produced?
'Jumpin', 'Something Feeling Good In Your Soul' and Black Riot's 'A Day In the Life'. It could be any one of those records because I think they all have three different ways of how I do things in them that really works.

Plans for the future?
I'm writing a lot of songs and I'm gonna start doing more of my old style tracks like 'Alright, Alright'. I feel that those types of tracks are gonna really hit now – that retro-sounding, freestyle type of thing. Instead of just doing a bare house album, I think I can add more versatility to an album now to make it even more interesting. With some great songs on top of it, I think it's really gonna work.

What would you be doing if you weren't DJing or producing?
Um, no idea actually.

What, none at all?
Nope.

Todd's new album Ready For A New Day *featuring 'Something Going On' is available now on Manifesto in conjunction with Logic US*

INTERVIEW: MIKE KARIN

10 THINGS TO LOOK FORWARD TO WHEN YOU'RE OFF TO UNIVERSITY

1. DANCING 'TIL DAWN
2. PAYING FOR A BAG OF CHIPS WITH A CHEQUE
3. STAYING IN BED FOR A WEEK
4. LIVING OFF BAKED BEANS 'TIL THE END OF TERM
5. GIVING UP ON MEN/WOMEN
6. GIVING MEN/WOMEN ANOTHER CHANCE
7. BUYING AN OLD BANGER
8. SHARING A TEABAG WITH THE REST OF YOUR HALLS
9. WEARING THREE JUMPERS IN BED
10. WALLOWING IN MUD AT A FESTIVAL

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- Up to £50 plus £10 of cinema discount vouchers.†♦
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GETTING AWAY WITH IT

a photo-diary of the weird and wonderful by derek ridgers

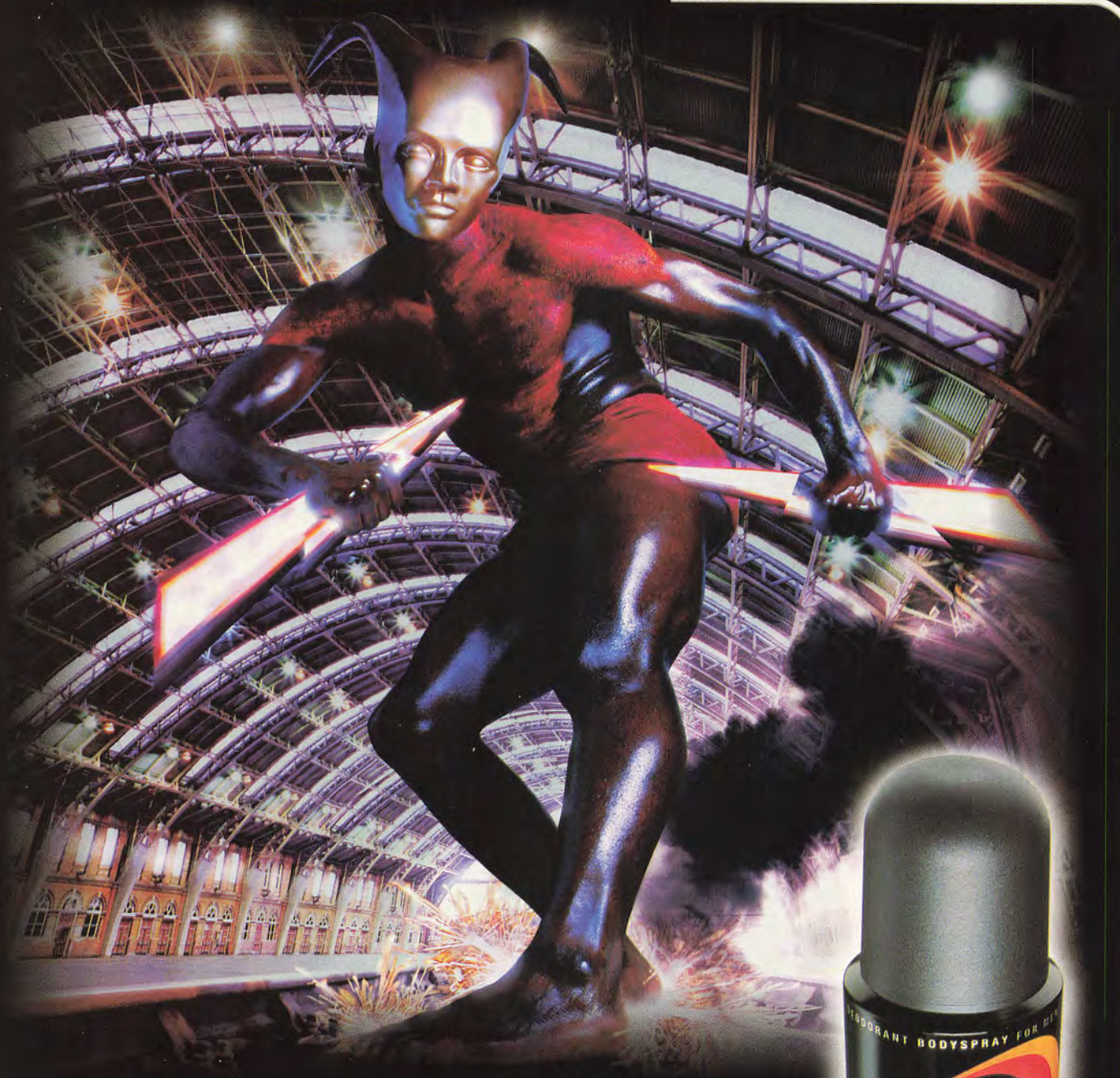
(left) Conchitta Love at Submission. I said: "Is that a lizard crawling out of your knickers or are you just pleased to see me?" She left me in no doubt that she wasn't (right) Bond Girl '97 Helen Steele at Submission at Bagleys

(left) The sensational Lola Dupé, still struggling with her recalcitrant eveningwear at Submission at Bagleys (right) One more chance to have a butcher's at Christina before she goes back to wherever she comes from, at Submission at Bagleys

LYNX PRESENTS

Fantazia'97

LIVE AT THE G-MEX



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Arkarna • Boy George • Allister Whitehead • Brandon Block • Luvdup
Jon Carter • Big Beat Elite • Monkey Mafia • Gravity Wheel
Phil Chillum • Mike Cosford • Pez Tellett • David Dunne • Crash Slaughta
Jonny Moy • Cut La Roc • Hardknox • More artists to be announced

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HH BOOKS

BOOK OF THE MONTH

Tombstones, Greg Felsen, Ten Speed Press, £16.99
A truly fantastic idea, a picture book of gravestones. Just what every child needs. Not just any old stones, though. Here are the last resting places of the rich and famous, the doomed, the clever, the artistic and the notorious figures of (primarily American) life. Random quote: "I am pleased and proud to share with others the result of my passion which took me on so many adventures through cemeteries and mausoleums throughout the world." I'd keep quiet about that, if I were you.

Secret Societies, David V Barret, Blandford, £18.99
A sane and sober history of that most unstable and shadowy institution, the secret society; from the crusaders to MI6 via the Masons and anyone else you can think of. This book is a valuable weapon against bog standard pub conspiracy theorist berks and mainstream religious types alike. Whilst there are better books on several of the subjects addressed, you'd be lucky to find such a comprehensive account of world skulduggery under one cover anywhere else. Random quote: "This grotesque manifestation of evil had the body of a spider and three heads." Good luck to it.

Airframe, Michael Crichton, Arrow, £5.99
Michael Crichton must surely have enough wedge to stop writing by now, and yet he carries on. Perhaps he enjoys it. Good luck to him. I hope he has more fun than those of us forced to read it. No dinosaurs this time, just lots of men with lots of names. Ed, Casey, Robert, Rogers, Marder, Richman, Kenny and about 78 other characters investigate some plane crash. Random quote: "That non-flammable hydraulic fluid is smoking." Astonishing.

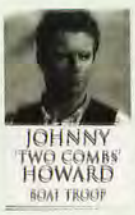
Hawking & Black Holes, Paul Strathern, Arrow, £4.99
One of a series of books that explains the basics of clever stuff for those of us too stupid to understand them in their untreated form. Anyone thinking of marrying girls from intelligent families should probably check this out. Few things work better to dispel the image of beery imbecility than the odd, "Physics, as we know it, will be over in six months," during afternoon tea with the in-laws. Random quote: "I'm sorry Stephen, but this is complete nonsense."

Mars And Venus On A Date, John Gray, Arrow, £7.99
Now this bloke really wants punching. His assertion that '*Men Are From Mars, Women Are From Venus*' has shifted millions of books, and now he's asking for more. Handy section headings like 'When Darrel Opened The Car Door' and 'When Rick Complemented Coleen' enable the emotionally damned to navigate the playpen of Gray's money-spinning flannel. Random quote: "Men are like blowtorches and women are like ovens." Why thank you, let's all get married.

Working: My Life As A Prostitute, Dolores French With Linda Lee, Vista, £5.99
A reprint of Dolores French's classic, graphic, funny, tragic and honest description of life on the game. Despite the picture of King's Cross on the cover, most of the book takes place in America, the Caribbean and Amsterdam. A unique perspective on the dimly lit world of the working girl, but also an eye-opening insight on the basics of human nature. It ought to be a film. Random quote: "Fifty dollars, you son of a bitch? You've been here in my presence two hours – doing my dishes and being pissed on – and you've only got fifty dollars? You're really in trouble now." We've all heard that one before.

Junk Food Monkeys, Robert M Sapolsky, Headline, £9.99
Catchy title – difficult book. An in depth, wordy analysis of the human condition, but interesting in so much as, amidst a sea of difficult words, there are mentions of *The Simpsons*. Ideal for someone with A-level psychology facing a short spell in prison. Random quote: "Consider, as an example, a fresh pubescent mouse left on her own." Heartbreaking.

Road Rage, Tony White, Low Life, £5.99
The dawn of the crusty novel is upon us and you'd better be ready. The cover has a picture of a young man, probably unemployed, covered in compost and bearing a flaming torch. "Cider punk fiction for the cider punk generation!" screams the back. Inside is the tale of Will, a road protester with a tattooed penis and an axe to grind. A lethal combination. Random quote: "Did you get your Giro, then?"



Boat Troop, Johnny 'Two Combs' Howard, Orion, £16.99
More undercover action from old Johnny 'Two Combs'. Great nickname, must've had a lot of hair. Falklands based paramilitary romp in which an élite troop of grown men undertake a risky mission to carry out Thatcher's bidding. Can they succeed, and if so at what price? You'll have to read it to find out the answer, which is much more than I'm prepared to do. Random quote: "Will they know it's a chopper?" Cripes!

Demonic Males – Apes and the Origins of Human Violence, Richard Wrangham and Dale Peterson, Bloomsbury, £7.99
The man on the street and the monkey in a tree, what, if anything do they have in common? Only God, our creator, can answer that. The human brain, according to this book "is nature's most frightening product". It produced the Second World War and the Joe Pasquale show as well as this book. You don't need a PhD to recognize the evil in all that. An interesting book, if only because it shows that monkeys get up to all kinds of twisted stuff. Wanking in zoos is the tip of the iceberg. Random quote: "Red colobus are not afraid of Wamba bonobos."

Casual, Gavin Anderson, Low Life, £5.99
On the subject of violent apes, enter, if you will, the ridiculous netherworld of Kevin and Lee, 'Casuals' no less. They fight a lot, particularly Lee. Kev draws the line at facial woundings and says, "What about Sharon?" a lot. Rubbish. May as well have been written by a Spanish toddler. I showed this to couple of blokes in the office who may have had something to do with football violence once – you can't prove anything of course but the facial tattoos tell a different story – and they started laughing. The laughter continued for some time. Then there was a fight. Random quote: "Come on, ya German bastards!" Lee spots Kraftwerk shopping in the King's Road.

227 Ways To Unleash The Sex Goddess In Every Woman, Olivia St Claire, Bantam, £5.99
Conclusive proof that society is in an irreversible tailspin of sex heading for a crash landing at the airport of decadence. In 227 ways? Surely one is more than enough. Four pints of cider and a David Essex album worked in my day. The truth is, if you go around "unleashing the sex goddess" in women, the chances are it'd be the last you see of them. Morality aside, at least this book yields its fair share of brown rice euphemisms for sex. Feeling lucky? Then try asking the lady in your life to "open up like a sultan's tent", exposing the "magical inner cave". And try and wonder about the chances of slipping the phrase "scrumptious batter" into polite conversation. Random quote: "Vaginal barrel". Marry me.

MICHAEL HOLDEN

Spawn to be wild

The super anti-hero hits the big screen

If you choose to trade your mortal soul to one of Hell's more inventive demons you shouldn't be surprised when things start going arse over tit. If you're *Spawn*, the latest phenomenon in comic book heroes, it goes with the territory.

From his Phoenix office, Todd McFarlane and his team, Image Comics, produce *Spawn*; one of the darker and more violent offsprings of the adult comic world. It features Al Simmons, a government assassin resurrected as vengeance-seeking antihero Spawn. Since it's creation five years ago it has become one of the most successful comics ever, pulling in over $35million each year. *Spawn* is set to break the bank further as the movie version blazes onto the big screen later this month. With an industrial grunge soundtrack featuring the likes of The Prodigy, Metallica and Moby alongside some eye-popping special effects, it will make Batman look like the tooth fairy and Superman soil his well-worn leggings.

Spawn's world is a stylised New York inhabited by the usual scum and a selection of Hell's finest. Together with his new-found powers, his cape (standard superhero issue) and an attitude, he seeks to find out who kicked his face off and to escape from this one-sided bargain of his own making. As well as the authorities, he's up against a variety of enemies including a demon called The Violator, who has a penchant for human hearts – raw.

McFarlane sums up his creation thus: "Spawn has realistic emotions, virtues and flaws. In this story he's back from the dead and he's pissed off. He's having a bad day. Batman and Superman always make the right decision. Life isn't like that and neither is Spawn. He's sharper and has more of an edge. It's time to move on."

"He's back from the dead and he's pissed off"

This view has been with McFarlane since he quit Marvel Comics in 1992 and took a team of their best designers with him. Marvel bosses cited some abstract 'comic code' and refused to let the renegade artist draw a bullet exit wound on a *Spiderman* panel. "It was the last straw; somebody pushes me, I'll push them back, you know, fuck 'em."

The adult comic book industry lies somewhere between *The Dandy* and the most intense horror novels. They portray a dark world of violence and twisted reality, with lavish characters, intricate plots and often quite superbly imaginative ways to kill the bad guys. Examples you may have seen include *Watchmen* by Alan Moore, a murderous feast of conspiracy theory, and British artist Neil Gaiman's hallucinatory dream world of *The Sandman*.

Spawn's creator has definite aims: "At times you catch people off guard and they'll say to themselves, 'Wow, I didn't know comic books could be like this'." explains Todd. "I want to shake people up a little, show them that comics have grown up since they were, say eight or nine years old. *Spawn*'s my baby, I'm proud of it and the ilm. It's gonna cut through your expectations."

Adaptations from comic books have become big hits with a more mainstream audience. McFarlane has his own ideas about why this is the case: "They're like the modern myths. Myths with a more immediate and shocking content." Adult comics often field a lot of flack about their depiction of violence. It's a criticism McFarlane's heard before. "Yeah, but if you go into a video store, some videos are for a specific audience. Most films are extremely violent and much more graphic than any comic. Life isn't black and white. Characters aren't always nice people. They can make errors of judgement. We all make mistakes. We all have certain feelings of outside forces that are controlling us, and sometimes it pisses us off. It can make any one of us behave irrationally. *Spawn*'s the same."

Being an awkward bastard has worked for McFarlane and his team. The first issue of *Spawn* sold 1.7 million copies in May 1992, and it now consistently outsells *Batman* and *Superman* in the States. When it came to converting it into a film it was the tone that was important to him.

"The conversion was difficult. You have to realise what works in comics and what works in the movies. We couldn't get all the big name stars, apart from Martin Sheen, that we might need to catch a mainstream audience, but there's a raw edge to the film that I think works. I didn't set out to create an exact copy of the comic that would only appeal to die-hard fans. There's a lot more to *Spawn* than that. I wanted a rollercoaster of a film and that's what it is."

Todd McFarlane is convinced *Spawn* will be a success because of his own attitude: "I'm psychotic, I'm driven and I'm focused! After all, revenge can be a great motivator."

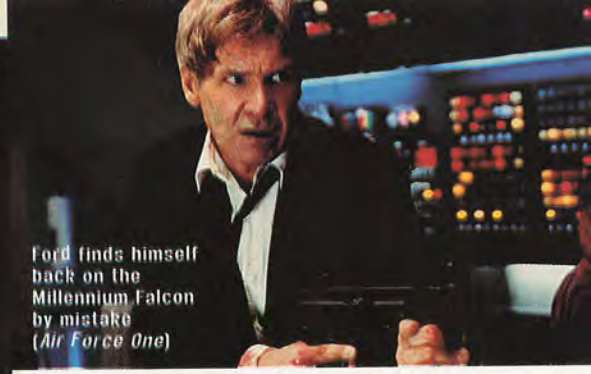
Batman's collecting his pension. Long live *Spawn*.

PIERS TOWNLEY

Spawn opens on the 19 Sept. The ongoing comic adventures are available at selected shops.

ARTWORK: SPAWN & TODD MCFARLANE PRODUCTIONS

"Shucks, this toilet really sucks the poo away good" (*Contact*)



Ford finds himself back on the Millennium Falcon by mistake (*Air Force One*)

Fost in space

The truth is out there, and Jodie's off to find it

Contact

Another blockbuster about aliens.

Who is it this time, then? Maverick scientist Jodie Foster picks up a signal she's been waiting for all her life, and it's not Radio 4. It seems there's somebody out there, after all, and don't us sceptics feel a bunch of twats.

Turns out to be tentacled marauders, right? No, this time we have to go to them and find out. A cross between *Close Encounters Of The Third Kind* and *2001: A Space Odyssey*, plot-wise. But at least it's got a plot, and it cranks up a fair old bit of dramatic tension.

Is it spectacular? Fuck me, is it. It opens with an awesome sequence of radio broadcasts voyaging across galaxies, and the cosmic travel sequences that come later are blinding. Unfortunately, other parts drip with so much schmaltz that you might as well be watching *Forrest Gump*. Same director, as it happens.

Who's good in it? Foster is great, considering how awful her character could have been in other hands. James Woods and John Hurt turn in top-notch sinister performances. Rob Lowe does an ace slimy cameo. Matthew McConaughey is so smarmy you want to disembowel him with a boat hook.

Most repeated line: "If there's nobody else out there, it's a terrible waste of space" – a fundamental misunderstanding of the basic principles of real estate.

In brief: See it for the space and technology stuff and the excitement, but bring a book for the spiritual psychobabble.

Verdict: 8/10

DAVID BENNUN

Air Force One

Alias: "Bollocks! Someone's nicked the President's plane with him in it."

Is that language really necessary? Don't you realise the enormity of the situation? The free world as headed by the good ol' US of A is being held to ransom by evil commie, renegade scum.

Ah, a bit worrying then? The Western World is at threat, damn it! America will not negotiate. America will stand for freedom etc etc. Harrison Ford will play a remarkably predictable role in this fairly tense and entertaining patriotic drivel.

Who is he up against? All that is evil, cruel, sadistic and commie, as personified by Gary Oldman. With help from his goatee beard, a Russian accent and his band of fanatics intent on forcing the freedom of a renegade tyrant leader, he hijacks Air Force One.

The unthinkable has happened! It has, and Glenn Close as the Vice President knows that if they don't meet the demands there will be a lot of mess at high altitude. This will involve the President, his family and most of the political and defence staff having close encounters with high velocity ammunition.

Phew, it sounds relentless. Apart from the obligatory flag-waving moments and an unlikely sequence of events, there are some good stunts and a chance to wonder if Oldman's psycho personality is really down to his acting ability.There's also dozens of scraps, lots of aircraft action and plenty of mean and moody characters.

How does it rate to the other dross showing at the moment? It's one of the better action movies that won't stretch your intellect but will provide some enjoyable airborne antics. Combine with a healthy dose of British cynicism and a pinch of suspended disbelief.

Verdict: Not bad. 7.5/10

PIERS TOWNLEY

The firemen wished Roseanne wouldn't keep lighting her farts (*Volcano*)

Volcano

Disaster movie.

Who's in it? Tommy Lee Jones, Anne Heche, loads of other people and a lot of lava.

Where's this volcano then? Los Angeles, obviously.

And what happens? It blows spectacularly, destroying everything in its path until it comes up against an immovable barrier.

What's that? Crass American sentimentality. Nothing can penetrate that. The film's full of it. Black gang members and Nazi LAPD officers coming together as friends, little children looking at all races of folks covered in ash and saying, "Everyone looks the same," that sort of arse.

What about the action bits? Oh, brilliant. In a good cinema with a massive sound system, the chairs shake well and the noise is incredible. Plus it rolls along at a right old pace.

And Tommy Lee? Brilliant as ever. His character's a bit like the one in *The Fugitive*, and he's very cool.

Isn't he married to Pamela Anderson? Er, no, that's another Tommy Lee.

Who's the bird? Anne Heche. Weird name, but a lovely woman. She's a geologist, you know.

Any other subplot problems? Well, there's too many plots for one thing, so none get the time they need. But who cares, we just want to see more eruptions and fire and that sort of thing. *The Towering Inferno* this is not.

In a nutshell? Shouting, lava, lava, lava, lava.

Verdict: 6/10

DEREK HARBINSON

"My feet don't smell now, OK? Untie me" (*Head Above Water*)

Head Above Water

Madness, mayhem, accidental death and very deliberate violence on an island.

Involving? A main cast of just four characters played by Harvey Keitel, Cameron Diaz, Craig Sheffer and Billy Zane.

And what are they up to? Harvey Keitel is an ageing judge who's married an ex-junkie (Diaz). They've nipped off to a holiday island inhabited by ex-junkie's lifelong friend played by Craig Sheffer. Billy Zane turns up as ex-junkie's old lover and proceeds to shuffle off his mortal coil while asleep. Shortly after this, everyone starts belting each other senseless in a series of cleverly worked out confrontations fuelled by paranoia and a lack of sleep.

Then there were three? Yep. And this claustrophobic arrangement leaves them trapped on the island running around like lemmings while they attempt to outwit each other and discover who's hiding psychopathic tendencies.

Anything to note? Plenty. Round about 17 minutes into the film it becomes apparent that it is a) a black comedy b) very strange and c) Harvey Keitel is not going to pull out a couple of handcannons and start wasting everyone in a hail of bullets and typecasted expletives. Not immediately, anyway. It's odd but graphic, farcical and tense.

Random line: "You cut up a friend and cemented him in the steps!"

Verdict: Weird! 7.5/10 **PT**

The Leading Man

A story about a flash, good-looking star from LA who, having worked his way through most of its female population, decides to come over to London to star in a small, low budget production and notch up a few more conquests.

Who's he played by? Jon Bon Jovi, a flash, good-looking star from LA who, having worked his way through most of its female population, seems to have decided to come over to London to star in a small, low budget production and notch up a few more conquests.

What does all this mean? An inspired bit of casting, meaning Mr Bon Jovi doesn't really need to do a great deal of acting.

Is there an opening sequence implying some sort of Guy Fawkes analogy which turns out to be just a coincidence? Funnily enough, yes. Mr BJ gazes thoughtfully across the Thames at the Houses of Parliament to the tune of Talking Heads' 'Burning Down the House'.

Verdict: 8/10

PIERS HERNU

The James Gang

Gritty tale of spunky, penniless mother Bernadette James, who, in desperation, turns to crime to keep her family together.

Who's in it? Helen McCrory as Bernadette, John Hannah as husband Spendlove, Jason Flemyng as his brother Frank and Julia Armstrong as detective in pursuit.

What's the plot? Burnt out of her Edinburgh home by a particularly nasty creditor and wisely deciding not to stick around to get her behind "screwed by a broken bottle", Bernie and her gaggle of sprogs head for London to see lame-arse husband Spendlove, who has abandoned them. The only help he can give is procuring a series of shoddy getaway vehicles as Bernie embarks on a crime spree, turning over any establishment that takes her fancy.

Any cop then? The first-rate script and performances enable you to suspend sufficient disbelief where required. Dizzying highs, terrible lows and a moving finale; much like Blackpool's Grand National rollercoaster in fact, which brings us back to grit and pace. Splendid.

Verdict: 8/10

CHAS CHANDLER

Jackie Chan's First Strike

The little kung fu fella's latest US-orientated action blockbuster.

So it's all slickly produced and Van Damme'd up then? Thankfully no. Aside from some nifty explosions and animatronic sharks, there's still plenty of bad dubbing, appalling dialogue and louder than necessary slapping noises to keep die-hard Chan fans happy.

What's he up to this time? Hong Kong cop Jackie's out of his depth in Bond territory, chasing double agents from the Ukraine to Australia and running away from Russian mafia bad guys.

Plenty of rucks? Actually, no. Jackie spends the first half of the film running around like a loon, gurning like Stan Laurel while being shot at, beaten up and told off.

So it's a comedy, then? Yes, though you're never sure if the funniest bits are intentional.

Love interest? Nah. Jackie scampers round like a cheeky kung fu monkey rescuing the gorgeous Chen Chun Wu, apparently oblivious to her saucy charms.

Best bit: Double agent making Jackie take all his clothes off and dress in a seal costume before announcing, "Now we can talk".

Best pants: Mr Chan sporting a fetching pair of koala bear Y-fronts.

Verdict: Cheesy, funny, low quality entertainment. Great. 7.5/10

CHRIS BURKE

"Have you been shot through the heart too, dearest?" (*The Leading Man*)

"Leave the incontinence pants on, though" (*Jackie Chan's First Strike*)

QUICK ONES

"Bring back my braces" (*Night Falls On Manhattan*)

Night Falls On Manhattan

... and sends the audience to sleep. A plot-line you've seen a hundred times before involves Andy Garcia as a District Attorney's assistant pitted against career decisions, police corruption, and family disputes with his dad, played by Ian Holm. Richard Dreyfuss pops up as a dodgy prosecutor in the main trial of the story, but looks like he's going to throw a cardiac at any point. The film resembles Dreyfuss in this respect, and plods along in a turgid and dated format that would make a fairly average TV movie but won't be breaking any box office records this year. Not when it's up against reptiles, aliens and 'The Bat'.

Verdict: Mediocre all round. 5/10

PT

"I've got his tie, let's go" (*Photographing Fairies*)

Photographing Fairies

English period drama set after the First World War, starring Toby Stephens (*The Camomile Lawn*), Ben Kingsley (*Ghandi, Schindler's List*) and Phil Davis (*The Wall, Quadrophenia, ID*).

Plot details: Stephens plays a photographer who becomes fascinated with the idea of life on the 'other side' after seeing a photo of a girl surrounded by fairies, and nips off to the countryside to try to snap some.

Sounds ingenious. Sure is, but there are a few minor problems to overcome. The locals don't like him, and the sinister parish vicar (Kingsley) thinks Castle has designs on his wife.

But does he? No, but the vicar's nanny is certainly up for it.

In a short sentence: An enchanting story of undying love brought to life by some top English thesps from a witty script.

Verdict: One to take your bird to see. 7/10

NIALL HAMPTON

"I've told you, darling – everyone has to wear polo necks in this film"

Who shot Steve McQueen?

Peter Yates, the man who directed *Bullitt*

"The good thing about having McQueen around, was that he had a lot of power. His rows with the studio went on over the telephone, he hated the head of Warner Bros. They were so busy infighting, we just got on with the movie. They had no faith in *Bullitt*, and I'll never forget the opening night. It was the first non-musical to go into the Radio City Music Hall. There was a line down to and around Fifth Avenue, even then the studios were surprised by its success."

Bullitt director Peter Yates is chuffed that his classic thriller is due for another turn around. As are Warner Bros, who are making out like bank robbers over a 20-year-old picture they originally filed under 'Toss, Wank and Bollocks'. These days there is no doubting the quality and continuing impact of the movie. Via electrickery, Ford have slapped McQueen's mush onto a set of ads promoting some new pocket rocket for hairdressers and, in the process, instigated something of a revival. Still, the publicity generated from this electronic grave-robbing has led to the reissue of the thriller in widescreen and given **loaded** the opportunity to talk to the man behind the movie, its RADA-trained English director.

Despite having worked with Cliff on *Summer Holiday*, it was Yates's direction of Welsh hardman Stanley Baker in *Robbery* that broke Peter in America. Great reviews led to McQueen demanding a meeting. He handed Peter a pet script about an honest and human San Francisco cop who fights the mob and politicians (including sleazy Robert Vaughn) to keep a key witness alive.

"The budget was almost $5million, which was quite good. Then Hollywood movies were always shot in the studio so they could keep control of it. The only films that were ever shot on location were Westerns. It was a difficult time, we were rewriting the script every night. We were able to pick up a lot of the atmosphere of the time, living in San Francisco. The whole flower power thing was starting to go a bit sour; there were old hippies running drug helplines. Steve was very nervous about playing a cop. He said, 'I can't play him because the people won't like it.' We managed to persuade him that he could do a lot of good by playing the right kind of cop. I was later told it had made a lot of difference to the way people looked at the police in certain areas. Still, he never thought he was a good actor. He always underestimated his own talent."

Was he trouble to work with?

"I'd heard he had a reputation for being difficult, but I saw nothing of it. He treated me marvellously, partly I think because of my British accent and partly because he thought I knew more than I actually did. We got on rather well, we both loved cars, at the time he was trying to get *Le Mans* financed. He'd seen the chase in *Robbery* and we decided to put one in *Bullitt*, even though it wasn't in the script. The studio said we could do it, but only at the end of our schedule and if we didn't go much further over budget. They thought it was a risk. They only took on a British director because they thought he'd make a mess of it, and they were trying to get rid of McQueen at the time because he spent a lot of money developing screenplays that never got made.

"The stunt people wanted to do all the normal stuff, like tipping cars over and crashing though gates and shop windows, but Steve and I had already decided he was going to be doing all the driving. There was only one shot he wasn't able to do, when the car had to spin off the road to avoid a sliding motorcycle. He tried it about four times and he just held the car every time. Because his whole training was as a race car driver, he wasn't used to letting the vehicle leave the road. That's why when you watch the film he's almost poking his head out of the window to prove that he really is in the car."

The car chase is still a classic, though anyone watching the movie would want the bad guy's motor, a villainous looking black Dodge, not McQueen's Ford Mustang.

"It was a great looking car. After the film came out they sold more of the Dodges than they did of the Mustangs. Warner had a tie-in with Ford; I had no problem using the Mustang, but the other car couldn't be a Ford. I drew the line there – the movie would have ended up looking like a commercial."

Funny how that can happen...

PHIL ROBINSON

The widescreen version of Bullitt *is out now, £12.99. Lalo Schifrin's soundtrack is available on Warner.*

"We decided to put in a car chase even though it wasn't in the script"

McQueen and Robert Vaughn in *Bullitt*

RONALD GRANT ARCHIVE/MOVIESTORE COLLECTION

loaded's TOP FIVE MOODY THRILLERS

The Samurai 1967

Jean-Pierre Melville's quintessential study of loneliness and destiny. Alain Delon is the stony-faced killer who spends his days off staring at his bedsit ceiling waiting for time and death to catch catch him by the ankles. If you'd tried to ask Delon's character about a Royale with cheese, he'd have probably shot you in the face and disappeared into a shadow. This is the hitman as a dedicated Samurai, not a bible-quoting disco poof. There are few thrillers in the last 20 years that haven't attempted to emulate either the scenes or the atmosphere. Especially John Woo movies like *The Killer* and *Hardboiled*.

Madigan 1968

As precursor to his finest moment, *Dirty Harry*, this is Director Don Siegel attempting to see how far he could push his slightly manic and fascist attitude to law enforcement – making Richard Widmark's cynical Madigan look like Dirty Harry Callahan's nasty uncle. He and his partner have 72 hours to bone crunch their way across New York on the trail of a killer. From Henry Fonda's worried and moralistic police commissioner to the lowest grass getting winged in his own bedroom, no one smiles in this film. This is a categorically, brilliantly, un-cheery movie.

Chinatown 1974

This is director Roman Polanski firing on all his cheeky little foreign cylinders. Working with a beautifully written script by Robert Towne, as well as with Jack Nicholson and Faye Dunaway acting at peak, the story concerns Private Investigator JJ Gittes as he uncovers a scandal set in '30s Hollywood. Nicholson's character couldn't sound or look more human, especially amidst government skulduggery and lies that rest at the middle of the bleached desert. Definitely one the best films to come out of the '70s, and it hasn't aged one single day.

Bring Me The Head of Alfredo Garcia 1974

Ultimately the most moody film ever made, concluding in the most miserable fashion possible. This is Sam Peckinpah's modern Western, set wholly in Mexico. Warren Oates is a bar room pianist with a shady past who gets embroiled in a scheme to dig up the head of one Mr Alfredo Garcia as proof of his death. As this is a Peckinpah film, the task isn't as simple as walking up to the grave with some flowers and scrabbling around with a shovel. Everyone has to die and get raped and mutilated in the process. Like *Romeo & Juliet* meets *The Wild Bunch*.

The Parallax View 1974

The only good thing Warren Beatty ever did. A journalist begins to dig around a couple of mystery deaths and unearths a huge organisation that trains psychopathic Walter Mitty characters to go out and kill. It all sounds a bit flimsy, but it works a treat. The finest moment occurs as the Parallax Corporation test an undercover Beatty for his appropriateness to join their organisation, by showing him a powerful subliminal film, aimed at provoking murderous tendencies, which is in turn shown to us the audience – it all makes for spectacular cinema. **PR**

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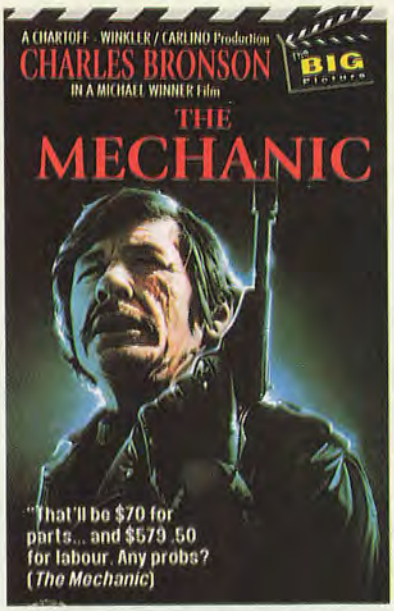
VIDEO REVIEWS

What to watch when you can't quite get off the sofa


A CHARTOFF - WINKLER / CARLINO Production
CHARLES BRONSON
IN A MICHAEL WINNER Film
THE BIG picture
THE MECHANIC
"That'll be $70 for parts... and $579.50 for labour. Any probs?
(The Mechanic)

The Mechanic, Warner Home Video, £5.99

A lot of people often say loudly in pubs that Michael Winner is crap. They think he's too commercial, that he makes films that are the modern day moralistic equivalent of a public hanging at Tyburn and that his movies appeal to the slavering grease beasts routinely filling out Britain's multiplexes. People like myself. Which is why my recommendation for video of the month is Mr Winner's classic hitman film *The Mechanic*. This is undoubtedly the best action film the man ever made. Chas Bronson is a top, highly paid assassin calling himself the mechanic – though probably only as an excuse to overcharge on every job. Any road, Jan Michael Vincent (in his best film next to *Big Wednesday*), plays the son of a bloke Bronson has killed who turns up on his doorstep wanting to learn the trade. Bronson teaches him everything from Jap slapping to sniping and they do the rounds together. Good solid violence.
Verdict: 8/10 (two points deducted for lack of sexual grot)

The Wedding Party, Allied Home Entertainment, £9.99

Weddings used to be important to a man, you'd only get married once and you'd stick by the old girl through thick and thin, despite her bloating up like a wild hyena and eating and eating until her stomach ruptures. These days of course, it's not unknown for a chap to get married seven or eight times in his lifetime, securing divorces from his many demanding wives with all the calm and ease of ending a rental agreement with Granada. Back in the early '60s when Brian '*Carrie*' DePalma made *The Wedding Party*, getting hitched was still quite a serious thing to do. The tone of this film is very similar to *Four Weddings And A Funeral*, except that it focuses on the overblown marriage of Charlie and the well heeled Josephine. All seems rosy until Charlie's mates, including a very young, almost fat, Robert De Nero (sic) try to stop him going through with it. The guests are bizarre, yet freakishly familiar, and the script is a cheeky mixture of improv and fresh one-liners.
Verdict: 7/10

Platoon Leader, Cannon, £5.99

Oliver Stone thought he had Vietnam all sewn up, then he sat down and cried with frustration as he watched *Platoon Leader*. How could he have known that the legendary budget film company Cannon could have ripped out the beating heart of the war on an eighth of his budget and from it created such authentic drama and action. Michael Dudikoff (*American Ninja 1 & 2*) is the platoon leader who fights off the Viet Cong with nothing more than a nice trim and some lowlights. I used to occupy the middle ground over the Vietnam war, but this film left me in no doubt that the Viet Cong were nothing more than stinking Nazi baby eaters masquerading as a communist army to conceal their cannibalistic, psychopathic desire to murder, screw and maim their own people.
Verdict: 10/10

Joe's Apartment, Warner Bros, £9.99

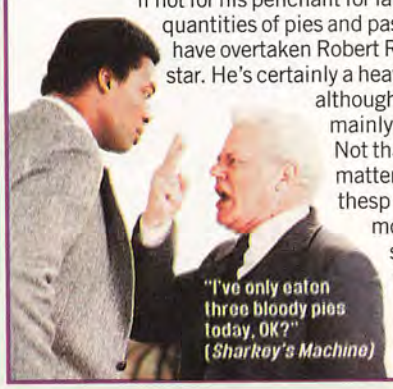
MTV comedy in the same vein as *Wayne's World* and *Bill And Ted's* with some excellent gags. You know a film is going to be good when the opening song is warbled by a cockroach as it flaps over New York. This the story of small town boy called Joe attempting to survive a few terrible weeks in a bug-infested New York flat. Strangely, the 50,000 cockroaches that live in the walls can also talk, crack gags, sing and dance. Best gag comes when chairman of a company that makes urinal bleach blocks proudly states, "Millions of men piss on my name every day."
Verdict: 6/10

PHIL ROBINSON

WHO'S THE MAN: You've seen the face, now what's his bloody name?

Charles Durning

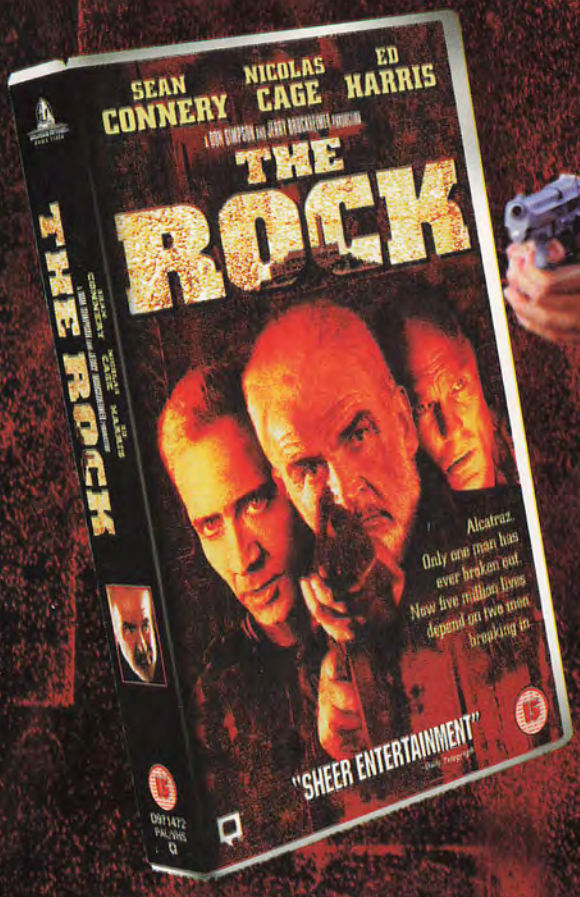
Mr Durning is fat. In fact, he's very fat, but he's also an absolutely superb actor who I would have thought, if not for his penchant for large quantities of pies and pastries, could have overtaken Robert Redford as a star. He's certainly a heavyweight, although that's mainly 'cos he's fat. Not that that matters, as he's a thesp who canes most of your screen idols every time. He's no spring chicken, either. Born in 1923, he began in burlesque, then amazingly enough became a ballroom dancer before cracking the boards in New York. His screen debut came as Lieutenant Snyder in *The Sting* (the bloke always on Newman's tail) in 1973, and in 1975 he absolutely shone in *Dog Day Afternoon* as the copper trying to hold the shit together. He was also superb in *Tootsie*, killing Hoffman's performance.

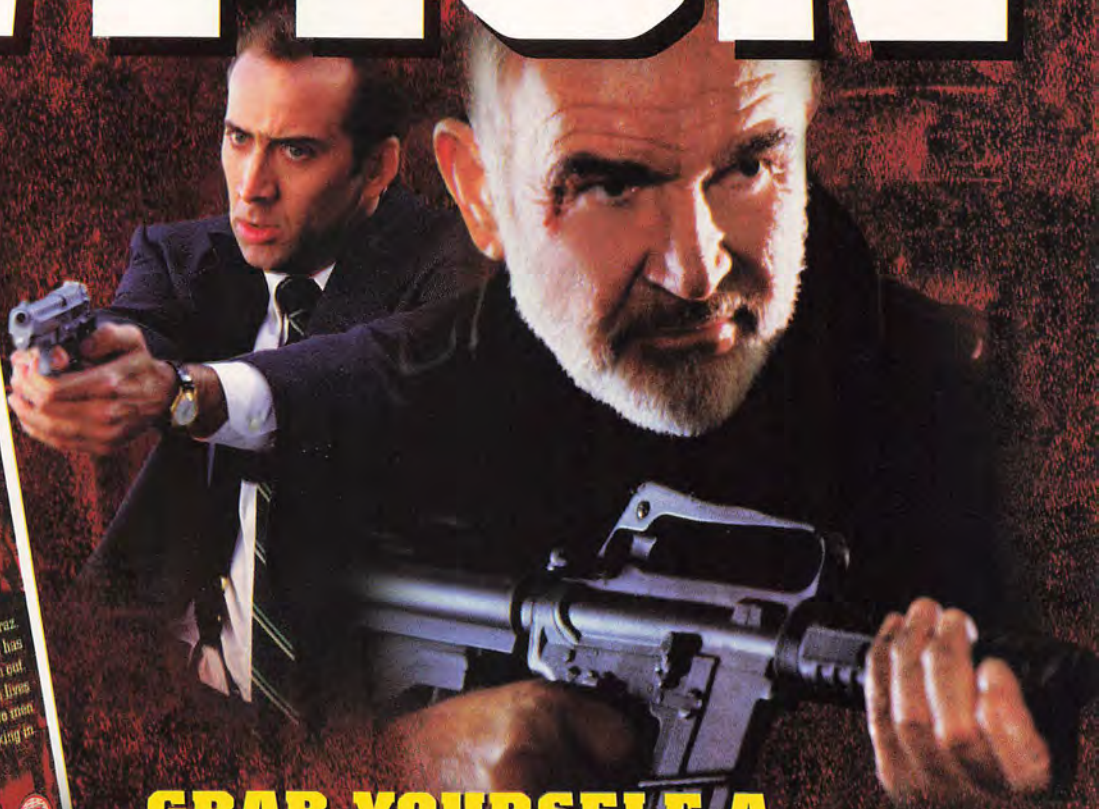


Other highlights include the underrated film of Wambaugh's novel *The Choirboys*, *Prime Target*, *Sharkey's Machine* and *Dick Tracy*. He recently cropped up as a bigoted priest in *The Last Supper*, and then, of course, there's my favourite, *The Music Of Chance*, where he plays a nutty lottery winner who fucks up James Spader and pal. The film is taken from Paul Auster's book of the same name, and is immense. I'd love him just for that. As usual, when you see him, you'll know him 'cos he upstages the stars. And he's fat. Very fat indeed. Good man, says I.

CHRIS SULLIVAN

ROCK HARD ACTION





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OWN IT NOW ON VIDEO

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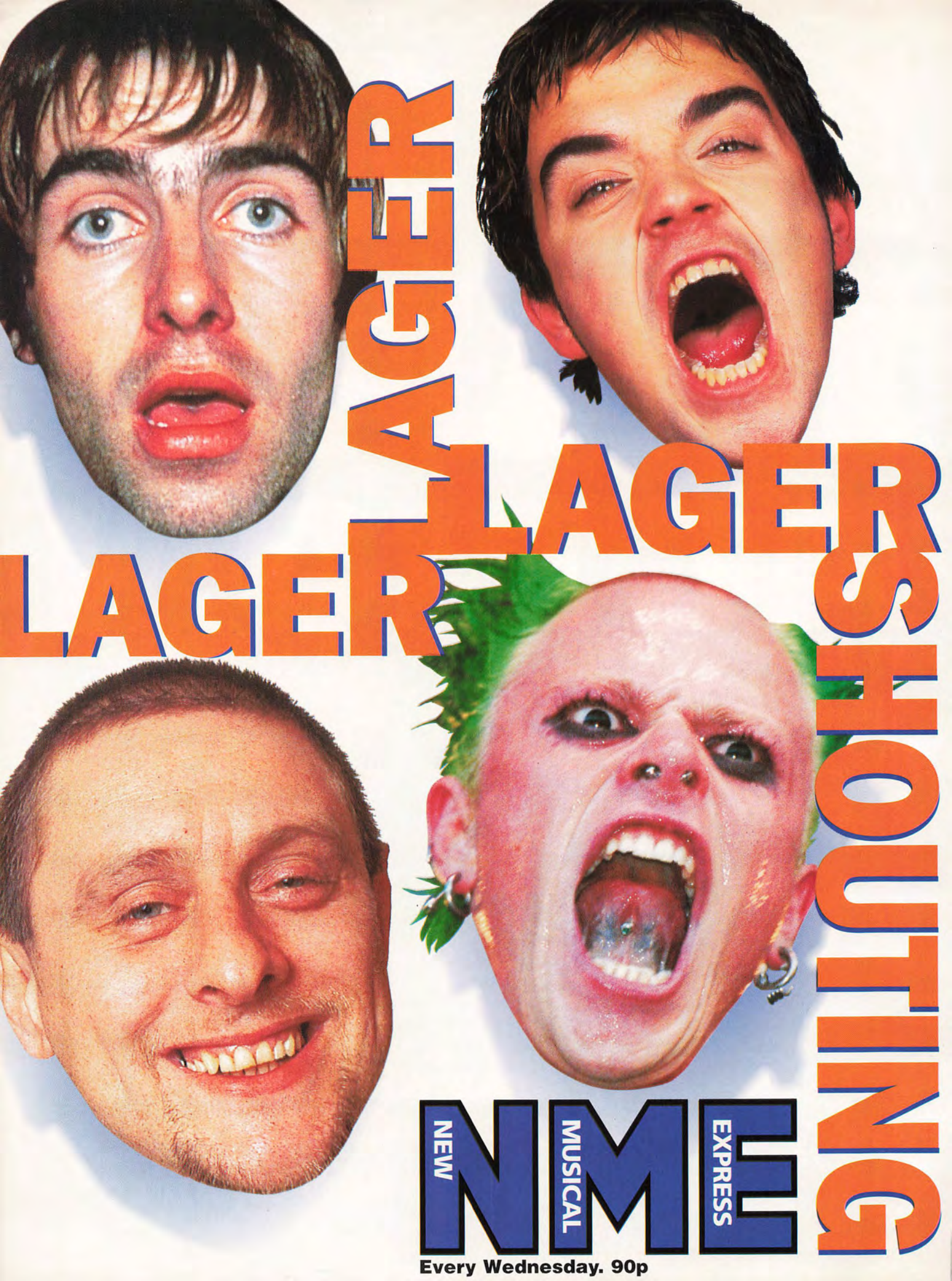
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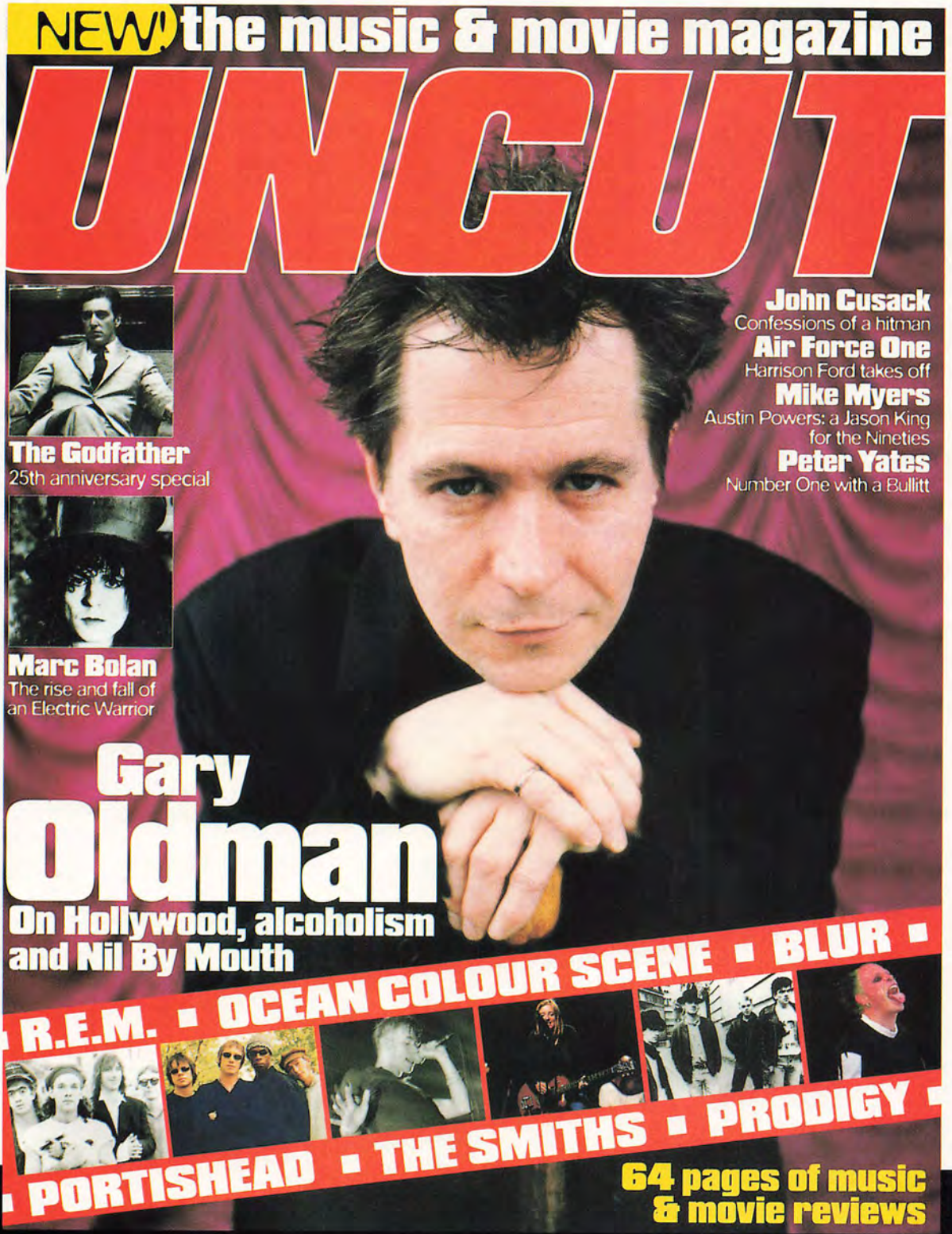
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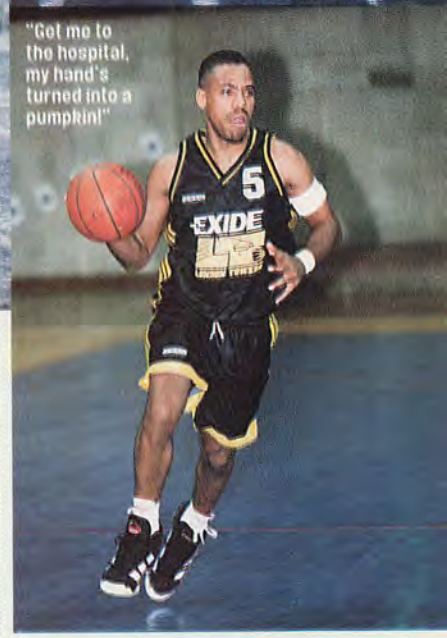
Having already sold their Levis, black market basketballs were in hot demand

Suddenly an impromptu round of 'piggy in the middle' started



"Get me to the hospital, my hand's turned into a pumpkin!"

Fancy a game, Boris?

The Towers dribble balls in dangerous Moscow

The snow was falling on the cobbles outside the Lenin Memorial in Red Square. Four English basketball players, three black, one white and one bald, all over 6ft 2in and dressed in either bright yellow or Budweiser red tops and Russian military hats, were throwing a branded basketball to each other for the benefit of the **loaded** photographer. "Kidnapping is a major worry in Moscow, although it is more likely you'll be robbed at gun or knife-point," we'd already been warned by one English ex-pat. "The best advice I can give you is not to look too Western. Try to blend in."

Had Mickey Mouse, Pluto and Donald Duck skipped through the square, followed by majorettes and an American college band playing 'The Star Spangled Banner' led by a baton-twirling Ronald McDonald, the effect could not have been more dramatic. The timing was impeccable. Less than three hours previously, Boris Yeltsin, along with other sombrely attired state apparatchiks had filled Red Square to honour Vladimir Ilyich Lenin on the anniversary of his death and lay a wreath at the entrance to his Memorial. A residue of bemused on-lookers and a number of men in Gannex raincoats gathered around the London Towers Four (as tabloid headline writers would doubtless refer to them in the event of a successful kidnap attempt).

It is one thing to win the cold war, quite another to participate in the kind of provocative behaviour likely to antagonise a population of well-armed, disenfranchised alcoholics for whom the application of the rule of law is less of a deterrent than an invitation to indulge in concerted illegal activity. One of the raincoats said something to the Russian taxi driver who had accompanied us on this bizarre procession. He was, it transpired, secret service, and informed the party that ball games were not permitted in Red Square. It came as something of a shock to discover that the former citadel of World Communism is now enforcing by-laws more consistent with the Parks and Open Spaces sub-committee of Macclesfield Urban District Council.

The Towers Four paid scant regard and resumed playing outside St Basil's Cathedral 10 minutes later. This time a police car was in attendance and, although in theory preferable to representatives of the Chechen mafia, the look of utter contempt and discernable dislike on the face of the senior officer was unsettling. His top lip curled over his gold teeth like a rip through a tendon, as he sat in the back of the car staring out of the passenger window at Roger Duhaney, the biggest, baldest and blackest of the basketball players on photocall duty. Duhaney was smiling for the camera. The chief of police was, I suspect, harbouring murderous intentions and looking for an excuse to reassert Russian authority. We left before he could.

SHAQUILLE O'NEILL IS MISSING, AND Orlando Magic, up against a Chicago Bulls side going for their 12th consecutive win, are not favourites. Dennis Rodman, red-haired, tattooed and pierced, is back from suspension and tearing around the court like a Staffordshire Terrier locked in a box. Rodman, perhaps the most controversial athlete in the world, and Michael Jordan, one of the richest, are the backbone of Phil Jackson's Chicago team and two of the most famous men in America. At one point, the O'Neill-free Orlando have missed the last four shots and Rodman, with his fast hands, is scoring at will and providing assists for others players in the team like Scotty Pippen.

Jordan is huge but the camera loves Rodman and refuses to let him move out of shot, even when Jim Carrey is sighted taking advantage of his $400 courtside seats. Chicago are shooting 60 per cent. Whatever that means. This is capital 'B' Basketball, as shown on Channel 4 in the early hours of the morning. NBA. We are in Russia for lower case 'b' basketball, the London Towers against Moscow Autodor Saratov in the last 32 of the European Cup, as played in front of less than 100 people in the Universal Sporting Gym. Built in 1979 in preparation for the Olympic Games, it looks nothing like the 22,000-seater United Centre on Madison Street, Chicago, and has a capacity of just 4,785. The crowd have paid 2,000 roubles (about 28p each) to get in.

A party of six soldiers amble up to the back of the stand, a relative crowd-surge, as the sound system rocks to the Brotherhood Of Man, who are still saving all their kisses for you, and the incomprehensible monotone delivery of the comrade on the PA. Across a corridor the Towers' coach, Kevin Cadle, the most successful coach in the

PHOTOS: NEALE HAYNES

Bets were on for the cockroach race

Give that Tower ball room

"Space Jam Happy Meal to go, please"

"If we were [illegible] communism I'd arrest the lot of you"

history of British basketball and, in fact, a man with a mention in the *Guinness Book of Records* as coach of the most successful ever team in British sport (his Kingston team took a clean sweep of all available trophies in 1989/90), is working himself into a frenzy.

"This is where reputations are fucking made, man. Not by beating Leicester, but by doing it out there today," he says, part preacher, part father delivering an admonishment. Danny Lewis, a 26-year-old guard from Michigan, is jogging on the spot, burned-off tattoo scars on his legs, and socks round his ankles. "I'm telling you there are plenty of motherfuckers in the establishment from the top down to the bottom who don't think you can do it," he says. This is the second leg of the fixture, with the Towers already 75-70 down from the Wembley game. He points out the dangermen and then calls for silence. Total silence punctuated only by the squad high-five, which precedes the

"This is where reputations are made, man. Not by beating Leicester"

entrance onto the court.

Cadle has won 28 trophies since arriving in the UK 14 years ago but tonight he has his work cut out. The Russians are huge and unforgiving, the crowd partisan. After 10 minutes one of the spectators shouts, "Niggers," presumably a reference to the number of black players on the Towers team. The size of the crowd guarantees that the visitors' bench hear the comment and there follows a brisk interchange of insult and gesture. The game is tight and at the first time-out (a tactical break called by Cadle) the coach tells his assembled players: "Stop the fucking penetration and get the ball in the basket." Saratov penetrate straight away and take the lead.

The essential consistency of basketball – the end-to-end, the high scoring – means you need not watch the game until the final 10 minutes. Against a constant backing track of sneaker-on-floor and urgent exhortation from the coach, the scores edge up as the time counts down. At half-time the Towers are just one point adrift. The score is tied at 63-63 with two minutes and nine seconds remaining and then the Towers lead 65-63 with two minutes and two seconds remaining. This is when it gets interesting, like tuning in to live highlights.

With 22 seconds left, 41-year-old Alan Cunningham sinks a spectacular three-point shot to put the Towers within half-a-minute of one more three-shot to level the aggregate scores, but Saratov are too cute for their British guests. Karl Brown, dwarfed on the court but actually 6ft 2in, is the star of the show, but even his non-stop, aggressive style, driving his team on, is not enough. Elementary mistakes have been made, the referee becomes suddenly keen to penalise every minor infringement (especially those committed by the Towers) and at the final whistle the scores are tied at 68-68. Cadle looks bereaved. He might have won 28 trophies since arriving in the UK 14 years ago but, as he tells the press later, "Europe is the only thing left for me."

"We had East 17 here two weeks ago and I had to tell them the same thing. We cannot allow you to come in whilst you are wearing training shoes."

"Now this ain't a black thing is it?" enquires Karl Brown, born in Leicester but educated at Georgia Tech University, with an air of resigned contempt. Two hours after the game he is out with **loaded** looking for somewhere to unwind. The club we were going to was shut as the owner had been assassinated the night before.

"Of course not sir, it is your training shoes," re-iterates the manager.

"But these gentlemen are international sports stars," explains our guide, an ex-pat who has suggested the venue.

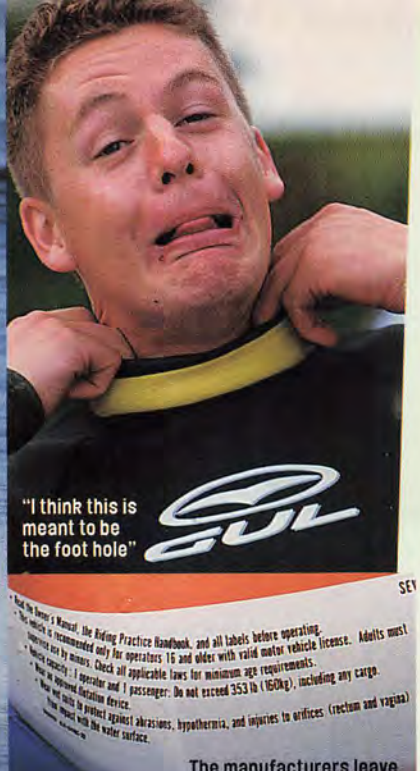
"I'm sorry, I can't help you. Like I said we had East 17..."

The status of English basketball, in spite of the efforts of men like Kevin Cadle and Karl Brown, is exemplified by this incident. In America, on the day after the Towers-Saratov cup tie, Dennis Rodman was banned for 11 games for kicking a cameraman between the legs. The ban, it was estimated, would cost him $1million (a ninth of his annual wage) in appearance money alone. The following afternoon, as Brown sat with his knees round his ears in economy class on Aeroflot flight number SU 241 back to Heathrow, he will have had difficulty imagining Rodman being turned away from any club in the world.

BILL BORROWS

The new Budweiser League basketball season starts on 13 Sept, when current championship holders Exide London Towers play Crystal Palace at the National Sports Centre, Crystal Palace.

"I said *left* at the roundabout"



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Splashy & Nicey

Britain's top superbikers take to the water

British superbike rider Chris Walker has a way with machines. In April he came off his bike at 140mph, flying over 50 yards through the air and sustaining one broken and one chipped ankle. So it's no surprise he's managed to do the near-impossible, and sink a jetski in the middle of Loch Lomond.

I'm riding pillion behind British Superbike champion Niall MacKenzie, and gritting my teeth as we buzz the sinking Walker, flashing past at 60mph, just 3ft away from his bobbing head. On a day of adrenaline mainlining on 1,200cc jetskis, the hit is riding pillion behind a man who regularly pushes his machine over 180mph on a crowded bike track.

The 1997 Yamaha GP1200 I'm riding with MacKenzie has a top speed of around 65mph. On water that feels fast. Bounding over the wake of a large pleasure boat, it feels suicidal. But Niall's come off on concrete at subsonic speeds. Why worry about a little bit of water?

Niall throws the jetski into impossibly tight turns as I squeeze my thighs against it. My feet are slipping and trying to find purchase. Spray's flying into my eyes when Niall spots a wake in front and heads for it; the ski lifts and I'm in the air above the back seat. I stay on until the superbike lunatic throws the machine 180° at 50mph. My body wants to carry on in the direction it was already going, thank you very much. As I crash into the water, backwards, about 15ft away I hear my neck go. Crrrrrick.

You might think people who earn their living racing bikes would like to spend their Sundays with a nice cup of tea in the garden. You'd be wrong. When Team Cadbury's Boost Yamaha's riders aren't rattling down mountain paths on push bikes, or flying along in BMWs with push-button transmissions, they're messing about on the water, falling off for fun.

Niall MacKenzie lives near the loch and comes out on his own jetski about eight times a year. Walker likes to have a go too, in his own inimitable style. "I broke me foot on a jetski once," he said, before we set out. Kawasaki team rider Iain MacPherson also turns up later on, wearing a wet suit that looks like it was inherited from Captain Nemo.

Chris Walker's in his second season on the British Superbike circuit and is expected to progress on to World Superbike in the near future. He's a young 25-year-old with endless energy, and even his spectacular 140mph crash at Oulton Park in April hasn't made him put the brakes on. But he's been asked so many times whether that accident hasn't made him more cautious, he's begun to think it ought to have. "It didn't make me nervous," he muses. "But maybe a little something has changed. I don't know. It was the first time I've closed my eyes when I've crashed, though. I was in the air for so long, I didn't know what the fuck to do."

"Er, when I said wake me up..."

His 140mph crash hasn't made him put the brakes on

Veteran world superbike and grand prix rider, 36-year-old Niall MacKenzie couldn't be more different from Chris Walker. At the time of writing he's won all his races in the last three British superbike meets, hasn't crashed, and looks likely to win the title for the second year running. Of course he's got the obligatory scars and pins in his bones, but his attitude to racing is like some wise old man's. "I know my limits. I don't think of racing as life threatening any more," he says.

The jetski that Chris Walker sinks belongs to Niall. He's managed to completely flood the engine compartment. The ski's towed back to shore by a mechanic, who opens up the seat and turns the engine. Fountains of loch water shoot up into the air.

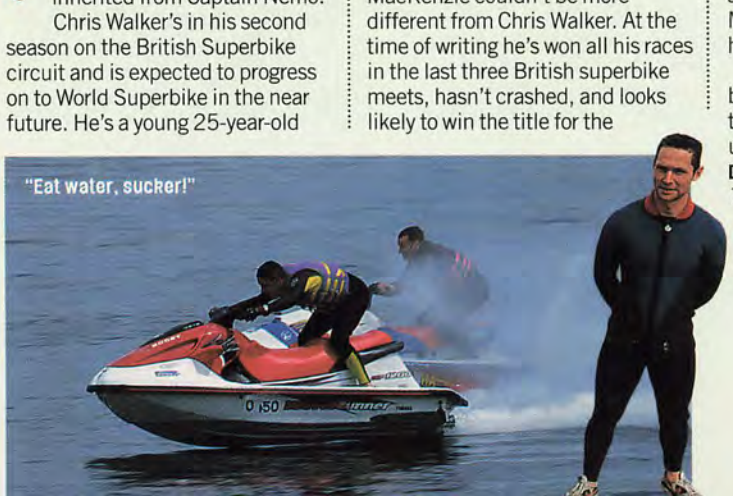
"It's a '96 model," says Niall. "I blagged it off Yamaha and it was the dog's bollocks last year. Now they've brought out the 1200 and put five miles an hour on it, though, you're a wanker if you've got one of these."

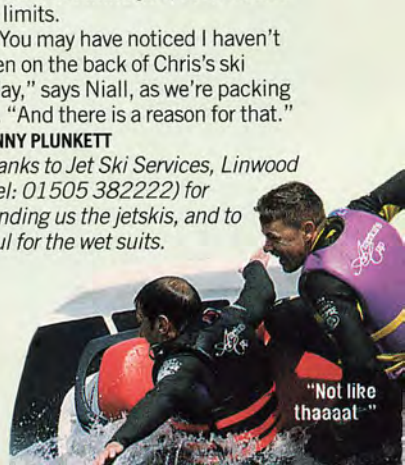
Whether it's an 1100 or a 1200, I'm having the time of my life. And so is Chris, judging by his demented laughter as he careers around the loch. Jetskis are like a fairground ride that goes on for hours, except it's even fun when you fall off. You can be flying along at 50mph, lock the steering and turn 180° in a fraction of a second, before shooting off in the opposite direction. It can be nervy, but never as scary as riding pillion with Niall MacKenzie. Mind you, even he has his limits.

"You may have noticed I haven't been on the back of Chris's ski today," says Niall, as we're packing up. "And there is a reason for that."

DANNY PLUNKETT

Thanks to Jet Ski Services, Linwood (tel: 01505 382222) for lending us the jetskis, and to Gul for the wet suits.


"Eat water, sucker!"


"Not like thaaaat..."

PHOTOS: GEOFF WAUGH

SPORTS LISTINGS

Fina X Diving Cup, Mexico City, Mexico, 10-14 September
Jumping into water, hardly much of a sport. You can do that in your local canal. Will they give you a medal? Will they heck. You'll get a clip round the ear from the police and probably contract that disease you can get from rats' wee. Mexico doesn't have any rats, so the divers will be alright.

Portuguese Grand Prix, Autodromo Do Estoril, Estoril, Portugal, 22 September
Yet again, cars and people come together to disturb the peaceful afternoon of somewhere foreign. When will it end? Save us!

Tug-Of-War European Outdoor Championships, Jersey, 25-28 September
This pointless exercise should have been banned around the time we learnt the sun didn't go round the Earth. Large adults will attempt to pull each other over a line in front of a multitude of bewildered onlookers. The event will take place outdoors, which does nothing to elevate the ludicrous nature of this activity. Tel: 01494 783057.

Rollerskating World Championships, Reus, Spain, 22-30 September
Leg warmers are essential at this event, to remind us how stupid people looked in '70s films where rollerskating was 'cool'. It isn't, it's just quite difficult. Except in *Rollerball*, where it also hurt. Some people watching will have worn elbow pads.

Land & Sand Yachting Euro '97, Fyde Club, St Anne's, Cornwall, 5-11 October
Yachts were made for water. Anyone who tells you otherwise is mad, and will try to convince you that being blown along a beach at speed is a good idea. But as a spectator sport it's probably brilliant with all sorts of imaginative injuries possible. This nautical non-event will take place on a day when there may be no wind. Worrying.

PIERS TOWNLEY

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Get karting

Following in the F1 drivers' footsteps

Then Schumacher realised a simple crash helmet would hide his hair

In the arse end of the middle of the armpit of nowhere, on the furthest-flung edge of Dublin, there's a racing circuit called Mondello Park. I'm standing there, and the wind's whipping it with the gusto of a call-girl administering the usual to a Tory MP's backside, while the chicken and chips I shovelled down me half an hour ago is doing a loop the loop.

A big fella called Bob Pope is dishing out instructions to about 20 of us, huddled round a bunch of what look like overgrown go-karts currently being tweaked and fiddled with by his mechanics. "Right," he booms like a vengeful headmaster, "you're just here to have fun, we don't want anyone falling off the track, and we definitely don't want any contact. Got that?"

If you have even the faintest notion of having a go at motorsport, you're bound to have tried karting already, and if you haven't, you're a fool. It's where most of the current Formula One stars – Coulthard, Schumacher, Hakkinen – started out, and if the limit of your driving experience is belting round the M25 or getting the shopping in, then any of the numerous indoor karting circuits dotted around the country will give you racing thrills and scare the shit out of you, good and proper. Until you get onto a real, outdoor circuit that is.

Big Bob's company, Race Productions, has cottoned on to this, having pioneered indoor karting and run-endurance kart races at Le Mans, Estoril, Silverstone and Monaco with twin-engined pro-karts. The sports kart is the latest mutation, a bigger, faster bit of kit that looks like an outsized bath-tub with four wheels grafted onto each corner, designed to be used on existing racing circuits like Silverstone, but friendly enough for karting virgins to enjoy without throwing themselves into the nearest tyre wall. Well, that's the idea anyway, and **loaded** is part of a group of journalists who've been invited to evaluate the prototype sports kart's potential.

"No contact," Bob says again, as we file out and squeeze into the Mini Metro-sized karts. "Course not," someone says and we all laugh, but behind the pit lane camaraderie we're obviously all aiming to annihilate each other. Well, that's my plan anyway. Streaming out onto the track in convoy, wriggling to get comfortable in the harness, the first thing that crosses your mind is that the average bathtub would provide about as much crash protection as one of these. Hmmm, great. Bob's driven us round the track in his Volvo 850T5 so we've got some idea about the correct racing line, but it's different down here, with your arse suspended just a few centimetres off the ground, in a bathtub with ideas above its station. Consequently, a one-armed geriatric with a blindfold on could have topped **loaded**'s first lap time, but a few laps later and I'm getting the hang of it. They're piss easy to drive, with an automatic transmission and your basic 'stop/go' brake and throttle pedal layout. At the end of the main straight there's a nasty corner; I lock the brakes up the first few times into it which gets the kart snaking out of control, but once you've remembered that smoothness is the key, you can take it quickly enough. Then it's flat out for a bit, pushing harder each time round, trying to pass the bloke in front, then trying not to crash into him, clipping the apex of each corner, drifting the kart round, edging the back end out on the throttle, but without letting the resulting slide turn into a full, tyre-squealing spin. These bigger karts aren't quite as pointy or darty as the smaller, single-engined ones you get on indoor circuits – the steering isn't as sharp and they don't handle as precisely – but they're faster (up to 80mph, Bob reckons), less nervous (which means *you're* less nervous) and a step closer to the full-on terror of a real racing car.

Life is the pits for Gerhard Berger

It crosses your mind that the average bathtub would provide as much crash protection as one of these karts

By the end of the session, the wind has dropped, my stomach's stopped churning, my arms feel like lead weights, and I'm only about three-quarters of a second off the pace, the fastest lap time having been set by a bloke who races karts regularly and who pisses all over the rest of us. Having mastered the circuit and sussed out the kart's handling characteristics, I reckon they could do with more power, but then Bob's people would spend all their time fishing bodies out of the tyre walls if they pandered to speed-addicted berks like me.

"It's a way of letting more people experience competitive motorsport," Bob says, "like driving single seaters but at a more realistic price. And we have a more powerful engine for drivers that can handle the extra go. Hopefully these'll take off as the next generation of corporate racing machines."

Well, until McLaren are on the blower seeking my services for next year, they'll just have to do...

JASON BARLOW

Prices are from £50 per person Ring Race Productions on 0171 680 9001 for more information.

loaded goes round the bend for a change

PHOTOS: MICHAEL CHESTER/SUTTON

MORE ABOUT KARTING

- The World Championships takes place this year at Salbris in France on 11 to 14 September. Jenson Button, a British driver who has just won the European championships, is hotly tipped to do well.
- The Silverstone Karting Grand Prix takes place every August for the 125cc to 250cc size karts. Most of the major events around the country take place between April and October but most centres have indoor circuits open all year round.
- Sky, ITV and Eurosport have karting races in their schedules for the coming months.
- *Karting* magazine has up-to-date information and details of the 150-odd indoor and 30 or so RAC-licensed outdoor tracks. Contact them on 0181 467 6533.

Denis loses his eyebrows with a three-for-a-quid lighter

Lee. Or is it Herring. No, must be Lee

Canada dry

English sarcasm at the Montreal comedy festival

There was a Englishman, an Irishman, a nun, and a packet of Doritos. And, and... no, hang on, it was a horse, a naked bird and a tin of sherbet fruits. And the bus conductor says to the barman... no, I've forgotten it.

Personally, I've always been shit at telling jokes. But then that's what we have comedians for. And at this time of year, just about every comedian in the world packs *Tony Blackburn's Big Book Of Jokes* and a series of funny hats into a comedy exploding car and trundles off to Montreal for the Just For Laughs festival.

Headlining the event, now in its 15th year, are the likes of Roseanne, Denis Leary and David Hyde Pierce (*Frasier*'s brother Niles). **loaded** however is over here to cause a rumpus by egging the British contingent into drunken scrapes involving a stuffed beaver and a moose in a Mountie uniform. Telling mother-in-law gags for the Queen this year were Ben Elton, David Baddiel, Phil Kay, Sean Hughes and Lee & Herring.

Very quickly it became clear that Just For Laughs is more like a plumbers' convention than a comedy festival, with a zillion piss-poor American comedians leaning on a microphone stand going, "My wife? My wife? I wouldn't say she was fat..." in the hope that some rich American producer would sign them up for a dog food commercial or a walk-on part in *Coach*.

"It's a fucking cattle market!" says Stewart Lee. "Hundreds of shit comedians all doing the same routine so they can be in the next Doritos advert. It's shit!"

This is the man who, along with the hilariously bearded Richard Herring, is the public face of the festival, presenting the *Just For Laughs* programmes on The Paramount Comedy Channel. Funnily enough, after he does his excellent solo stand-up, Stewart is surrounded by Yanks offering him vast sums of cash. His observations that German tourists are involved with Nazi genocide and that the French phrase for masturbation translates as "to shape the English pipe" obviously hit a nerve.

No straitjacket required

Not only is Canada like a shit America where they speak French in a malicious Welsh-corner-shop kind of way, during Just For Laughs the streets are crawling with highly strung hacks from English tabloids running around like headless rubber chickens failing to get an interview with Denis Leary.

Through the tears, the super soaraway shit-slingers reveal that now Leary's a huge movie star, he's unavailable for comment.

My arse, he is. Disguising myself as a nun, I pole-vault into Leary's heavily guarded compound, claiming to be collecting for the Irish Nicotine Addicts' Fund, a Pope-funded mission dedicated to distributing porn and raw meat to needy children. Bingo.

Leary reclines on his mink-upholstered *chaise longue*, cracks an ale and reveals that he began his career here seven years ago.

"The difference is that now I get the big bucks," he smirks.

"*Lotsa* fuckin' zeros. Plus, back then I was out to impress all these fuckin' bald fat faggots, know what I'm sayin'? Now, if I fuck up – who gives a shit?"

And how's Hollywood, Denis?

"Hollywood, man? Hah? That fuckin' place? Too many fuckin' fake tits for my taste. Fake people, fake tits. I live in New York. And I have real tits."

Sadly, trying to find a budding Denis The Menace at Just For Laughs involves running from venue to venue in some vast pub-crawl-cum-jumble-sale, where quality control is made all the more difficult because Canadian audiences will laugh at anything, especially if it begins, "So I'm dating again... (hoots of recognition) "I've just become a father..." (round of applause) or, "So I told my mother I was gay..." (standing ovation).

At best, the Yanks have Dave Attell, the US version of Bernard Manning ("I'm not homophobic, but I won't do sit-ups in case my dick accidentally pops into my mouth"). Generally, it's jokes about airplane food and Jewish mothers.

Our lads, however, are brilliant. Even the irony-shy Canadians seem to be getting it when Ben Elton uses phrases like 'homogenised culture' and the language of imagery. Or maybe it was the gag about wiping his arse on the hotel shower curtain.

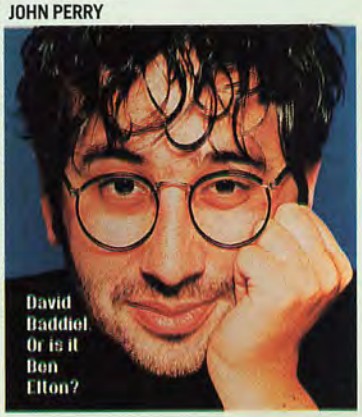
Best of the lot, however, is Glasgow's Phil Kay, who doesn't have any jokes at all. His act consists of talking utter bollocks off the top of his head for two hours, then hiding half his audience behind the stage. Genius.

"I won a $100 bet for showing my arse onstage last year," says Phil in the bar later. Ah, this is more like it. Ben Elton is handing around the contents of his mini-bar and talking a little bit of politics (no, really), Richard Herring is denouncing his partner's anti-Dorito rant by claiming, "I've been sucking a huge dog's cock for cash all week!" David Baddiel is holding forth on the joys of scuba diving and Sean Hughes is being witty and erudite in an incomprehensible pissed-on-pink-Champagne kinda way. I, of course, wake up in the bath.

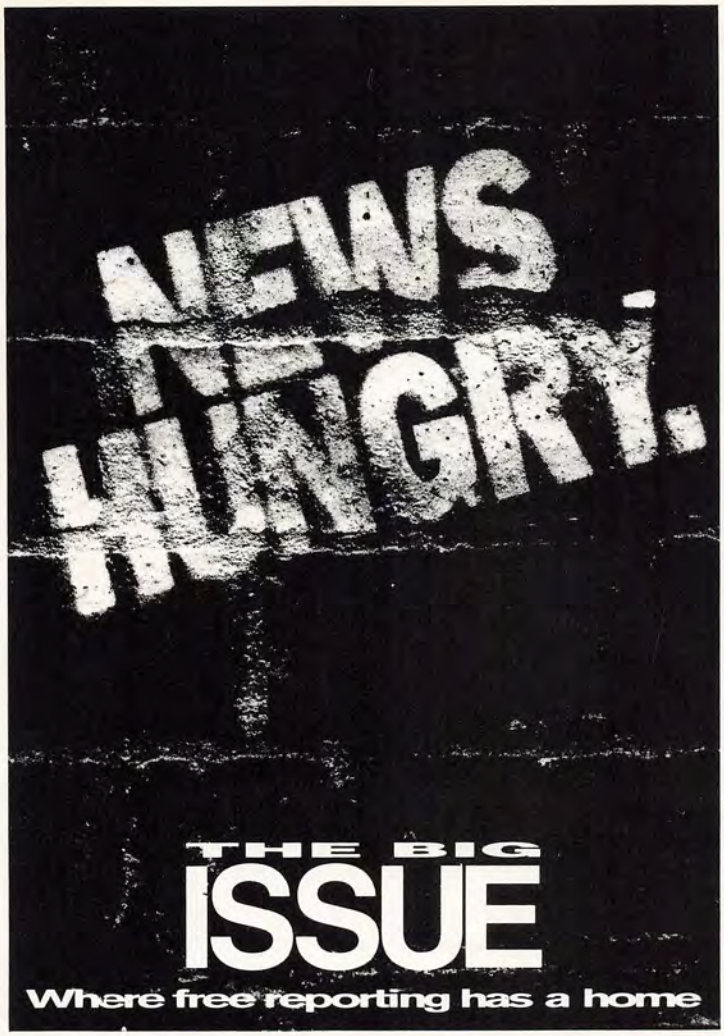
"I've been sucking dog's cock for cash all week," says Richard Herring

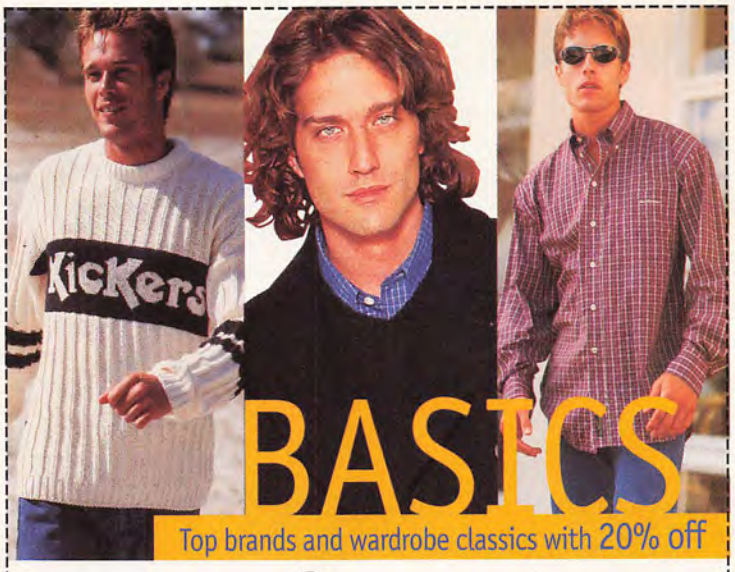
And suddenly it all comes flooding back. Yes! There was an Englishman, an Irishman, a Scotsman, a nun and... nope, it's gone again. Bugger. Maybe next year, eh?

JOHN PERRY



David Baddiel Or is it Ben Elton?





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Come on down, relax, find yourself a pigeon hole, exchange regurgitated brioche with a chick who is just dying for it, ruffle some feathers.'

FROM PAGE ONE OF SAP RISING

Out now in Black Swan paperback

"Not head for tea again!"

Kazakh cannibal victim

Kazakh cannibal Nikolai Dzumagaleyev

Head found in Kazakh cannibal's fridge

This man owns a kebab shop

Pops will eat himself

Sick Russian cannibals do lunch

It reads like the script for a horror flick. A cannibal convicted of butchering and eating seven women, who once escaped, Hannibal Lecter-like, into the stormy night, today roams freely around the former Soviet Union. But the Kazakh Cannibal is not alone in his predilection for human flesh. He is part of a growing trend of Russian serial cannibalism. In St Petersburg a thwarted chef recently stood trial for eating three of his friends, and another man was arrested after cooking two pensioners. In Russia's far east, two starving conscripts served up a colleague for breakfast.

In today's Russia, cases so grisly they would transfix the west for weeks barely make the news. A few months ago, a 73-year-old woman from Kaliningrad was arrested after the half-eaten body of her 82-year-old husband was found in her flat. Earlier in the year, two Ukrainian prisoners were found guilty of eating their cellmate. It's got so bad, in fact, that many Russians boycott meat sold in open air markets, speculating that not all of it comes from animals.

The macabre history of the Kazakh Cannibal comes straight from the pages of an airport thriller. Nikolai Dzumagaleyev, a 45-year-old ex-paratrooper who murdered and ate seven women during a 10-year reign of terror which ended with his 1991 arrest, is today at large once more – after his sister bribed officials for his release from the high security hospital.

The killer was first arrested in 1989 after friends found two human heads in his fridge. The cannibal always murdered on a Thursday, inviting dinner guests round the following night to sample the fruits of his macabre labour. Convicted of killing and eating seven women – all blondes – he was en route to a life sentence in a mental hospital in Tashkent (capital of Uzbekistan), when the plane was forced to make a crash landing in bad weather and the cannibal escaped into the darkness.

A huge manhunt led to the killer's re-arrest in 1991, but following one of the strangest decisions in Russian legal history (made after the intervention of his sister), Dzumagaleyev was released after serving only five years.

Last year, the cannibal was arrested for breaking into an abandoned house looking for shelter. He had been living rough, surviving on wild animals and berries in the mountains around Bishkek, capital of the Republic of Kirghizia. Like many cannibals, he will talk about his inhuman crimes in sickening detail. Traced to a hostel in Bishkek, he said of his seventh murder: "I started to cut her up and drank blood from her throat because I once read in a book that human blood purifies the soul.

"It was from the last victim that I took flesh and ate it. I remember it was from the hip and the breasts. I showed her head to some of my friends. One called the militia and I tried to escape by hiding in a haystack for a week, but they caught up with me."

Kusikov turned three friends into kebabs, complete with onion marinade

Dzumagaleyev traces his disturbing hatred of women back to his army days. "In 1974 I was sent to one region of the Soviet Union where it seemed to me that all the women were prostitutes," said the deluded psychopath. "I spent three years there and became disgusted by the way the women carried on – they drank vodka and cursed worse than men. But when I returned to my home town [*Yzun-Agal, Kazahkstan*] three years later, all the women were the same. I chose to kill European-looking women, especially blondes, because these were the worst whores of all."

Psychologists claim that eating people is the ultimate taboo. For some Russians it's a way of life. With the unprecedented rise in the number of Russian serial killers (70 to 100 are currently estimated to be on the loose in the former Soviet Union), it's a gruesome picture.

Russia's most prolific example, Andrei Chikatilo, aka the Rostov Ripper, who ate parts of the 52 young women and children he slaughtered, blamed his cannibalistic tendencies on the fact that his brother had been eaten by starving peasants during the famine of the '30s. Indeed, many of today's cannibals are the twisted children of Russia's bloody past. Flesh-eating would seem to comprise the stomach-churning hors d'oeuvres of Russian history, born out of a combination of poverty and psychopathy.

Ilshat Kusikov, who in 1995 turned three of his friends into kebabs (complete with onion marinade), had been brought up on tales of cannibalism from his home town of Leningrad, where starving residents, stranded by Hitler's blockade, commonly ate their dead.

In Siberian gulags, prisoners, many of them intellectuals imprisoned during Stalin's purges, escaped into the frozen wastes with a 'pig' – a fellow prisoner lured with the promise of freedom, but in reality taken along to be eaten on the road. A sort of Siberian takeaway, if you like.

GEORGINA WROE

Proper rugby balls are scarce in Russia

PHOTOS: MOSCOOP

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Mick's Grill

Cheeses, Christ!

loaded overdose on smelly dairy produce

"DON'T SAY CHEESE, SAY *CHARLIE*!" Our children are in danger. Sinister cheese peddlers are at work, weaving their evil spell around innocent minds. There is a new designer 'rave' cheese on the streets that is weedling its way into the Power Ranger lunchboxes of the nation's youth. I speak of Charlie Cheese, a happy-faced Svengali with malicious intent.

"It's not *just* cheese!" says Karina, the scantily-clad Charlie Cheese girl, "it's full of marijuana! We're corrupting the kids!" she squeals, her tongue in the vague area of her cheek. But she's not fooling us, Charlie's slogan is "Come on mum, give 'em some Charlie!" and Charlie won't rest until the whole world is made of cheese. Like the moon is.

Welcome then, to the Nantwich International Cheese Show. A one-day event in the middle of rural Cheshire dedicated soley to *la vie fromage*. With mud-splattered wellies and psychopathic security, it's the Glastonbury of dairy produce. But instead of signs reading 'Lesbian Unicycle Workshop In The Green Field', there are 10ft posters proclaiming 'SHEEP! 50 YARDS!' and 'GIANT COCK COMPETITION!'

If you're a farmer, this is heaven, but if, like me, you believe that fields are for landscape paintings, rearing steaks and for keeping inbred farmers from moving to the nice clean cities, it takes the edge off reaching cheese Nirvana. Don't get me wrong, I like a bit of cheese as much as the next man, but this year, the festival's centenary, there are 1,537 cheeses in competition from 18 countries. There's only so much cheese one man can take. Not that you'd think it from the scrums around each stall, as the farming classes ram their pushchair-bound offspring into other people's knees in a desperate, clawing scrabble for each inch-square block of cheese. The St John Ambulance have been run off their feet dealing with people suffering from cheese fatigue and, in some extreme cases, Stilton overdoses.

"Madam, are you mad for cheese?" I ask a plump woman sporting green wellies and some pretty impressive facial hair.

"Ooh, yes, I love a bit of cheese," she enthuses.

Indeed? And which cheese particularly drives you over the edge?

"Parmesan, no, Gouda, no, hang on, Roquefort... ooh, but Sage Derby's always good..."

I leave her reciting the *Who's Who* of cheese and seek out the Supreme Champion of 1997, an affable Scouser called Richard Hayes. Richard clearly doesn't give a crumbly rind about 'grass nitrates', 'curd structure', 'hedge mustard' or any of the other preoccupations gripping Nantwich cheesemakers. But then he doesn't have to, he's won here for the past five years, attributing his success to "sweating into the vat". Yum. Funnily enough, Dick reveals that he's universally hated at the Cheese Show. "No one wants to buy us a pint," he says, "and they try to poison the cheese."

The winner attributes his success to "sweating in the vat"

Anthony Worral Thompson once swam the channel. Halfway across, he decided the fat he was slapping on his rump could be put to better use frying bits of dead animals in a pan. So he became a top chef and *Ready Steady Cook* presenter. Woz is quite literally mad for cheese.

"I can't eat cheese!" he admits, as he sniffs a large chunk of Dovedale blue. "Doctor's orders. If I eat cheese after 8pm I turn into an animal, running around the house naked, screaming and attacking the wife. It's got so bad," he adds, "I rang the police in the middle of the night last week, claiming that I'd been robbed. I was going, 'The bastards stole three grand from me!' Unfortunately, I was asleep at the time. They didn't see the funny side."

God help us if Worral ever combines cheese with booze.

"Oh, Red Leicester is a man's cheese for drinking with a pint." By the time Worral does his cookery demonstration, he has sniffed so much cheese he mistakes the marinated pears he is supposed to be using for beetroot, and spills his cheese sauce. Respect.

Declining the offer of a lecture entitled 'A round trip of the English Blues', we spend the rest of the afternoon looking for Miss Cheshire Cheese, an elderly spinster bred in a sinister Cheshire Beauty Queen Farm near Wilmslow. We find her lurking in the livestock arena scaring the pigs. She looks like a potato in a sash with a face like a Welsh rarebit that's been left under the grill for three hours. "I love cheese!" she drools through her muzzle. But then she has to say that or they'll stop her complimentary swill.

A sudden commotion back in the cheese marquee drags us away from the gripping final of the muckspreader competition. Crazed by Wensleydale, two cheese criminals inexplicably dressed as Captain Hook and the crocodile from *Peter Pan* are greedily stuffing cheese down their cartoon necks. I know how they feel. After an entire day chain-gobbling mouldy milk and expensive red wine, I too am in the arena of the unwell and finally snap. Hand me the Charlie.

JOHN PERRY

Cheddar gorgeous

This is what eating too much cheese can do to you

Nob's cheese

"No! Don't make me eat more cheese!"

PHOTOS: CHRIS CLUNN

WHAT'S EATING US

Some things we've been inflicting on people in a gaseous form this month

1 Chewing Gum
2 Double cream
3 Chicken – in drumstick form
4 Flakes of skin
5 Satay vegetables with ginger and orange rice
6 Microwaveable pizza
7 Cottage cheese with chives
8 Peanut flavour ice cream

PUB OF THE MONTH

A right old dive

Drink the Thames dry at the Bungee Bar

When the barman puts on that funny voice and calls last orders, many's the time a young rascal has thought to himself either: "Bother! I'd like to carry on drinking", or, "Crumbs, I'm pooped! Time for some shut-eye". The answer to these two eternal pub problems has now arrived in one convenient package which bobs up and down on the river Thames.

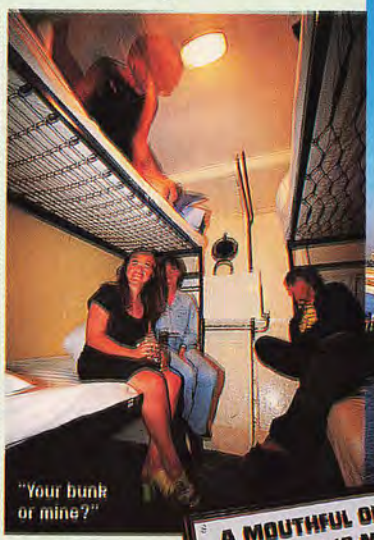
Nestling on the south side of this sizeable stream, next to Chelsea Bridge, The Bungee Bar cares not one jot for the 11 o'clock curfew, for it is officially a 'Flotel'. Below deck, it cunningly offers 40 £12 per night bunks, enabling punters to carry on boozing till the early hours and hit the hay without fear of waking up in an advanced state of bemusement in a bus depot in Croydon.

John Nicholls, landlord and owner of next door's UK Bungee Club, faced numerous difficulties in trying to establish what is the only accommodation available on the Thames. "The environmental agency tried to stop our planning permission," he chortles over a beer. "They said there were 110 species of fish in the Thames and we were going to be moored on a valuable breeding ground. It was utter bollocks, really." Bollocks indeed, but after a visit to the House of Lords and the granting of 11 separate licences, Nicholls' balls paid off and his pub was open for business.

"It's cheaper than getting a cab home, you can get mullered till whenever you like, crash out in comfort and head back in the morning after a shower and a shave." No shit, John?

The Bungee Bar has an open upper deck, affording revellers a pleasing panorama of fast-flowing muddy waters whilst the creaky, wooden floored interior provides a cosy environment to find your sea legs in. However much you drink, you're bound to leave this place a little unsteady on your feet.

PIERS HERNU



Just barge your way to the bar

DRINK, EAT, SLEEP

Food: Microwaveable TV Dinners. BYO if you want.
Drink: Beer: bottles £2.00 (Bud, Becks, Carlsberg Ice, Castle and VB). Spirits/shots: £1.40.
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Location: Adrenalin Village, south bank of the Thames, on the East side of Chelsea Bridge. Nearest tube: Sloane Square. Train: Queenstown Road, Battersea. Tel: 0171 498 7337.

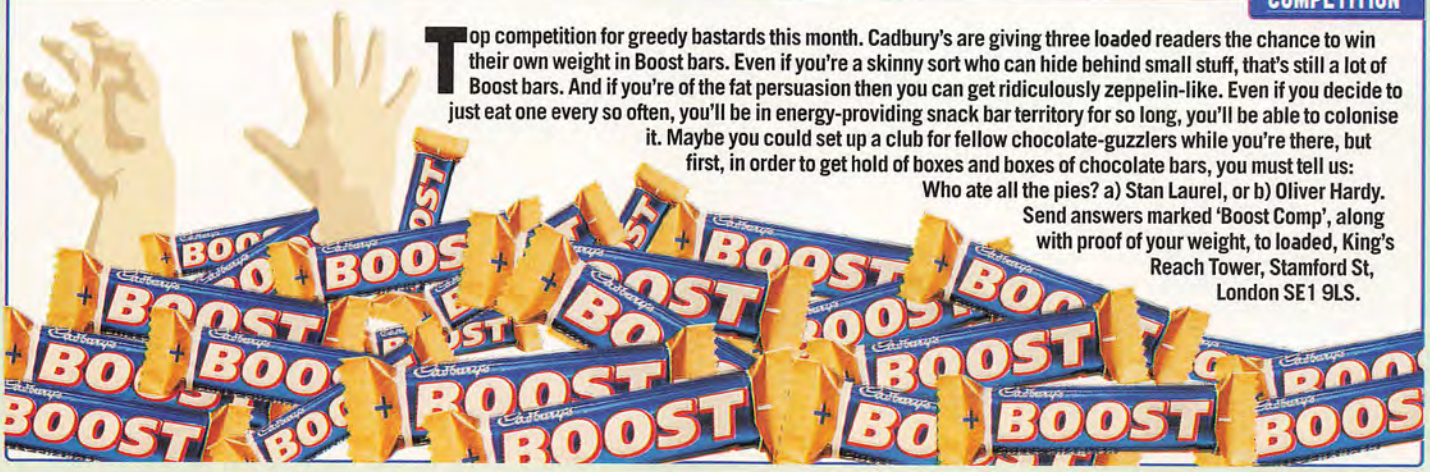
DRINKS NEWS

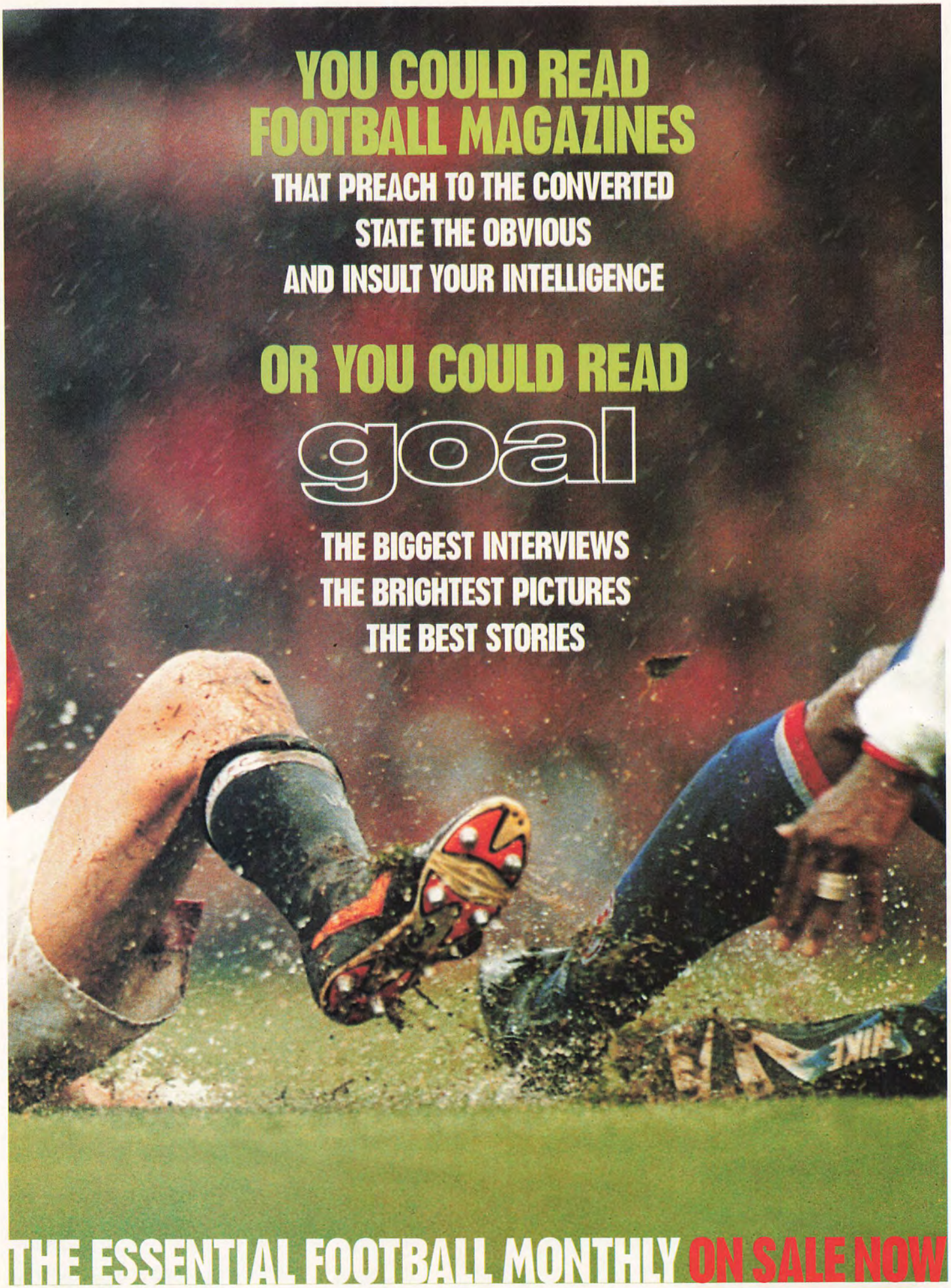
Mystery is a light purple, sugary, vitamin hybrid of the energy drink variety, with the supreme pop weirdo's mugshot plastered all over it. It's an artificially peach-flavoured, gassy liquid concoction that has phrases like '100% Cool Magic' on the can. There's also an advert for a website entitled 'The Magic Mystery World of Michael Jackson'. It'll take more than a website to try to explain what's going on in his world. The taste as it drizzles down the back of your throat is not unlike cough mixture that has gone off, and it contains such dubious sounding products as Pantothenic acid. It's the product of corporate greed and an unhinged mind, and the real mystery is, why bother? He once sang, "Don't stop till you get enough." Will he ever? Bad. Available wherever water is the best option.

PIERS TOWNLEY

COMPETITION

Top competition for greedy bastards this month. Cadbury's are giving three loaded readers the chance to win their own weight in Boost bars. Even if you're a skinny sort who can hide behind small stuff, that's still a lot of Boost bars. And if you're of the fat persuasion then you can get ridiculously zeppelin-like. Even if you decide to just eat one every so often, you'll be in energy-providing snack bar territory for so long, you'll be able to colonise it. Maybe you could set up a club for fellow chocolate-guzzlers while you're there, but first, in order to get hold of boxes and boxes of chocolate bars, you must tell us: Who ate all the pies? a) Stan Laurel, or b) Oliver Hardy. Send answers marked 'Boost Comp', along with proof of your weight, to loaded, King's Reach Tower, Stamford St, London SE1 9LS.

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THE BRIGHTEST PICTURES
THE BEST STORIES
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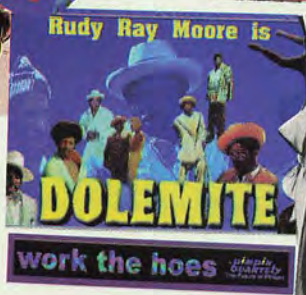


A good shafting

Pimps, dicks and low-down dirty mothers

What's the magazine that has enormous breasts in it each month? **loaded**! Chakka chakka chakk. Which magazine gets blamed for every social ill by the outreach workers at *The Guardian*? **loaded**. Chakka chakka chak. You're damn right.

Yes, this month we take a look at the streetiest of street detectives, Shaft, and his close pal Superfly, (not to be confused with Supergrover from *Sesame Street*) in the latest Bionic table wars. If you want to contact us at **loaded** about the Bionic world or anything at all, just e-mail us at loadweb@ipc.co.uk.

Have a look at these rinky dinks (that's nerd rhyming slang for links, very cool) about Shaft for a low-down dirty mother of a look at the world of 'Private Dicking'. Now let the flares begin!

Blaxploitation Links

All sorts of special rinky dinks to Shafty and Fly-ee and a variety of others. The whole gamut run through, run over and run past.
http://users.aol.com/PizarroD/shaft/shafesay.html
http://homer.cs.pvt.k12.id.us/home_pages/alevin/blax.html
http://www.dancentury.com/dolemite/skillet.html
http://www.dancentury.com/truck/
http://www.slip.net/~gmm/18_blax.html
http://www.amvideos.com/BLAXPLOITATION.html
http://www.qni.com/~ijournal/issue04/features/blaxploitation2.html

Shaft

The man himself. Marching sideburn bonanza geezer with a mission from plod. Shaft, like the long bit of your penis, but more detective-esque.
http://www.afrosquad.com/shaft.html
http://www.uoguelph.ca/~sweber/
http://users.aol.com/PizarroD/shaft/shaft.html

Superfly

Just the one Superfly special. But an excellent rotting cat food bowl of interesting fly-related consommé.
http://student-www.uchicago.edu/users/bra9/fly.html

Dolemite

He doesn't drive a Triumph Dolomite, or live in the mountains, but he wears a lot of groovy white clothes and a stupid fedora. But then it was the '70s.
http://www.apexonline.com/si/dolemite/intro.htm
http://www.globalim.com/dominance/dolemite/
http://www.infoave.net/~dolemite

Foxy Brown

As opposed to Badger Blue, but with women in it.
http://www.dancentury.com/pam_grie/
http://www.viva-las-vegas.com/blaxploitation/foxybrown/index.html

Cleopatra Jones

This has women in it, too. None of them are the queen of ancient Egypt, instead they are a bit like James Bond meets a really bad B-movie. Unsettling.
http://www.videoflicks.com/VF/04/004437.html
http://www.qni.com/~ijournal/issue04/features/blaxploitation.html

Pimps

Not like the real ones who are very hard, misogynist bastards. More like nice furry ones, a bit like Huggy Bear. Nice pimps.
http://www.dancentury.com/PQ/
http://www.prism.gatech.edu/~gt3293a/

Who is baddest?	SHAFT	SUPERFLY
Crazy moustache	Big **5/10**	Insanely big **10/10**
Constantly snorts coke	Not keen on the white stuff **0/10**	Every opportunity **10/10**
Sex machine	So the song says **10/10**	Just can't compete **0/10**
Long flappy leather coat	Very long and flappy **10/10**	Flappy but short **0/10**
Badass soundtrack	Isaac Hayes **10/10**	Curtis Mayfield **10/10**
Final score	**35/50**	**30/50**

It's a close run thing, but our detailed empirical analysis clearly indicates that Shaft is 'badder' than Superfly. Although Superfly has the superior moustache, his coat is much shorter and his inability to compete with Shaft's sexual prowess must ultimately lead to his downfall in the world of badness.

RONALD GRANT ARCHIVE

A flying thing (*F/A 18*)

Ooh look, more flying things (*Dark Colony*)

Some flying, er, make that crashing things (*Lylat Wars*)

GAMES REVIEWS

what you should be ruining your thumbs with this month

Constructor, PC CD ROM, £39.99
Great building game with all the depth and playability of *Sim City*, but where ultimate victory is secured by employing various underhand methods. You can send in hippies to squat your opponents' houses and organise raves in their streets. There's also a host of other crazies at your disposal including the killer clown (an escaped madman who will lure your opponents into his death ride), plus zombies, poltergeists and a psycho who likes to attack locals with a chainsaw. Fantastic.
Random quote from the game: "Red Team's thief on Moss Side's ripping us off big time. Sort him out."
Random quote while playing the game: "That fucker's nicked all our bloody concrete."
Verdict: 9.4/10

Dark Colony, PC-CD ROM, £39.00
A bit like *Red Alert*, but with humans v aliens instead of Allies v Russkies, with lots of building, exploiting resources and killing to be done. However, it's set in a much more complex landscape with day/night battles and detailed terrain that comes in handy when you want to hide your troops. You can also play over a network with eight other people, or over the Internet. Quite good really.
Random quote from the game: "Reactivate the dropship beacons. Locate the mining colony. Eliminate the aliens."
Random quote while playing the game: "Ooooh, an alien. Kill him!"
Verdict: 8.5/10

F/A 18 Hornet, PC-CD ROM, £34.99
Insanely complicated controls and fairly substandard graphics, yet strangely entertaining in a fly-over-Kuwait-and-shoot-everything-with-sidewinders kind of way. There are 28 combat missions in the Persian Gulf, and you can perform 'traps' and 'meatballs', whatever they are.
Random quote from the game: "Your mission was not successful. The refinery is still intact."
Random quote while playing the game: "How exactly do you fly this bloody thing?"
Verdict: 7.72/10
MIKE KARIN

Lylat Wars, Nintendo 64, £59.99
Formerly known as *Star Fox*, this features a whole cartridge full of improved gameplay, multiplayer options and fantastic visuals. Play alongside your mates at trying to save the Lylat system from evil tyranny and indulge in a galactic story where characters are called Peppy Hare, Slippy Toad and Falco Lombardi. All you need now is a

Competition

At last we've managed to secure a Nintendo 64 plus a copy of Mario Karts for one lucky winner. It's grey, has 64 written on it and there are a few good games for it, Mario Karts being one of the best. Ahem. To win this super prize, just complete the following sentence in no more than 50 words and no less than three:
I deserve to be the recipient of a spangly new Nintendo 64 because...
Postcard answers marked 'ABNC' (Awkward Bionic Nintendo Competition), to the magazine's address. Our decision is final, so don't even think about arguing.

Arcade News

The Lost World
Coin-ops have hit overload with everyone wanting your hard-earned coinage. *The Lost World* is one of the better games; a superior point and shoot in the best arcade tradition. Bass bins in the seats resonate to collisions as you drive, run and shoot in 3D surround-sound, while trying to rescue two team members trapped on Site B with the reptilian residents. State of the art graphics, a decent, logical plot, some heart-racing moments and all your favourite lizards make it well worth a go. You'll need a bit more than a pound to complete it, though.
At Segaworld in London now, and big arcades soon, a quid a go.

Plane Crazy
The first of the new PC arcade games puts you in the pilot's seat of converted wartime planes competing in a breathtaking low level race through canyons and mountains. Stunt flying is the buzz word in a highly detailed and reaction-testing few minutes of plane power. Dizzying effects of canyon flying are recreated with a variety of planes and landscapes, so that even those of us who have difficulty telling our arse from our elbow can enjoy themselves. Apparently the system won't crash like some desktops do, and Microsoft-licensed company Inner Workings are set to churn out more titles of the same, excellent quality in the very near future.
Most arcades fairly soon, a quid a go.
PIERS TOWNLEY

Damon Hill's eyebrows have a fight and cause him to crash (*F1 97*)

serious psychosis, and any grip on reality will quietly jump out of the window. A major addition is the rumble pack, a small unit that clips in where the memory card goes, and 'rumbles' when you collide or shoot something. Vibrating joypads – the future, no doubt, of home entertainment! The game also includes a free game guide so that you get slightly more value for money. Fast, furious, addictive and lots of other adjectives along those lines.
Verdict: 8.5675/10

F1 97, Playstation, £44.99
The major fault with the original was the inability to turn off Murray Walker's commentary. Sorry Murray, but you can have too much of a good thing. He can be silenced on this updated and greatly improved version, with a new track, better car physics, thunder and lightning weather fronts, collisions and a two player split screen option. It also has all the current teams and drivers of this season and is constructed so Schumacher is good on the bends, while Hill is excellent at moping around like a spoilt child. Plus there's a radio link to your pit team for that added driving-a-fast-Formula-One-car feel.
Verdict: 8.5/10

Duke Nukem, Saturn, £44.99
An inventive look at the delicate nature of the 3D 'shoot and kill anything that moves' lifestyle. Plunged into a sleazy world of prostitution, corruption and bad people with big guns, you have to use all your skill, memory, judgment and even bigger guns to survive. The censors will probably have a field day with it but it's been around for some time on the PC, so most people know what to expect. As versions go, it's definitely up to scratch, with smooth gameplay, detailed graphics, all the sick humour of the PC version and a few more angles exclusive to the Saturn. Carnage all round, and very enjoyable it is too.
Verdict: 8/10
PIERS TOWNLEY

GADGETS
useless shit you need this month

Steering wheels – probably best left in the actual cars. Despite ripping your desktop or lounge table off its hinges when you pull through a computerised handbrake turn, these will give you a realistic feel to any driving game. As realistic as you can get while sitting alone in your front room gurning inanely at a TV screen. Two of the best for the PC are the Destiny PC Steering Wheel and the Digital Edge Racing Simulator. While for the Playstation and the Saturn, try the VR F1 X-Cellerator. Prices: £69.95 upwards
PIERS TOWNLEY

Steer crazy but going nowhere

Competition

Three fancy new Zip drives are up for grabs this month if you get the question right. The drives are blue with black buttons and are therefore excellent at saving your memory onto discs that have a lot of space (the computer memory that is – it's not like *Total Recall*): 100Mb of space on each disc to be precise, which, we're told, as far as space goes, isn't too bad. At the risk of getting too technical, they're also quite small and they're light and you can carry them round with you if you want to.

A zip drive is:
a) *A portable disc drive that can store up to 100Mb on one disc*
b) *Usually blue*
c) *Quite small*
d) *All of the above*
Answers on a postcard marked 'Bionic Zip Competition', to **loaded**, IPC Magazines, Stamford Street, London SE1 9LS.

Uploaded
cyber news from our computer nerds

This month on **Uploaded**, there are the usual plethora of offensive and degrading pictures, games and textual material designed to offend non-smokers, puritans and bishops.

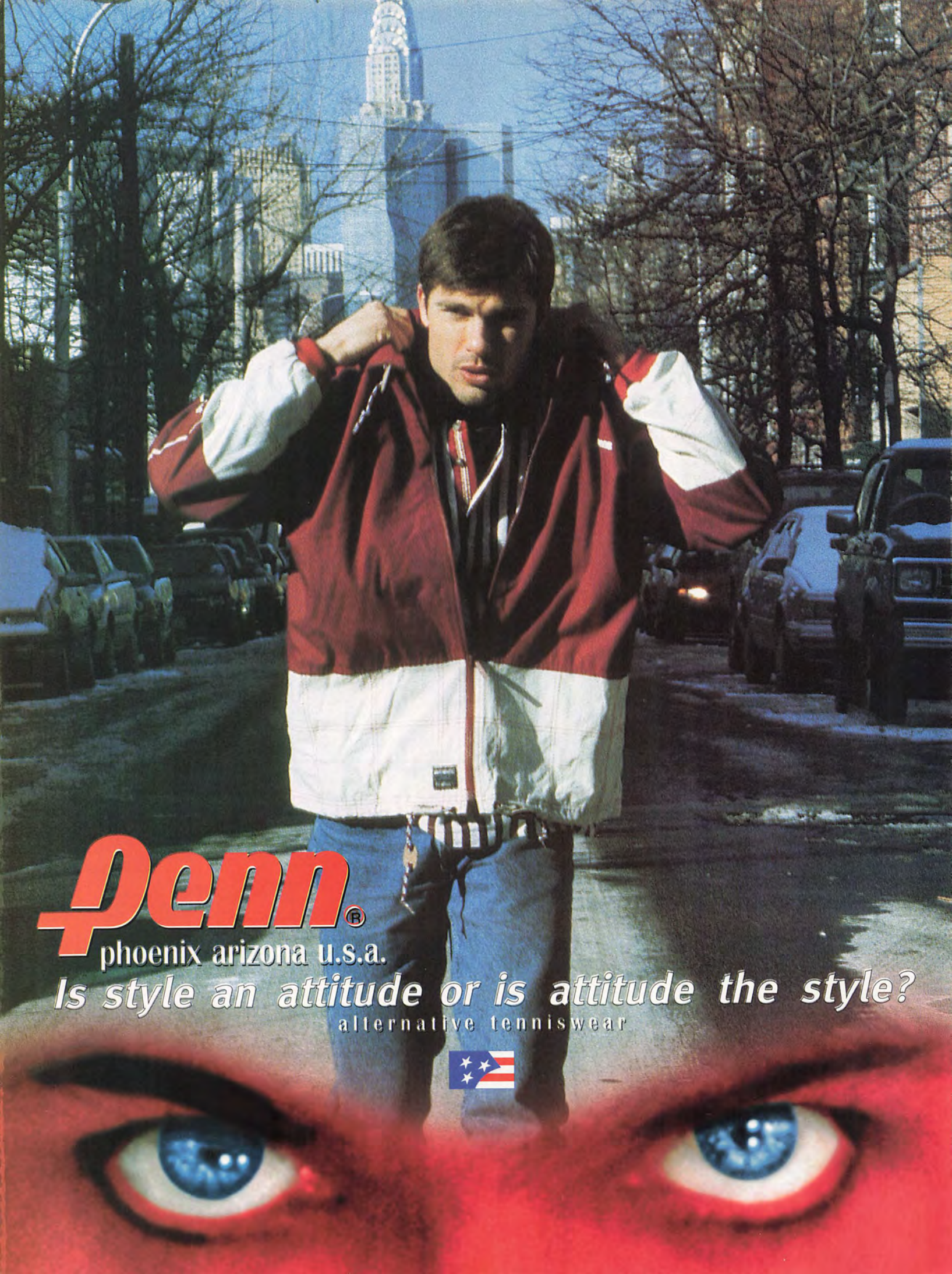
Our new photo special is with the delectable, spunklicious Lana Cox. Whatever you do, don't say her first name backwards or there could be all sorts of trouble. However, we have loads of shots of her without her kit on, just to do that sticky keyboard thing.

Everyone was especially excited about Lana when she came into the office, as she was wearing tight pink trousers and one of those cut-off tops revealing a tanned midriff with less fat on it than our forearms.

However, she then had to sit and talk to Reece for a few minutes, at which point all thoughts of being our friend disappeared. Reece really didn't have to mention what her name spelt backwards. See, I told you there would be loads of trouble.

Find hardcore Lana action at **http://www.uploaded.com/site/photos/photo.html**

Also, we are sad that you don't see more of our bombs. We make nice bombs. We make them and put them in things that you will associate with, and then we blow them up. You understand, don't you? We make nice bombs, then we blow things up and video them so you can watch them. It's simple. We've blown up kebabs, a computer and some minis amongst other things, and most recently we blew up a load of china ornaments your nan might have on her windowsill. See our bombs and love them at **http://www.uploaded.com/site/viddy/viddy.html**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Is style an attitude or is attitude the style?
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One off the wrist

It's time to splash out on a watch, too

We all like to know what time it is, don't we? Usually you can pretty much tell what time of day it is by looking out the window and seeing whether it's dark or not, but there are other situations which demand something a bit more particular. How late am I for work? How long am I going to have to do this before I get lockjaw? What time will you be coming out of the bank after the job? These questions demand answers. They used to say, "If you want to know the time, ask a policeman." Well that's all very well, but not much use if you're a) on the bus, b) in bed with your girlfriend or c) sitting in the getaway car waiting for the rest of the gang. You'll need a watch, then.

Unless you're Mr T, a watch is probably the only serious bit of jewellery you'll ever own, so you might as well get yourself a decent one. An expensive watch can last you a lifetime if you don't get mugged, will retain its value – possibly even increasing in value over a number of years – and as an added bonus, can tell the time. Cartier, Raymond Weil, Rolex, Patek Phillipe, Tag Heuer – there's no end of flash, barely pronounceable stuff you could put on your wrist before sauntering down to the lounge for cocktails. Best bet is to go for something you can actually use to tell what time it is. Some have more dials than the cockpit of a 747 and are about as easy to read as Sanskrit. James Bond wouldn't be seen without a decent bit of all action flash on his wrist, but the chances are you'll just want to know how long it is until closing time, rather than be in need of a laser or garotte wire. Stick to simplicity and you'll get more for your money.

They don't have to cost a fortune, either. You can pick up a good watch for the price of a decent suit, and it'll last a lot longer and not go out of fashion. Course it won't cover your beergut quite as well as a suit, but you can't have everything. You can also pick up old watches at many reputable jewellers and antique shops. But beware of forgeries and fakes. Fakes tend to be really light and often have spelling mistakes and wonky dials, but there are some very talented forgers out there. So many, in fact, that Cartier employ people to seek out forgeries all over the world so they can be destroyed.

An expensive watch can last a lifetime, unless you're mugged

The best way to get a good watch though, is not to pay for it at all. In these days of sexual equality it seems a bit of a rip-off to give her an engagement ring and get nothing in return. Do a deal, buy the ring if she gets you a watch. Try to get the message across by being late for everything you have planned to do with her, or just not showing up at things. Like the wedding.

If all else fails, get a posh watch catalogue, cut out one of the pictures, stick it on your wrist and look at it constantly. It won't impress anyone, but it will get you a double seat on the bus.

DEREK HARBINSON

WHAT'S BEEN WEARING US

1 Speed Garage
2 Alpha Industry white nylon parkas
3 Sweat-stained T-shirts
4 Calvin Klein sun protectors
5 Gay Council fluorescent nappies
6 Reebok sandles
7 Beige army fatigues
8 *Ain't Half Hot Mum* shorts
9 G-Shock watches
10 Thrift store chic
11 Crafty Cockney darts shirts

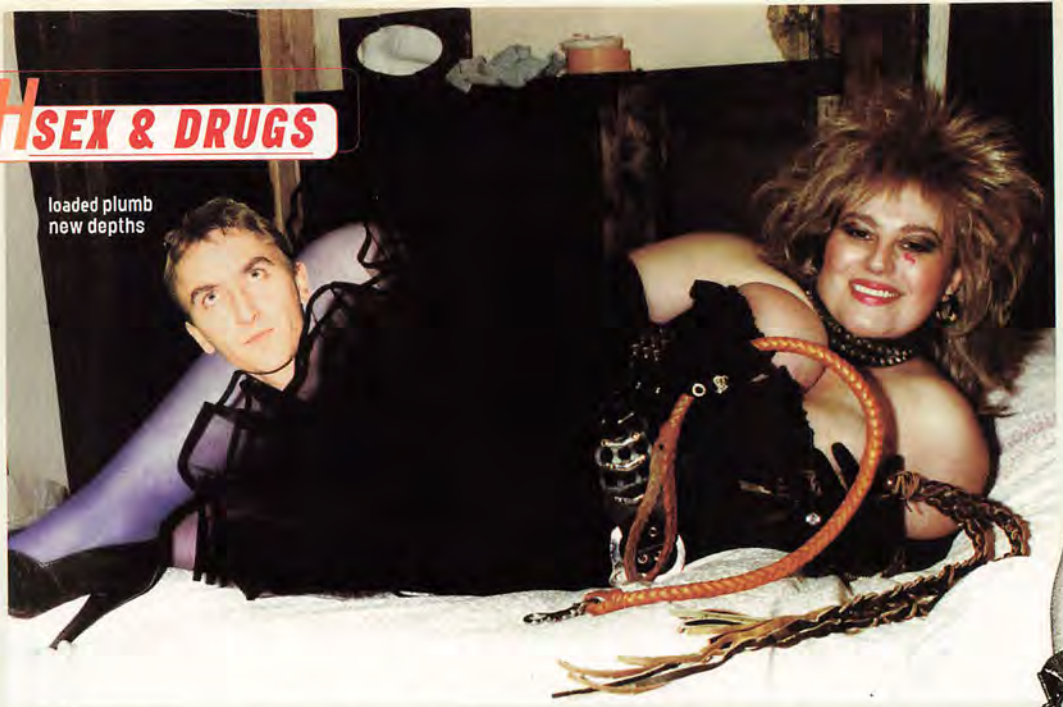
COPPERWHEAT BLUNDELL

Last of the summer line – time to buy new autumn clothes and wear flowerpots

If you want to look fancy this autumn, try CB London, the new sportswear/casual label from fashion designers Copperwheat Blundell. Apparently the young Blundells are known for their slim fit, ultra-modern tailoring. CB London's narrow, flat-fronted trousers, silhouette jackets and suits have a slightly wider shoulder for that larged up "gangster" look. Other casual pieces include their shirts, fleeces and waistcoats in subtle colours of dark navy, dark grey, cream and the odd bit of royal blue. And remember the age-old fashion fact: dark clothes make man look less fat. Sorted.

TOM STUBBS

Copperwheat Blundell and CB London are available from Liberty, Regent St, London W1; Browns Focus, 38-39 South Molton Street, London W1; Brother To Brother, 202 West St, Sheffield; Hervia, Unit 6, Royal Exchange Arcade, Manchester. For stockists, tel: 0171 613 0651.



loaded plumb new depths

The gang bang gang

loaded on a promise of sexual liberation

Shortly before midnight the air of muted expectancy is broken by screaming and the sound of leather slapping against cellulite in a room called 'Dungeon One'.

Peering inside, a chubby housewife, leather mini-skirt hitched up, knickers warming knees, is spreadeagled against a large black crucifix. Dishing out a sound thrashing is a girl half her age, who pauses occasionally to probe between the ample butt cheeks with the handle of her bull whip. The night has just begun.

This is one of many themed parties thrown by the Sexual Freedom Coalition, a group campaigning for an end to the "state repression of sex", by, amongst other things, a Sexual Freedom Bill, which includes proposals to lift the censorship of pornography, legalise prostitution, grant the right for consensual couples to have sado-masochistic sex without fear of prosecution, and to de-licence sex clubs. Just what the struck-off doctor ordered, you might say. But here in a multi-million pound mansion set well back from one of London's most exclusive roads, the SFC would appear to be preaching to the perverted.

For the first couple of hours, 600 of the SFC's supporters of all ages, shapes and leanings, in varying amounts of rubber, leather and lace, mill around the 17 themed rooms and illuminated gardens. The 'Flagellation Chapel' is dark, the 'Tantric Self-Pleasuring Room' is Indian and 'The Toilet' turns out to be just that. On the dancefloor, attention is divided by the thump of soulless techno and the hump of hardcore porn projected on the walls. Upstairs in the attic, the jiggery turns to pokery as a skinny bloke plays Velcro beard between the legs of a moaning fat woman, a Ronnie Biggs lookalike enjoys tummy sausage with a bouncing

"Some bloke plays Velcro beard with a moaning fat woman"

brunette and a bespectacled bald bloke is contentedly ruffling a topless woman's bobbing head.

Looking down, a bloke who looks like my bank manager is tenderly licking the toecap of my right boot. Five minutes later both boots are spotless, and he scampers off on all fours up the corridor. The Men Only room turns out to contain two blokes giving each other a blow job. Feeling queasy, I wander into The Nursery where, amongst scattered children's toys, eight blokes are groping a blonde woman and jostling each other to be next in line to stir Goldilocks's porridge. The line between debauchery and depravity is a thin one.

Nonetheless, the SFC are keen to dismiss any notion that they're just a bunch of whip-cracking nutters who like dressing up in rubber bondage gear and parading down the street, although they do admit to being "wild ones". Instead, they say, they're just making a stand for people's sexual rights, whatever their preferences might be.

On the way out I bump into a robed wizard with a gnarled wooden staff. Disorientated by vodka and the surrounding madness, I announce that I am, "Zorag, guardian of the eternal pool of pretentiousness.

"Greetings," he says, "my name is Nigel."

NIALL HAMPTON & PIERS HERNU

PHOTOS: MSI/GORDON RAINSFORD/GAY TIMES/DEREK RIDGERS

SEXUAL FREEDOM COALITION

Formed in 1994, the Sexual Freedom Coalition organize a wide range of social activities, from themed parties to their annual Erotic Oscars ceremony, plus organized rallies and protest marches, including this summer's Sexual Freedom Parade and Prostitution Pride, which culminated in delivering a 'Sex Please – We're British' petition to the Home Office in support of their forthcoming Sexual Freedom Bill. Supporters include shock artist Annie Sprinkle, Outrage's Peter Tatchell and Cynthia Payne. They are a pansexual organization, promoting equal laws for gays, freedom for prostitutes to run their own businesses and "no more state interference in our bedrooms, mail, computers, phonecalls or parties."

According to the SFC's chair, Tim Summers: "The law is an ass. We're trying to bring Britain into line with the rest of Europe. We'll be seeking every means to open dialogue – it's a modernising administration and this is the moment to do it."

However, Ivan Lawrence, chair of the Home Affairs Select Committee in the former Conservative government, is unimpressed with the SFC's objectives: "Few people want to see society force-fed on a diet of homosexuality or any other sexual licence," he says. "I think it is unlikely that even New Labour, with its exaggerated majority of deadbeats, will encourage this Bill out of the slime from which it seems to be emerging."

The SFC are undeterred.

"We are hopeful of change," says Tim. We started as monitors of state repression and now we're a butterfly of law reform."

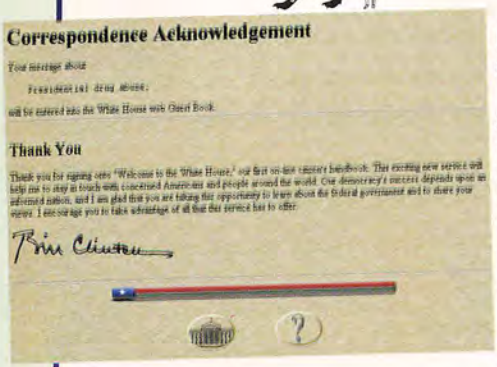
NH

The Sexual Freedom Coalition can be contacted at PO Box 4ZB, London W1A 4ZB.

A strange way to deliver pizza

TRIPPING YARNS

drugs news



Hash for questions

No official reply from the man who said he didn't inhale.

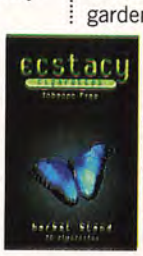
Spaced out

A Louisiana man has come forward to claim he was abducted by 'little green men' who offered him quantities of drugs. "They weren't green, more of a grey colour, like you see on the television." Really? You do surprise us. "I remember smoking a strange silvery pipe in their ship that made me feel very weird, all kind of floaty. Then they offered to inject me with a purplish liquid. I reckoned they were friendly so I sort of shrugged that it was OK. Then it all went real strange, and the next thing I remember is waking up in bed." Right. The man is withholding his name and address because, he says, "The police would like a word with me and some UFO people. I'm not ready for fame just yet."

A figure fix

Recent statistics have proved that as many as 97 per cent of everyone aged between 16 and 35 already knew that quite a lot of people sometimes take some kind of drug. These startling results also highlighted that 47.23 per cent suspected that new and contradictory figures would be released very soon, 38.72 per cent wondered exactly where they'd got all this from and were planning to "have it large this weekend regardless." 0.0035 per cent, representing a bachelor from Bermondsey, couldn't spell the word 'statistic'. Only a small minority, 0.08 per cent, agreed statistics enlightened them about the nature of drug use in relation to 'real life'.

Pretend drugs



Herbal ecstasy fags; taste like nothing, smell like next door's garden bonfire and are greeted with such remarks as "Urgh!", "Christ, no!" and "Oh, hang on, it's all going a bit wobbly. Or have I just stood up too quick?" Call Lifesource on 0956 958 326.

Verdict: Undecided

PIERS TOWNLEY

sex news

come again

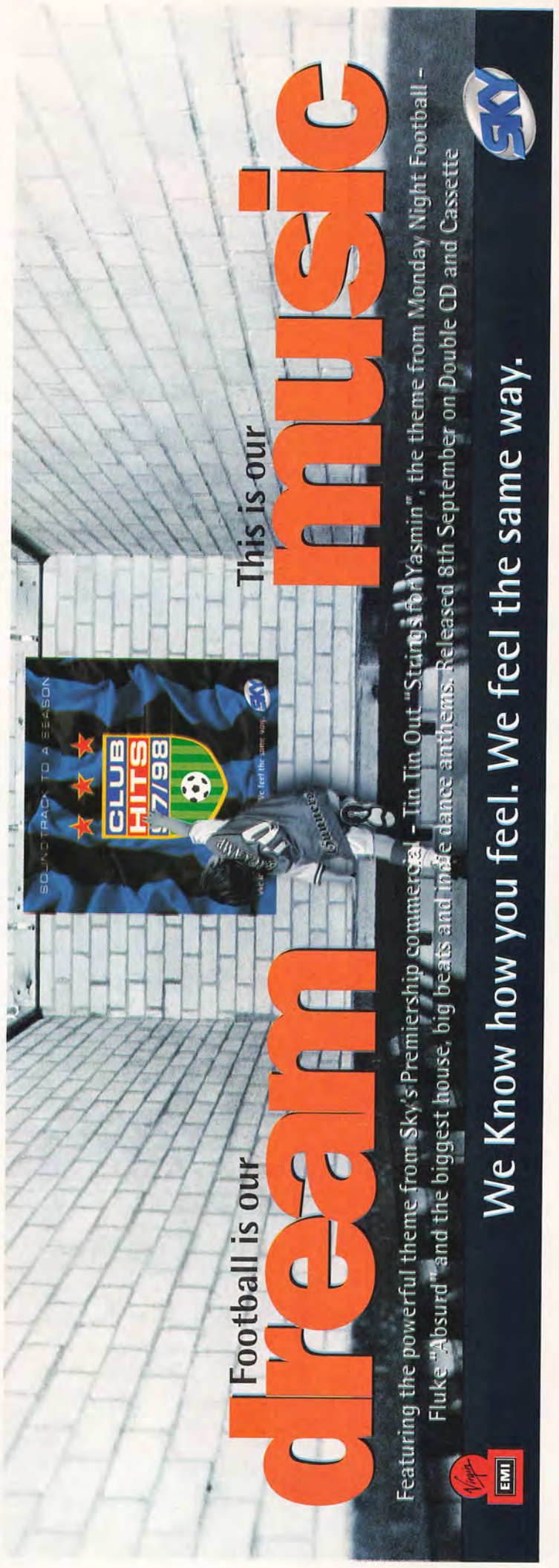
Sauce of denial

If you're partial to the odd bit of Chinese food after a night at the juicer or just cook it at home for the sheer love of it, then stay away from soy sauce. French boffins claim to have found a link between the dark stuff and male sexual problems. According to their research, the soya beans used in soy sauce's manufacture not only lower the sperm count but also lessen sex drive and undermine staying power in the sack. The rogue molecules present in the beans are apparently similar to female hormones – what else?

Tackling a small issue

A well-hung French stud recently had his manhood transplanted following his death from fatal crash injuries. Paul Simone bequeathed his 9¾in member to best mate Henri Cousteau before dying, and when he passed on, doctors granted his final wish. Cousteau, previously ashamed of his insignificant wedding tackle, duly received an organ that serviced hundreds of women. "I've never had real sex," he said afterwards, "But now I could have the same success."

NIALL HAMPTON


This is our
music
dream
Football is our
SOUNDTRACK TO A SEASON
CLUB HITS '97/98
Featuring the powerful theme from Sky's Premiership commercial - Tin Tin Out "Strings for Yasmin", the theme from Monday Night Football - Fluke "Absurd" and the biggest house, big beats and indie dance anthems. Released 8th September on Double CD and Cassette
We Know how you feel. We feel the same way.
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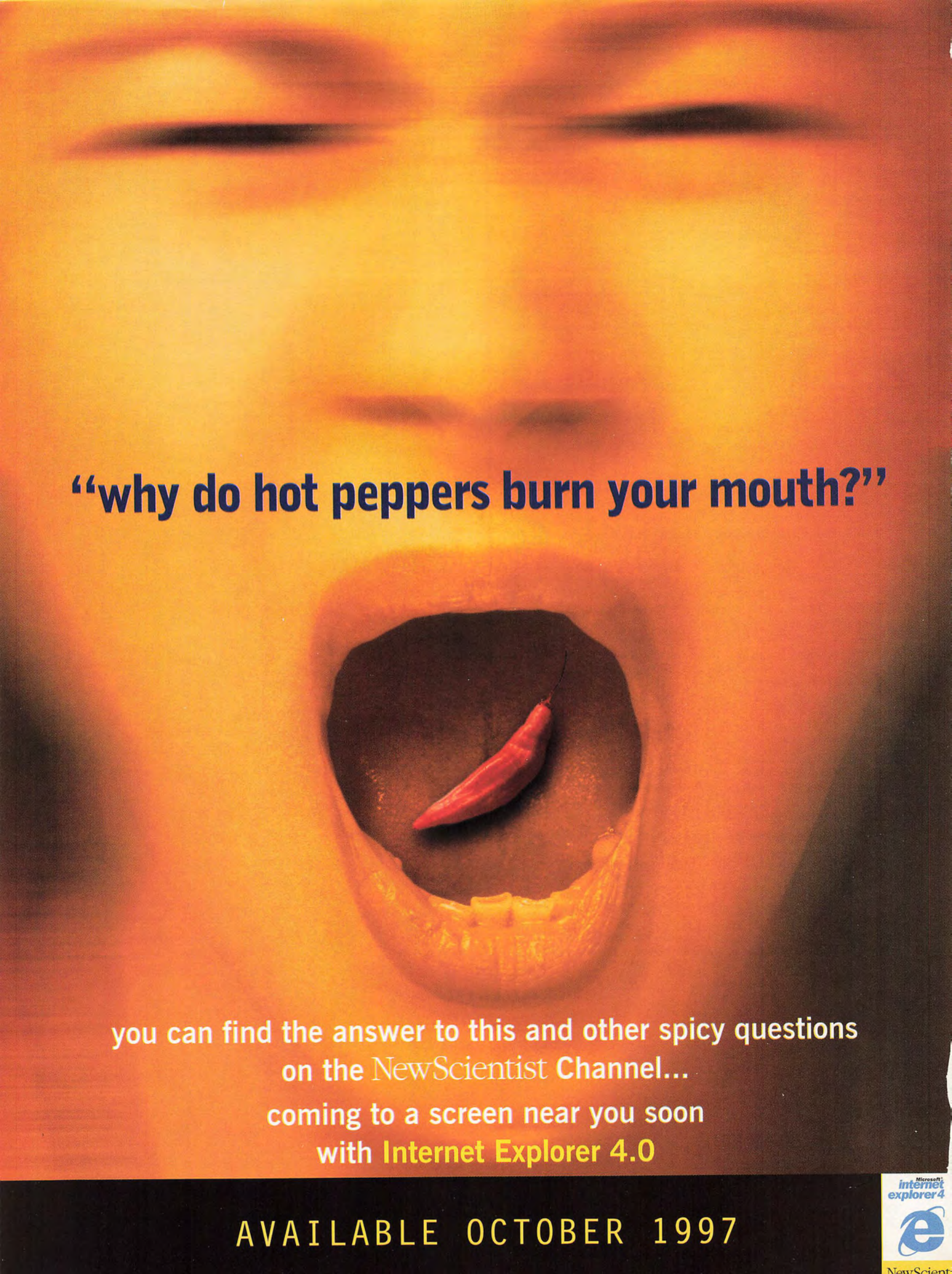
Virgin
EMI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you can find the answer to this and other spicy questions
on the NewScientist Channel...
coming to a screen near you soon
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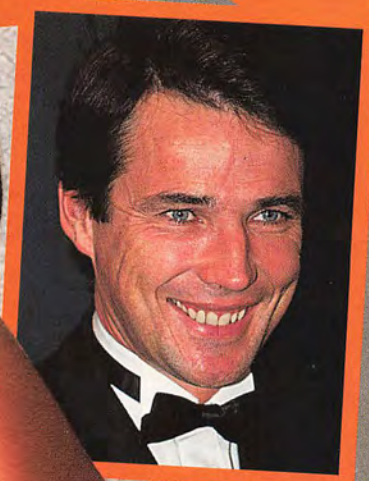
next month in loaded

ALAN HANSEN
"Mmmbop, bopbopmmmbop"
THE FAST SHOW
they're all on smack
NODDY HOLDER
still crazee now
PLUS: Sarah Cox, Cuban carnival chaos, Danny Boyle, Embrace and insane Australians in big cars



Falmke Janssen
Dutch Bond thigh assassin reveals hatred of cheese

on sale Wednesday 8 October

PHIL McINTYRE PRESENTS

sean hughes

ALIBIS FOR LIFE

PHOTOGRAPH: JACKIE DI STEFANO

Sean Hughes' first novel THE DETAINEES (pub. Simon & Schuster) is published on September 2nd

TOUR 1997

SEPTEMBER
28 CHELTENHAM EVERYMAN THEATRE
30 MANCHESTER ROYAL NORTHERN COLLEGE OF MUSIC

OCTOBER
1 HEMEL HEMPSTEAD DACORUM THEATRE
2 BASINGSTOKE THE ANVIL
3 FAREHAM FERNEHAM HALL
4 LEWISHAM THEATRE
5 NORWICH THEATRE ROYAL
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25 DUNDEE REP THEATRE
26 DUNFERMLINE CARNEGIE HALL
30 WORTHING PAVILION
31 NORTHAMPTON DERNGATE

NOVEMBER
1 CAMBERLEY THE LAKESIDE
4 WESTON SUPER MARE THE PLAYHOUSE
5 LEAMINGTON SPA ROYAL SPA CENTRE
6 LEICESTER DE MONTFORT HALL
7 CAMBRIDGE CORN EXCHANGE
8 HAYES BECK THEATRE
9 BROMLEY CHURCHILL THEATRE
11 HASTINGS WHITE ROCK THEATRE
12 READING HEXAGON
13 BIRMINGHAM SYMPHONY HALL
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16 HIGH WYCOMBE SWAN
18 LIVERPOOL PHILARMONIC HALL
19 NEWCASTLE PLAYHOUSE
20 YORK GRAND OPERA HOUSE
21 KINGS LYNN CORN EXCHANGE
22 SOUTHEND CLIFFS PAVILION
23 NOTTINGHAM THEATRE ROYAL
25 SALISBURY CITY HALL
26 CARDIFF ST DAVIDS HALL
27 ST ALBANS ARENA
28 ABERYSTWYTH ARTS CENTRE
29 BARNSLEY CIVIC THEATRE

DECEMBER
3 TELFORD OAKENGATES THEATRE
4 SHEFFIELD OCTAGON
5 LLANDUDNO NORTH WALES THEATRE
6 MILTON KEYNES WOUGHTON CENTRE
9 TUNBRIDGE WELLS ASSEMBLY HALL
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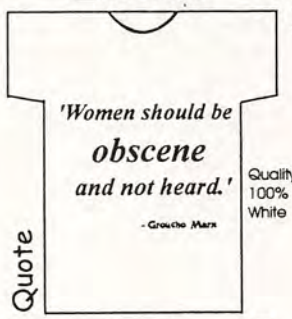

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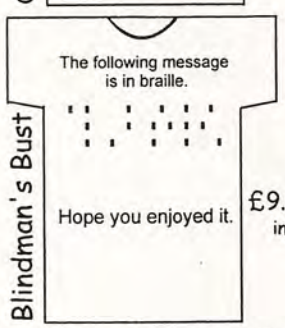

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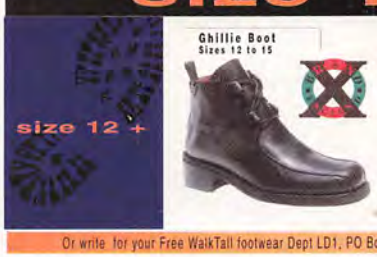

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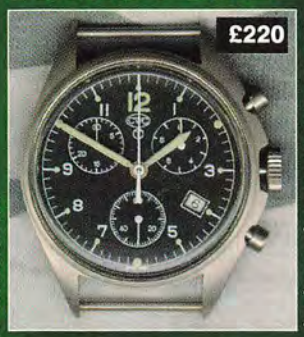

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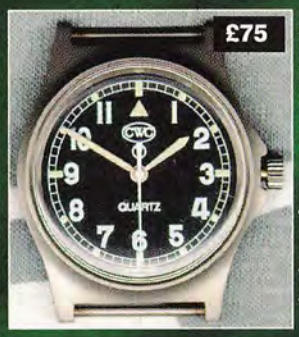

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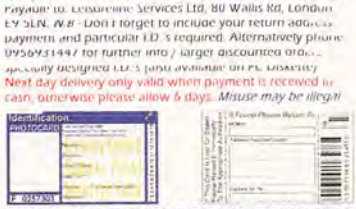

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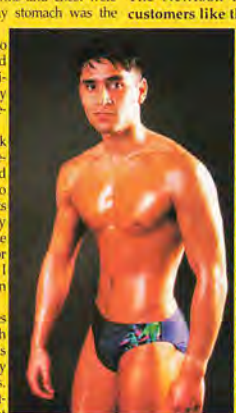

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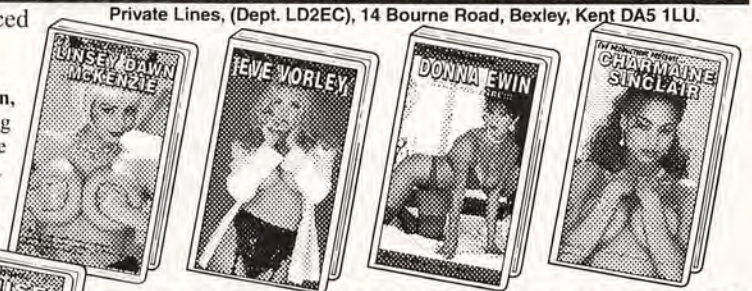

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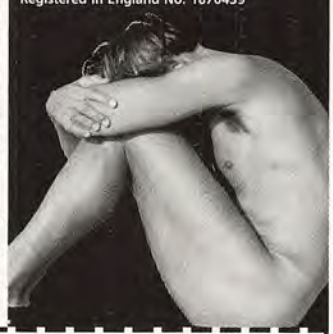

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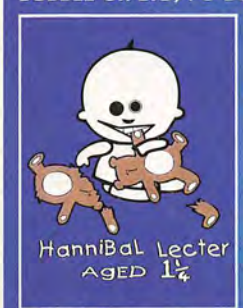

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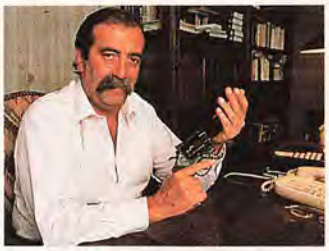
QUADROPHENIA
WE WENT OUT ON THE PROM.
THERE WAS A GOOD FEELING IN THE AIR...
WE ARE THE MODS!
WE ARE THE MODS!
WE ARE, WE ARE, WE ARE THE MODS!
THEN CHALKIE PIPES UP...
'ERE! THOSE ARE THE ROCKERS WHO RAN ME OFF THE ROAD ON THE WAY DOWN!
CAFE
...NO MATTER WHAT THE POLICE TRIED TO DO!
THE VIOLENCE WAS EVERYWHERE,
ALL OVER TOWN.
BUT WHEN WE SHOWED OURSELVES AGAIN, THE POLICE WERE CLEANING UP...
YOU'RE NICKED!
JIMMY!
LEAVE HIM ALONE!

DAN ABNETT, ANDY LANNING, PHIL GASCOINE QUADROPHENIA IS AVAILABLE TO OWN ON POLYGRAM VIDEO

GET THE ROCKER BASTARDS!
AFTER THAT EVERY THING WENT FUCKIN' MAD...
IT WAS A GREAT LAUGH,
BUT I DECIDED TO GET STEPH AWAY FROM IT...
DOWN 'ERE!
AND AFTER THAT,
OH JIMMY!
WE DIDN'T REALLY CARE MUCH WHAT WAS GOING ON OUT THERE...
IN YOU GO!
OW!
BUT STILL I FELT LIKE A HERO...
...ME AND THE ACE FACE
SHARING A FAG
IN THE BACK OF A POLICE VAN...

continued next month

Dr Mick



Dear Dr Mick
Last night I dreamt I was at Wembley Stadium seated in the VIP box as a special guest of the current Minister for Education, David Blunkett. It was Cup final day or something. I knew this instinctively because there were blokes marching up and down the pitch banging drums, and up by the halfway line they had a tethered giraffe on a huge pile of wood which they were planning to sacrifice to the God of Luck. All well and good you might think, but just as I was settling into my seat and opening a packet of Maltesers, my sister stuck her head round the door smoking a cigar whilst stroking a cat (something she never does in real life due to her allergies) and asked me in some weird backwards language if I could help her hide a Prussian army cavalry unit from ex-England skipper Bobby Moore who was after them with an axe. Naturally I said no. When I woke up, I told my wife about my bizarre dream. "Oh for goodness sake, Derek," she said over the phone. "I now have a completely new life in Australia and have done for nigh on 10 years. Please leave me alone." Fair enough. But then I got to thinking. What was that mad dream all about. Well, Fatboy?? And hurry up as I've got another one of my headaches coming on.
Mr Derek Cheat, Jenny Swinger's Chalet Complex, Last Ditch, Kent

Hmmn. No idea, Mr C. Have you been eating onions? I only ask because I fancy some myself. Anyway, this sounds typical of so many dreams I have. Troubling aren't they? In fact, I have so many clients coming to me these days with totally fucked-up dream scenarios that I'm sick to the back teeth with it. With this in mind, I decided to publish a very short guide to key dream elements with a view to putting their minds at ease and raking in a little off the top for myself. Check this out and clear off. Cheers.

Bats: Very common. Tend to signify that the dreamer spends too much time in the dark. Get out a bit more and enjoy yourself. Bats are the ancient Greek symbol for damp. Perhaps you've been caught out in the rain recently. Think back. Well, have you or not? What I want to know is, if bats are blind, how come they don't have guide dogs? It's a bloody minefield this dream lark, isn't it?

Handkerchief: To dream of using a handkerchief to blow your nose is a prophecy of a substantial increase in your income. Have you suddenly come into a lot of money? Where do you live, then? All right if I pop over with a bottle of Chablis and a selection of cheeses? If you wave your handkerchief at someone it means you're off somewhere in a hurry. Don't forget to tell me where you're going and when you're planning to come back. And leave your key under the mat. Cheers.

Execution: A prolonged illness is predicted if one dreams of an execution, either by electrocution or hanging. You're better off with bats, to be honest.

Two or three top birds at once, begging for it: Hmmn. Not as good as it sounds. You've probably got a responsible position in government and thus all the headache that goes with it. Shame. Still, the money's alright and you get your name in the papers. On the other hand, perhaps you're a footballer. That'd be alright, wouldn't it? Perhaps it's not so bad after all. Oh, I dunno.

Chased by a bloke with a lawnmower: Hmmn, that's not good, is it? I'd advise you to leg it.

Clarinet: Those who dream of playing the clarinet will have little to look forward to other than the applause they'll receive for performing parlour tricks. Bad news indeed if you were hoping to earn your living as a rent boy. Mind you, look at Kenny Ball. I bet he's glad his mum shelled out for his bugle lessons when he was a nipper. Wonder if she ever imagined him down on his hands and knees at the London Palladium with his jazzmen and the Queen Mum watching. I suspect not. That's the power of positive dreaming.

Bitten by a dog: Sign of good luck.

Calling out for help as you drown: Drowning under an uncontrollable mass of ocean is one of the most common dream elements on the go at the moment. To dream of being smothered by a tide of mad rising water or a bastardly treacherous fast-moving current which sweeps you away like a small baby rabbit or a hopelessly unloved discarded twig from a diseased tree to be crushed and broken on the rocks of life, is not as bad as it seems.

Falling down stairs: A sign that you'll be having it off quite shortly. Though sadly it'll be with Thora Hird in one of those motorised chairlifts which will break down and you'll have to phone for the fire brigade as she'll be flat out on the lino at the bottom with a twisted ankle. Oof! No thanks!

Magic Foxes: To dream of a magic fox which can talk is the first real indication that you ought to cut back on the juice. I've had this and believe me, if Thora Hird had been available, I'd rather have had that one instead. Mother of God.

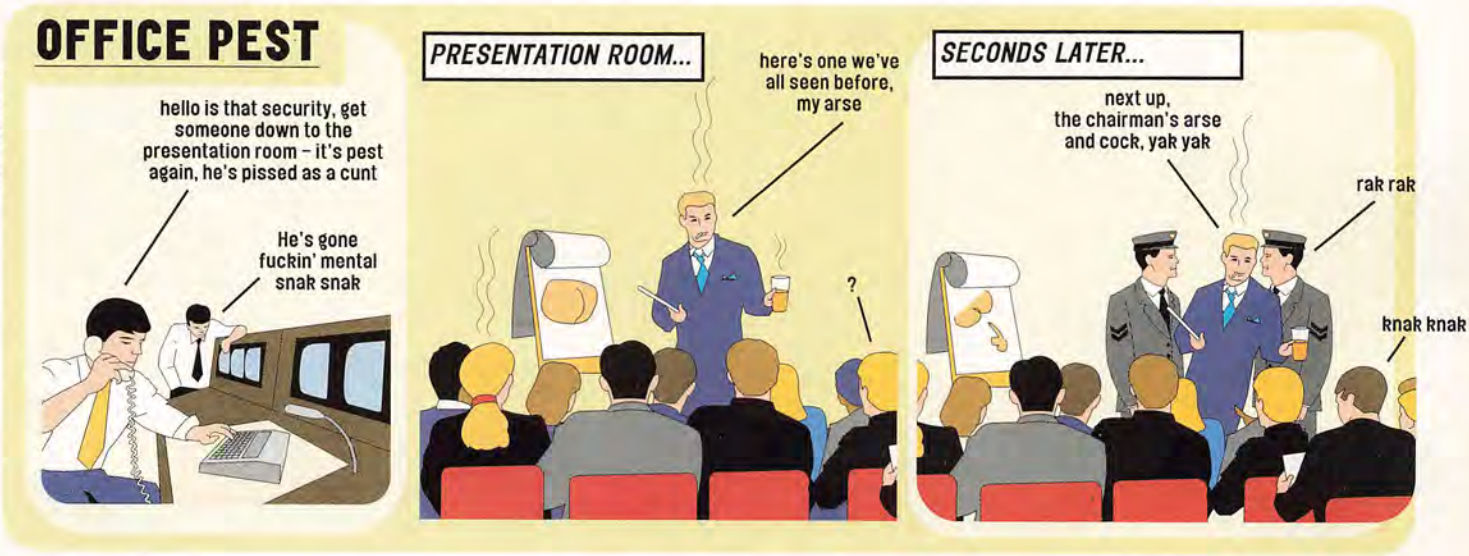
Lawyer: A dream about a lawyer is a warning of some sort.

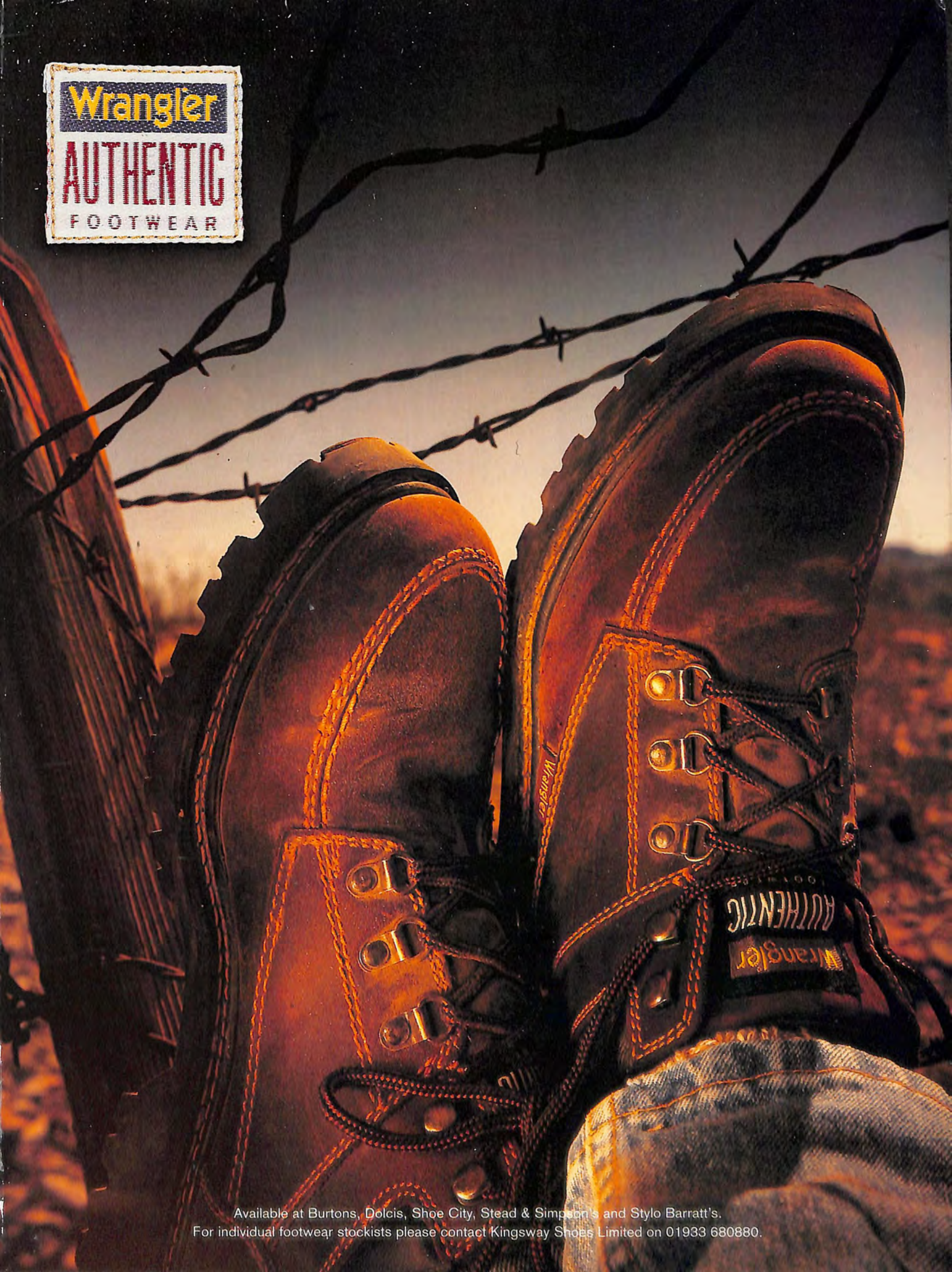
Flying: To dream that you're flying high above the world soaring and dipping like an eagle is the best dream you can have, so enjoy it. It means that you can achieve the impossible and pull it off to the admiration and applause of others. Women will worship you and your enemies will bow down before you offering pre-cooked food. Money will be so abundant that you will sleep on a bed of fivers and you will urinate into a pisspot made from a huge hollowed-out diamond given to you by the Queen and emptied by a robot butler. Then you will become bored and in time grow to hate yourself. But if you're an eagle already, ignore all of the above.

Pies: Oooh lovely. I fancy a pie right now.

Cheers

STORY BY JON & MICK


OFFICE PEST
hello is that security, get someone down to the presentation room – it's pest again, he's pissed as a cunt
He's gone fuckin' mental snak snak
PRESENTATION ROOM...
here's one we've all seen before, my arse
?
SECONDS LATER...
next up, the chairman's arse and cock, yak yak
rak rak
knak knak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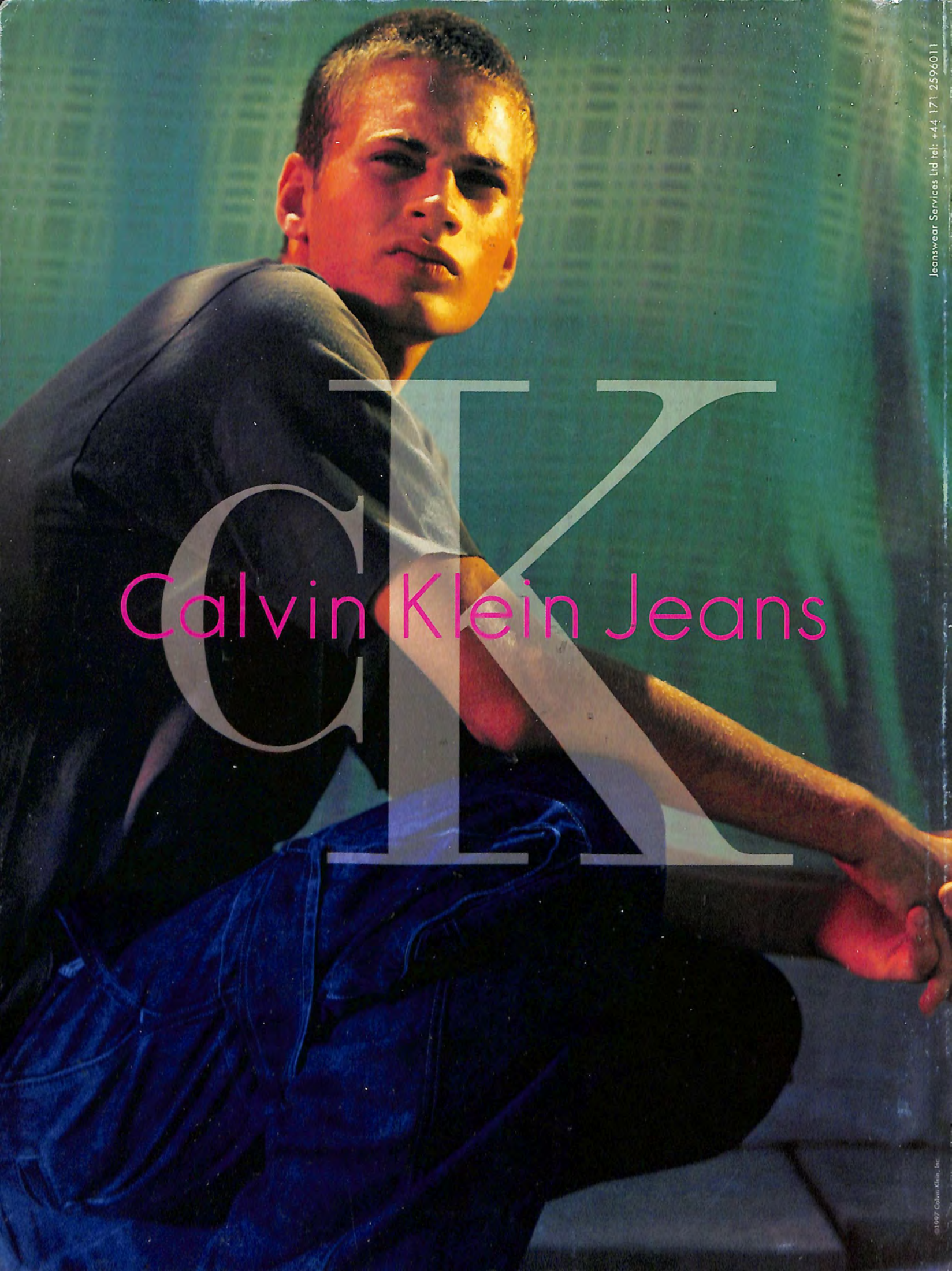

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